

THE  
BILLINGTON:  
OR,  
TOWN and COUNTRY SONGSTER.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]



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THE  
BILLINGTON:

OR,  
TOWN and COUNTRY SONGSTER:

CONTAINING  
UPWARDS of SEVEN HUNDRED  
OF THE  
NEWEST AND MOST APPROVED SONGS,

DUETS,		CATCHES,
TRIOS,		and
CANTATAS,		GLEES;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED,  
ALL THE FAVOURITE AIRS THAT HAVE BEEN SUNG  
AT THE THEATRES FROM 1760 TO THIS PRESENT  
SEASON,

AND THE  
NEW SONGS SUNG AT RANELAGH AND VAUXHALL  
THIS SUMMER (1790);

FORMING THE MOST PLEASING  
COLLECTION of SONGS  
HITHERTO OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
A  
GREAT VARIETY  
OF  
NEW TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

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L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR E. WENMAN, NO. 144, FLEET-STREET.  
M,DCC,XC.



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T H E

Town and Country Songster.

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BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW,

*Sung by Mr. Reinhold, in the Seraglio, and by  
Mr. Bannister, in Thomas and Sally.*

**B**LOW high; blow low, let tempests tear,  
The main-mast by the board,  
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
And love well stor'd;  
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
The roaring winds the raging sea,  
In hopes on shore to be once more,  
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,  
The whistling winds that scud along,  
And the surge roaring from below,  
Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
Shall my signal be to think on thee,  
And this shall be my song;  
Blow high, blow low, &c.

B

And

And on that night when all the crew,  
 The mem'ry of their former lives,  
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives.  
 I'll heave a sigh, I'll heave a sigh, and think on  
 thee,  
 And as the ship rolls on the sea,  
 The burthen of my song shall be,  
 Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
 The main-mast by the board,  
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
 And love well stor'd,  
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,  
 The roaring winds the raging sea,  
 In hopes on shore to be once more,  
 Safe moor'd with thee.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Christmas Tale.*

**M**Y eyes may speak pleasure,  
 Tongue flow without measure.  
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;  
 Thus the river is flowing,  
 The mill clapper going,  
 But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,  
 With speeches confound me,  
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;  
 Thus the river is flowing,  
 The mill clapper going,  
 But the miller's asleep in his mill,

The

The little God eyes me,  
 And thinks to surprise me,  
 But my heart is awake in my breast;  
 Thus boys sily creeping,  
 To catch a bird sleeping,  
 But the linnet's awake in his nest.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in the Duenna.*

**W**HEN fable Night, each drooping plant  
 restoring,  
 Wept o'er the flowers her breath did chear,  
 As some sad widow, o'er her babe deploring,  
 Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could  
 borrow

One hour from love and care to rest—  
 Lo! as I prefs'd my couch in silent sorrow,  
 My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to save me  
 From those who would enslave me;

Then kneeling,  
 Kisses stealing,

Endless faith he swore!

But soon I chid him thence,

For had his fond pretence

Obtain'd one favour then—

And he had prefs'd again

—I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant  
 him more.



## THE FEMALE CAPTAIN.

*Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, at Vauxhall.*

**S**OUND the fife, beat the drum, to my stand-  
ard repair,  
All ye lads who will conquer or die ;  
At request of my sex, as a captain I come,  
The mens courage and valour to try :  
'Tis your king and country now calls for your aid ;  
'Tis the ladies command you to go ;  
By me they announce it, and he who's afraid,  
Or refuses, our vengeance shall know.

Then first to the single these things I declare,  
So each maiden most firmly decrees ;  
Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown or fair,  
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.  
To the married, if they but look glum, or say no,  
Should the Monsieurs dare bluster or huff ;  
We've determin'd, *nem. con.* that their fore-  
heads shall show ;  
A word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've *in terrorem* proclaim'd ;  
But still, shou'd your valour be slack,  
As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,  
Which egad will soon make you all pack.  
We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honor 'tis true,  
So determine spsids, widows, and wives,  
First we'll march, beat the French, then march  
back and beat you,  
Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

*The*



*The Toast, in the School for Scandal.*

**H**ERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Likewise to the widow of fifty,  
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,  
And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.  
Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,  
Likewise to her that has none fir,  
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,  
And here is to her that's but one fir,

Let the, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
And to her that's as brown as a berry,  
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,  
And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,  
Young or ancient I care not a feather,  
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
And e'en let us toast them together,

Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

*Sung by Mr. Leoni, in the Duenna.*

**H**AD I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
I ne'er could injure you:  
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong :  
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

*Sung by Miss Sharpe, in Valentine's-Day,*

**T**HE queen of love, that gentle guest,  
 Claims her empire o'er this breast,  
 Chases prudence from my mind,  
 And makes me, like her Cupid, blind,  
 Bids me seek the hapless youth,  
 Whose vows of constancy and truth,  
 Convey a painful pleasing smart,  
 And charm, alas ! my conquer'd heart,

Frederick, like the rose in morn,  
 Has every sweet without a thorn ;  
 All trembling I repeat his name,  
 And blush, yet fear to own the flame,

Fair as the break of opening day ;  
 Mild as the summer's evening ray ;  
 Soft as the gently falling dew ;  
 And tender as his vows are true.

*Sung*

*Sung by Miss Brown, in the Golden Pippin.*

IF I have some—little—beauty—  
 Can I help it?—No, not I;—  
 Some good luck too—'tis my duty  
 Gifts so precious to apply.  
 Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely;  
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteely.  
 If the Smarts of the Sky  
 Cringe, ogle, and sigh,  
 Whene'er I pass by;  
 And cry,  
 Looky there!  
 What an air!  
 Gods, how fair!  
 Pray, why  
 (To feed your starch'd pride)  
 Must I go and hide,  
 'Till you're made a bride?  
 Who, I?  
 No, no——If I do, may I die.

# THE BRAES OF YARROW.

*Sung by Miss THORNTON, at Vauxhall.*

THE sun just glancing thro' the trees,  
 Gave light and joy to ilka grove,  
 And pleasure in each southern breeze  
 Awaken'd hope and slumb'ring love;  
 When Jenny sung with hearty glee,  
 To charm her winsome marrow,  
 My bonny Laddie gang with me,  
 We'll o'er the Braes of Yarrow.

Young

Young Sandy was the blitheſt ſwain,  
 That ever pip'd on broomy Brae;  
 No laſs cou'd ken him free fra pain,  
 So graceſul, kind, ſo fair and gay;  
 And Jenny ſung, &c.

He kiſs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,  
 Her ſparkling een had won his heart;  
 No laſs the youth had e'er betray'd,  
 No fears had ſhe, the lad no art,  
 And ſtill ſhe ſung, &c.

### THE NOD, WINK, AND SMILE.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.*

**L**ET ſuſty old grey-beards of apathy boaſt  
 And Venus and Bacchus revile;  
 In ſpite of their books, they are ſlaves to ſome  
 Toaſt,

The dupes of a Nod, Wink, or Smile.

Some ſnug ſober citizens here may repair  
 Without an idea of guile;

But what with the muſic, and what with the fair,  
 They follow the Nod, Wink, and Smile.

Let men boaſt of titles, of honour, renown,  
 The females of this happy iſle;

Can vanquiſh the victors, may kill with a frown,  
 Or ſave by a Nod, Wink, or Smile.

Theſe gardens of pleaſure the beauties approve,  
 Who the dulleſt of moments beguile:

Here cupid uniſers the white ſta- dard of love,  
 And commands with a Nod, Wink, and Smile.

HE'LL

# HE'LL STEAL YOUR TENDER HEARTS AWAY.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mrs. WARREL.*

**B**Y mossy brook and flow'ry plain,  
I fondly seek my shepherd swain,  
Tell me sweet maidens have ye seen  
The gentle Damon on the green.

Persuasion smiles, whene'er he speaks,  
And rosy dimples deck his cheeks,  
Blooming as health—as Hebe fair,  
The graces twine his auburn hair.  
Love in his sunny eye beams play :  
That stole my tender heart away.

Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me,  
Last night beneath the hawthorn tree ;  
Bewitching are his tales of love,  
Propitious may they ever prove :  
For Damon gentle kind and gay,  
Has stole my tender heart away.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Christmas Tale.*

**N**O pow'r can calm the storm to rest,  
No magic charm the father's breast,  
Which beats with doubts and fears :  
No more for active scenes I burn,  
My pow'r and strength to weakness turn,  
My manhood melts to tears !

I will not doubt,—thro' stormy skies,  
My son shall break his way ;  
And cloudless o'er his errors rise,  
While *Fame* shall rule the day !

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Duenna.*

**O** The days when I was young !  
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,  
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,  
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old father Care,  
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;  
 Half thy malice youth could bear,  
 And the rest in bumpers drown.  
 O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,  
 Why I vow I ne'er could see——  
 Let the water-drinkers tell,  
 There it always lay for me :

For when sparkling wine went round,  
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;  
 But still honest truth I found  
 In the bottom of each flask !  
 O, the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,  
 I have years to bring decay ;  
 Few the locks that now I own,  
 And the few I have are grey !

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,  
 While thy spirits do not tire,  
 Still beneath thy age's frost  
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.  
 O the days &c.



CATCH, *Sung in Poor Vulcan.*

**J**OIN your right hands, to your glasses, boys,  
And let the bowl go round.

Fill a bumper—high,  
Steady, steady,  
Let mirth abound.

Charge your glasses—poise,  
Recover! make ready!  
Present! fire!

*Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Duenna.*

**I**F a daughter you have, she's the plague of  
your life,  
No peace shall you know—tho' you've buried  
your wife!

At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Sighing and whining!

Dying and pining!

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to per-  
plex us,

With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;

While each still rejects the fair suitor you've  
brought her;

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Wrangling and jangling!

Flouting and pouting!

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

THE



The Captive, *Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**W**HILST a captive to your charms,  
 I entold you in my arms,  
 When I sigh and swear I'm true;  
 Think I love no girl but you.  
 But when I say your face is fair  
 And all of you beyond compare,  
 Praise your mind and temper too  
 Love but him who loves but you.

Whilst I doat upon you more  
 Than shepherd did on nymph before,  
 Can you bid the world adieu,  
 Can you love, as I love you?  
 O'er lands and waves with you I'll fly,  
 With you I'll live, with you I'll die,  
 Whate'er you'll have of me I'll do,  
 Then think I none can love but you.

Whilst I breath my ardent flame,  
 Has your bosom caught the same?  
 Let me have, dear girl, my due,  
 Love him then, who loves but you.  
 Sweet your look and fond your sigh,  
 To my wishes now comply.  
 Hymen claims to day his due,  
 Love me then as I love you!

Blyth Jockey, *Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

**B**LYTH Jockey young and gay,  
 Is all my hearts delight,  
 He's all my talk by day,  
 And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,  
 'Tis winter then with me ;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis Summer all the year.

When I and Jockey met,  
 First on the flow'ry dale ;  
 Right sweetly he me tret,  
 And love was all his tale ;  
 You are the lass, said he,  
 That staw my heart frae me  
 O ease me of my pain,  
 And never shew disdain.

Well can my Jockey kyth,  
 His love and courtesie  
 He made my heart full blyth,  
 When he first spake to me ;  
 His suit I ill deny'd,  
 He kiss'd and I comply'd ;  
 Sae Jockey promis'd me  
 That he would faithful be.

I'm glad when Jockey comes,  
 Sad when he gangs away ;  
 'Tis night when Jockey glooms,  
 But when he smiles 'tis day ;  
 When our eyes meet I paint,  
 I colour, sigh and faint ;  
 What lass that wou'd be kind  
 Can better speak her mind.

*Sung by Mr. Burkitt, in Valentine's-Day.*

**T**HIS fruitful soil may barren prove,  
 This garden cease to show its pride ;  
 The birds this day forget to love.  
 The river to obey its tide.  
 But fix'd and constant I'll remain,  
 With passion warm and true,  
 Nor wish more rapture to attain,  
 Than what I find in you.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Duenna.*

**T**HOU can'st not boast of fortune's store ;  
 My love, while me they wealthy call :  
 But I was glad to find thee poor——  
 For with my heart I'd give thee all,  
 And then the grateful youth should own  
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,  
 No word or look of mine shall shew,  
 That I the smallest thought retain  
 Of what my bounty did bestow :  
 Yet still his grateful heart shall own  
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Poor Vulcan.*

**V**ENUS now no more behold me,  
 But an humble village-dame,  
 Coarse and homely trappings fold me,  
 And Mistress Maudling is my name.

Yet here no less is paid that duty,  
 Ever due to Venus' worth,  
 Not more insensible of beauty,  
 Than gods in heaven, are men on earth.

*Sung by Mr. Burkitt, in Valentine's-Day.*

**M**ARK, with attention and delight,  
 Pale Cynthia's rays through sable night,  
 Upon her favourite stream :  
 Pleas'd let me view Florella's face,  
 At every time, in every place,  
 My rapture and my theme.  
 Let us embrace this happy hour,  
 'Tis blest by each indulgent power,  
 No threat'ning prospect low'rs,  
 And hear the warbling linnet's voice,  
 'Tis nature sanctifies their choice,  
 But charming virtue ours.

The Cocker of Castlebury.

**I**T was in a village near Castlebury,  
 A cocker and his wife did dwell,  
 And for a time no two so merry,  
 Their happiness no tongue could tell,  
 But to this couple the neighbours tell us,  
 Did something happen which caused strife,  
 For going to a neighbouring ale-house,  
 The man got drunk and beat his wife.

Although he treated her so vilely,  
 What did his wife poor creature do,  
 Kept snug and found a method slyly,  
 To ring his heart quite through and through,  
 For

For Dick, the tapster, and his master,  
 Both perceiving of the strife,  
 Were both in hopes by this disaster,  
 To gain the Cobler's pretty wife.

While all things went to rack and ruin,  
 And all the furniture was sold,  
 She seem'd to approve of what was doing,  
 And got from each a purse of gold,  
 So now the Cobler's cares are over,  
 He vow's to lead an alter'd life,  
 To mind his work not to be a rover,  
 And love no other but his wife.

GLEE, *Sung in Poor Vulcan.*

THOSE mortals say right, in their jovial  
 abodes,  
 That a glass of good punch is the drink of the  
 gods.

Take only a smack of  
 The nectar we crack of,  
 You'll find it is punch and no more ;  
 The ingredients they mingle,  
 Are contraries single,  
 So are ours, they're the elements four.  
 Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's  
 protector,  
 Issue instant a fiat,  
 And let who dare deny it,  
 That nectar's good punch, and that good punch  
 is nectar.

The Soger Lassie, *Sung by Miss Thornton.*

**I**LL pass no dull, inglorious life,  
 At home I will not tarry;  
 I like the drum and martial fife,  
 I'll to the camp with harry:  
 The peacetul pipe and rustie play  
 No longer is my passion;  
 If Harry goes, I will not stay,  
 For war is now the Fashion.  
 Your Jean will not be left behind,  
 My heart's to fear a stranger,  
 High seas and rocks I'll never mind,  
 I laugh at toil and danger:  
 I hope he will not tell me nay,  
 Nor fancy I'm unsteady,  
 If glory calls my swain away,  
 Love bids me to be ready.  
 To other lands from pleasant Tweed,  
 With him I must be flying,  
 For shady grove and painted mead,  
 Your Jenny won't be crying;  
 Till tumults o'er, adieu to all;  
 Not long I hope to tarry,  
 I hear the drum's enlivening call,  
 I must be gone with Harry.

*Sung by Miss Sharpe, in Valentine's-Day.*

**A**S some poor fawn, when zephyrs breath,  
 Gently salutes the garden's pride;  
 From every wind he fancies death,  
 And quickly runs himself to hide.



And thus, secure from all essays,  
 The roving turtle flies,  
 'Till some unerring hand conveys  
 The shaft by which he dies.

BLUE EY'D NANCY O, *Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

THE flow'r of females, beauty's queen,  
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;  
 Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,  
 Yet these cannot disguise thee :  
 Thy graceful air, and modest look,  
 Strikes ev'ry shepherd's fancy O ;  
 Thou'rt match for 'Squire, for Lord or Duke,  
 My lovely Blue Ey'd Nancy O,

Oh ! were I but some shepherd swain,  
 To feed my flocks beside thee ;  
 To tend my sheep upon the plain,  
 In milking to abide thee :  
 I'd think myself a happier man,  
 With thee to please my fancy O,  
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,  
 Had I my Blue Ey'd Nancy O.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial throne,  
 And statemens dang'rous stations ;  
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
 And smile at conq'ring nations ;  
 Might I possess and still care  
 This Lass that strikes my fancy O ;  
 For these are toys and still look less,  
 Compar'd with Blue Ey'd Nancy O.

*Sung*



*Sung by Miss Catley, in the Golden Pippin.*

**W**HEN bickrings hot,  
 To high words got,  
 Break out at Gamiorum ;  
 The flame to cool,  
 My Golden Rule  
 Is—Push about the Jorum,  
 With fist on jug,  
 Coifs who can lug ?  
 Or shew me that glib speaker,  
 Who her red rag  
 In gibe can wag,  
 With her mouth full of liquor.

*Sung by Mr. Reinhold, in the Ducenna.*

**I** Ne'er could any lustre see  
 In eyes that would not look on me :  
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
 But where my own did hope to sip.  
 Has the maid who seeks my heart  
 Checks of rose untouch'd by art ?  
 I will own the colour true,  
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.  
 Is her hand so soft and pure ! —  
 I must press it, to be sure ;  
 Nor can I e'en be certain then ;  
 'Till it grateful press again.

Must

Must I with attentive eye  
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh?—  
 I will do it——when I see  
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

*Sung by Mr. Burkitt, in Valentine's-Day.*

**F**AIR maid, from your window appear,  
 A look my torn bosom will cheer,  
 O think on the torture I feel,  
 And tho' Valentine's morn,  
 In my breast grows a thorn,  
 Which you, and you only can heal.

On my bosom your vows are imprest,  
 Believe what I feel in this breast,  
 Your image must ever remain.  
 As the queen of my heart  
 O deign to impart,  
 A look that may banish my pain.

*Sung by Mr. Quick, in Poor Vulcan.*

**T**ELL me, am I laugh'd to scorn?  
 Have I on each brow a horn?  
 This I suspect, and if 'tis true,  
 Quickly answer me—Cuckoo!  
 I have my cue,  
 Alas! 'tis true,  
 Hark, she answers me Cuckoo.

The answer's yes, the murder's out,  
 At least I shall no longer doubt;

But

But tell me, if to one or two,  
Or more I am oblig'd—Cuckoo!

What more than two?

Alas! 'tis true—

Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo!

In vain then do I beat my pate,  
A cuckold am I dubb'd by fate,  
Behold—here are my antlers—boo!

Am I not right, my friend—Cuckoo!

Then plain to view,

My fears are true;

Hark, she answers me—Cuckoo!

*Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna.*

**G**IVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can  
beast,

But health and good humour to make her his toast;  
If straight I don't mind whether slender or fat,  
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care;  
If brown—it is lasting—more pleasing if fair:  
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,  
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,  
And her eyes—may be e'en any colour—but  
green;

For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,  
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,  
 And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;  
 A little round chin too's a beauty, I've heard,  
 But I only desire—she mayn't have a beard.

*Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Christmas Tale.*

O The delight!  
 To be an errant knight!  
 O'er mountain hill and rock,  
 In rain, and wind, and snow,  
 All dangers he must mock,  
 And must with pleasure go,

Quivering, and quaking,  
 Shivering, and shaking,  
 Dismal nights,  
 Horrid frights,  
 Lions roaring,  
 Monsters snoring,  
 Castles tumbling,  
 Thunder grumbling,

O the delight!  
 To be an errant knight!

Damsels squeaking,  
 Devils shrieking,  
 Clubs and giants,  
 Hurl defiance,  
 Night and day,  
 Lose the way,

Spirits sinking,  
 Nothing drinking,  
 Beat and beating,  
 Little eating,  
 Bed of stones,  
 Broken bones,

O the delight !  
 To be an errant knight !

*Sung by Mr. Baddely, in Valentine's Day.*

**I**F ever you're knight of the quorum,  
 You'll make a good hand of the jorum,  
 And like the rest seem  
 Quite lost in a dream,  
 As if they'd no business before 'em.

Tho' you don't understand  
 The laws of the land,  
 The news-papers lay on the table;  
 With a hem and a haw,  
 Which is justices law,  
 Get through it as well as you're able.

When the culprit appears  
 With penitent tears,  
 Cross-question, brow-beat him, commit him;  
 But if he has cash,  
 Then spare him the lash,  
 Find a flaw, and directly acquit him.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Duenna.*

**W**HEN the maid whom we love  
 No entreaties can move,  
 Who'd lead a life of pining !  
 If her charms would excuse  
 The fond rashness you use,  
 —Away with idle whining !  
 Never stand like a fool,  
 With looks sheepish and cool ;  
 —Such bashful love is teizing\*  
 But with spirit address,  
 And you're sure of success,  
 For honest warmth is pleasing .  
 Nay, tho' wedlock's your view,  
 Like a rake if you woo,  
 Girls sooner quit their coldness :  
 They know beauty inspires  
 Less respect than desires——  
 Hence love is prov'd by boldness——  
 So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.

*Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the Christmas Tale.*

**O** Take this wreath my hand has wove,  
 The pledge and emblem of my love ;  
 These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,  
 Whilst you are constant, kind, and true.  
 But should you, false to love and me,  
 Wish from my fondness to be free,  
 Foreboding that my fate is nigh,  
 Each grateful flow'r will droop and die !



## THE NIGHTINGALE.

*A favourite Cantata, Sung by Mrs. WEICHSELL.*

**T**HE pendant forest seemed to nod  
 In drousy fetters bound;  
 And fairy elves in circles trod,  
 The daizy painted ground.

When Daphne sought the conscious grove  
 Of slighted vows to tell,  
 And thus to sooth neglected love,  
 Invok'd sad Philomel.

Hither sweet Nightingale haste,  
 Direct thy hov'ring wing,  
 The vernal green is a dreary waste,  
 'Till thou vouchsafe to sing.

So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,  
 Thy warbling song distrest,  
 The tear that tells the lover's woe,  
 Falls cold upon my breast.

To hear sad Philomel complain,  
 Will soften my despair;  
 Then quickly swell thy melting strain,  
 And sooth a lover's care.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Quaker.*

**I** Lock'd up all my treasure,  
 I journey'd many a mile,  
 And by my grief did measure  
 The passing time the while.

D

My



My business done and over,  
 I hasten'd back amain,  
 Like an expecting lover,  
 To view it once again.

But this delight was stifled,  
 As it began to dawn,  
 I found my casket rifled,  
 And all my treasure gone.

*The S E A F I G H T,*

*A favourite C A T C H, sung at Vauxhall.*

**B**Oatwain! pipe up, all hands hoy,  
 Turn out every man and boy ;

Make sail, give chase,  
 Then splice main brace,

A gallant ship, my boys, she's French,  
 In grog and slip here's to each wench.

Loof boys nigher,  
 Stand by, fire ;

She strikes, she strikes, ours is the day ;

A glorious prize, belay, belay.

**H A R K, A W A Y t o V A U X H A L L.**

*Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.*

**Y**E beaux, and you wits,  
 Ye courtiers and cits,  
 Attentive to pleasure's gay call,  
 Come revel away

For this is her day,

She cries, hark, away to Vauxhall.

Here

Here music you'll find  
To enliven the mind.

Which never your fancy can pall,  
Then lads come away,  
And lasses be gay,

'Tis pleasure invites to Vauxhall.

Sweet nymphs grave and gay,  
Quite sick of the play

And tir'd with each opera and ball;  
Come here change the scene,

Hail pleasure's gay queen,

She cries, hark, away to Vauxhall.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**R**OUSE *Britain's* warlike throng,  
Sound the trumpet, strike the lyre,  
Let martial note and song,  
Martial order re-inspire.

Sound the trumpets! sound again,  
*Britain* claims the martial strain.

Peace, to *Britain* ever dear,  
All her charms awhile foregoes;  
*Britons* will no longer bear,  
Insults from disdainful foes.

Sound, &c.

See bright honour rears its head,  
And while glory leads the band.  
Awful war, with solemn tread,  
Stalks majestic through the land.

Sound, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Quaker.*

**W**OMEN are Will-o'the-Whisps 'tis plain,  
The cloſer they ſeem ſtill the more they  
retire;

They teaze you, and jade you,  
And round about lead you,  
Without hopes of ſhelter,  
Ding-dong, helter ſkelter,  
'Thro' water and fire:

And when you believe every danger and pain  
From your heart you may baniſh,  
And you're near the poſſeſſion of what you deſire,  
That inſtant they vaniſh,  
And the devil a bit can you catch them again.

By ſome they're not badly compar'd to the ſea,  
Which is calm and tempeſtuous within the  
ſame hour;

Some ſay they are Syrens, but take it from me,  
They're a ſweet race of angels, o'er man that  
have power,

His perſon, his heart, nay his reaſon to ſeize,  
And lead the poor creature wherever they pleaſe.

**WILLY's RARE and WILLY's FAIR.**

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

**W**ITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,  
Young Willy won my heart,  
A blyther ſwain you could na ſee  
All beauty without art.

Willy's

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,  
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny,  
 And Willy says he'll marry me  
 Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water side  
 Pull'd you the rose or lilly,  
 Or came you by yon meddow green  
 Or saw you my sweet Willy.  
 Willy's rare and Willy's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom  
 And flow'rs spread o'er ilk afield,  
 I'll meet my lad among the broom  
 And lead him to my summer's shield.  
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

# FAVOURITE RONDEAU.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.*

**S**INCE sweet love has had possession,  
 Of my fond and tender breast,  
 Take my free and true confession,  
 Friendship is too cold a guest.

Love has got the whole direction,  
 Friendship has no longer charms,  
 Only mutual strong affection,  
 Now my raptur'd bosom burns.

Friendship now is cool as reason  
 Tastelets all its pleasures prove.  
 Love's the passion now in season.  
 Welcome dear bewitching love.

## A B S E N T J O C K E Y.

*A Pastoral. Sung by Miss THORNTON.*

**M**Y Jockey is fled from the plain,  
 And left me in sorrow to mourn,  
 Was ever so cruel a swain,

Ah! when will the rover return?  
 No longer he pipes on his reed,  
 Whose music cou'd please us so well,  
 And dull are the banks of the Tweed,  
 Since Jockey has bid them farewell.

His crook he has broken in twain,  
 His sheep and his lambkins now stray,  
 They bleat for their shepherd in vain,  
 And carelessly wander away.  
 No longer he pipes, &c.

The swain was made up of deceit,  
 And as false as the wavering wind,  
 His manners were gentle and sweet,  
 But his heart was still false and unkind.  
 No longer he pipes, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Quaker.*

**W**HILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!  
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,  
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!  
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.  
 While the lads, &c.

Just then when the swain who last year won the  
dower,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,  
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from  
each bow'r,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one :  
While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can  
blame ?

'Tis my maxim, that youth should be free ;  
And to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
same,

Believe me, thou'lt presently see.  
While the lads, &c.

# K I T T Y.

*Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.*

**D**EAR smiling Kitty's to my mind,  
She ev'ry way can please me,  
Good-humour'd, faithful, fond and kind,  
She never tries to tease me ;  
At home, abroad, by night or day,  
The same engaging creature,  
She lets me ever have my way ;  
With joy I always meet her.

To vex or harm a girl so good,  
Wou'd be a shame and pity,  
I wou'd not injure if I cou'd  
My ever smiling Kitty ;



To rove abroad from fair to fair,  
 No longer is my passion,  
 One, only one, is now my care,  
 Tho' more is all the fashion.

No arts vermilion has she shewn,  
 She is the child of nature,  
 Her face, her shape, is all her own,  
 And every other feature;  
 From folly, spite, and cunning free,  
 She's lively, gay, and witty,  
 Her like I ne'er expect to see,  
 I'll live and die with Kitty.

### A New HUNTING CANTATA,

*Sung by Mrs. Farrel, at Drury-lane Theatre.*

#### RECITATIVE.

**T**HE rosy morn with crimson dye,  
 Had newly tinged the eastern sky;  
 The scatter'd race on ev'ry spray  
 Sweet warbled to the god of day,  
 When chaste Diana, goddess bright  
 From balmy slumber springing light,  
 Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,  
 And thus the sylvan train address'd.

#### AIR.

From the high mount with me descend,  
 And hie to the joys of the chase!  
 O'er hill and dale our flight we'll take,  
 And match the fleet stag in our pace;

My

My silver bow is ready strung.  
 My golden quiver graceful hung.  
 Away, my nymphs, away !

Let shouts to the welkin resound,  
 And she who strikes the destin'd prey,  
 Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

*Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Quaker.*

THE captive linnet newly taken,  
 Vainly strives and vents its rage ;  
 With struggling pants, by hopes forsaken,  
 And flutters in its golden cage.  
 But once releas'd, to freedom soaring,  
 Quickly on some neighbouring tree,  
 It sings as if it thanks 't were pouring,  
 To bless the hand that set it free.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Quaker.*

IN verity, damsel, thou surely wilt find,  
 That my manners are simple and plain ;  
 That my words and my actions, my lips and my  
 mind,

By my own good-will are never twain.

I love thee—umph !  
 Would move thee—umph !  
 Of love to be partaker.  
 Relent then—umph !  
 Consent then—umph !  
 And take thy upright Quaker.

Tho'

Tho' vain I am not, nor of foppery possess'd,  
 Wouldst thou yield to be wedded to me,  
 Thou should'st find, gentle damsel, a heart in my  
 breast  
 As joyful as joyful can be.  
 I love thee, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Reinhold, in Poor Vulcan.*

**M**ADAM, you know, my trade is war;  
 And what should I deny it for?  
 Whene'er the trumpet sounds from far,  
 I long to hack and hew;  
 Yet madam, credit what I say,  
 Were I this moment call'd away,  
 Were all the troops drawn in array,  
 I'd rather stay with you.  
 Did drums and sprightly trumpets sound,  
 And death and carnage stalk around;  
 Did dying horses bite the ground,  
 And we no hope in view;  
 Was the whole army lost in smoke,  
 Were they the last words that I spoke,  
 I'd say, and damme if I joke,  
 I'd rather stay with you.  
 Did the foe charge us front and rear,  
 Did e'en the bravest face appear  
 Impress'd with signs of mortal fear;  
 Though never veteran knew  
 So terrible and hot a fight;  
 Though all my laurels it should blight,  
 Though I should lose so fine a sight,  
 I'd rather stay with you.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Green, in the Duenna:*

**W**HEN a tender maid  
 Is first essay'd  
 By some admiring swain,  
 How her blushes rise  
 If she meets his eyes,  
 While he unfolds his pain!  
 If he takes her hand—she trembles quite!  
 'Touch her lips—and she swoons outright!  
 While a pit-a-pat, &c.  
 Her heart avows her fright!  
  
 But in time appear  
 Fewer signs of fear;  
 The youth she boldly views,  
 If her hand he grasp,  
 Or her bosom clasp,  
 No mantling blush ensues!  
 Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,  
 While her smiles her contentment prove;  
 And a pit-a-pat, &c.  
 Her heart avows her love!

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Poor Vulcan.*

**T**HE moment Aurora peep'd in'o the room,  
 I put on my cloaths, and I call'd for my  
 groom:  
 Will Whistle by this had uncoupled the hounds,  
 Who, lively and mettlesome, frisk'd o'er the  
 grounds.

An

And now we're all saddled, fleet dapple and grey,  
Seem'd longing to hear the glad sound, Hark,  
away !

'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn,  
And we all gallopp'd off to the sound of the horn ;  
Jack Gater, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the Goose ;  
When, all of a sudden, our starts Mistress Puss.  
Men, horses, dogs, not a moment would stay,  
And Echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away !

The course was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,  
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled  
again ;

'Till at last, she to cover return'd out of breath ;  
Where I, and Will Whistle, were in at the death ;  
Then, in triumph for you, I the hare did display,  
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark away.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Christmas Tale.*

**T**IS *Beauty* commands me, my heart must  
obey ;

'Tis *Honour* that calls me, and *Fame* leads the way.  
From the soft silken fetters of *Pleasure* I fly,  
With my love I must live, or with honour will  
die.

I wake from my trance,  
Bring the sword, shield, and lance,  
My name shall be famous in story ;  
Now danger has charms,  
For love sound to arms,  
And love is my passion and glory !

*Sung*

## H U N T I N G S O N G.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

**Y**E sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen  
too,

Who delight in the joys of the field ;  
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,  
And no one the contest will yield.  
His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,  
A hunting continually go,  
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chase ;  
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,  
To hunt for a mortgage or deed ;  
The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,  
And rides to the commons full speed :  
The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,  
The poet too often lays low,  
Who mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,  
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearless, o'er hills, and o'er wood-lands  
we sweep,  
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,  
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,  
And the fences of virtue break down ;  
Thus public or private, for pension, for place,  
For amusement, for passion, for shew,  
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,  
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

E

*Sung*



*Sung by Mr. Quick, in Poor Vulcan.*

**W**HEN I've been working in my shop,  
You many a time have seen me drop  
Some water on the doubtful fire,  
When I've been, &c. &c.

Which damp'd at first, more dead has grown,  
But quickly, by the bellows blown,  
Has chang'd from brown to dusky red,  
Then brighter heat and lustre shed,  
And flam'd, and sparkl'd up the higher.  
Which damp'd at first, &c, &c.

Thus trickling tears from you that part,  
Have often damp'd my doubtful heart,  
And quench'd a-while my passion's heat ;  
Thus trickling tears, &c, &c.

But soon arous'd by kindling eyes,  
I've felt a-new my passion rise,  
While sob and sigh, and sigh and sob,  
Have made my bosom throb and throb,  
And like sledge-hammers on it beat.  
But soon arous'd, &c, &c.

## HE'S AYE A KISSING ME

*A favourite Scotch Song, Sung by Mrs. Wrighton.*

**I** Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee,  
I winna ha the Dominee for geud he canna be,  
But I will ha my Sandy Lad, my Sandy o'er the  
Lee.

For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.  
I will

I will not have the minister for all his Godly looks,  
Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily  
crooks :

I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I  
the miller,  
But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny  
filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I will not have the soldier lad, for he gangs to the  
war,

I will not have the sailor lad, because he smells  
of tar:

I will not have the lord nor laird, for au their  
mickle gear,

But I will have my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er  
the meir.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

*Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Quaker.*

**A** Kernel from an apple core,  
One day on either cheek I wore,  
Lubin was plac'd on my right cheek,  
That on my left did Hodge bespeak.  
Hodge in an instant dropp'd to ground,  
Sure token that his love's unsound;  
But Lubin nothing could remove,  
Sure token his is constant love.

To find the man who loves me best,  
" Fly, " said I, " south, north, east and west."  
The lady-bird is westward flown,  
For westward is my Lubin gone.

Last Valentine, at break of day,  
 Before the stars were chas'd away,  
 I met, or may he faithless prove,  
 Lubin, my Valentine, my love.

Last May I sought to find a snail,  
 That might my lover's name reveal ;  
 Which finding, home I quickly sped,  
 And on the hearth the embers spread :  
 When, if my letters I can tell,  
 I saw it mark a curious L.  
 Oh, may this omen lucky prove,  
 For L's for Lubin and for Love.

*Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Maid of the Mill.*

**W**HEN you meet a tender creature,  
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,  
 Full of kindness and good-nature ;  
 Prove as kind again to she.  
 Happy mortal ! to possess her,  
 In your bosom warm and press her,  
 Morning, noon, and night, caress her,  
 And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's fro-ward,  
 Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,  
 Should you act the whining coward,  
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit :  
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;  
 Then agog when once you find her,  
 Let her go, and never mind her ;  
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

*Sung by Mr. Webster, in the Camp.*

**M**Y Nancy leaves the rural Train,  
 A camps distress to prove,  
 All other ills she can sustain,  
 But living from her love.  
 Dearest tho' your foldier's there,  
 Will not your spirits fail,  
 To mark the hardships you must share,  
 Dear Nancy of the Dale?  
 Or should your love, all dangers scorn,  
 Ah! how shall I secure,  
 You health 'midst toils which you were born  
 To sooth, but not endure?  
 A Thousand perils I must feel,  
 A thousand Ills assail,  
 Nor must I tremble e'en for you,  
 Dear Nancy of the Dale.

## SWEET CAROLS OF LOVE.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

**N**OW Summer approaches, dull winter  
 recedes,  
 Primroses and violets adorn ev'ry hill,  
 The lads and the lasses trip o'er the green meads,  
 Or sit by meander's flow murmuring rill,  
 While the upland, the lowland, the woodland,  
 the grove,  
 And valley re-echoes sweet carols of love.

While Colin with Phillis repair to the bow'r,  
 To exchange a sweet kiss, or plight a fond  
 vow,

Gay Florimel gathers each odorous flow'r  
 To deck with a chaplet her swains youthful brow,  
 While the Upland, &c.

Fair Daphne at morn, bids adieu to her cot  
 And seeks the cool grot, or secluded alcove,  
 Her Damon she greets at the critical spot,  
 His heart leaps for joy at the sight of his love,  
 While the Upland &c.

When Phœbus forsakes this low region of clay,  
 And sinks in soft raptures on Thetis fair breast,  
 For the wearisome labour of rigorous day,  
 Balmy sleep has an adequate portion of rest,  
 While the Upland, &c.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Poor Vulcan.*

**M**Y sporting 'Squire to keep at bay  
 The course I'll double over;  
 While he intent

On a wrong scent,  
 Shall always find me stole away,  
 When he cries, Hark, to cover!

With new-coin'd oaths, my grenadier  
 May think to storm and bluster,  
 And swear, by Mars,  
 My eyes are stars

That light to love: he'll soon find here  
 Such stuff will ne'er pass muster.

Thus

Thus will I serve those I distrust,  
 First laugh at, then refuse 'em ;  
 But, Ah ! not so  
 The shepherd Joe ;  
 He like Adonis look'd, when first  
 I press'd him to my bosom.

Glee, *Sung in the Duenna.*

**T**HIS bottle's the sun of our table,  
 His beams are rosy wine ;  
 We—planets that are not able  
 Without his help to shine.  
 Let mirth and glee abound !  
 You'll soon grow bright  
 With borrow'd light,  
 And shine as he goes round.

LUD DON'T YOU KEEP TEAZING ME SO.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

**W**HEN Strephon the rover first Phillis address'd,  
 He took her to wake and to fair,  
 He brought her gay ribbons to wear at her breast,  
 And thus whispered the nymph in her ear.  
 To my passion be kind, gentle pity bestow,  
 But the maiden's reply to young Strephon was no:  
 Lud don't you keep teasing me so.  
 The youth, who such coyness had oftentimes seen,  
 Ne'er heeded the maiden's reply ;  
 But returning one night from the dance on the green  
 He resolv'd t'other effort to try ;



So he kiss'd and he press'd, crying pity bestow,  
But the maiden reply'd, have done, Strephon, do,  
Lud, don't you keep teasing me so.

Opposition like this, so his passion enhanc'd  
That he swore without her he should die,  
Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd,  
And she said in a month she'd comply.  
But he begg'd her to church the next morning  
to go.  
She blushing consented, the reason I trow,  
Was to keep him from teasing her so.

## LOVE'S A BUBBLE.

*Sung by Mrs. Warrel.*

**L**OVE's a bubble, courting trouble,  
Whilst we love and love in vain.  
When 'tis over, is the lover,  
Now we've got him worth the gain.

Is love treasure, is it pleasure,  
That can pay whole years of care?  
Is the blessing worth caressing,  
Speak ye swains and own ye fair?

Kind, ye're pleasing; coy we're teasing,  
Love's a fond fatiguing chace;  
Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us,  
Hearts our sport from place to place.

Cupid smiling, life beguiling,  
Tempt us with the playful toy;  
Oft denying, oft complying,  
Love's our torment and our joy.

*Sung by Miss Walpole, in the Camp.*

WHEN wars alarms entic'd my Willy from  
me

My poor heart with grief did sigh,  
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrows  
on me,

I wak'd e'er yet the morn was nigh,  
No other could delight him, ah why did I e'er  
sight him :

Coldly answering his fond tale,  
Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,  
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I alas, tho' a maid forsaken,  
No more will mourn like yonder dove ;  
For e'er the lark to-morrow shall awaken,  
I'll fly to seek my absent love :  
The hostile country over, I'll fly to seek my lover,  
Scorning every threatening fear,  
Not distant shore, nor cannons roar,  
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH  
TWO IN THE BUSH.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.*

LONG time I've enjoy'd the soft transports  
of love,

I've bill'd like a sparrow, or coo'd like a dove.

In woodbine alcove or in jessamin bow'r,

To many fond shepherds, I've listen'd an hour,

But

But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,  
 One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.  
 Young Colin's caresses, inspir'd me with joy,  
 And Damon's soft vows I thought never could  
 cloy,  
 With each have I sat in a fav'rite retreat,  
 And beheld with delight each fond swain at  
 my feet,  
 But now, &c.

Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind,  
 If he proves sincere, I'll be constant and kind,  
 He vows that to-morrow he'll make me his wife,  
 I'll fondly endeavour to bless him for life,  
 For all other swains now I care not a rush,  
 One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

### THE MAID OF THE MILL.

**A**TTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to  
 my lay,  
 You may learn from my tale, and go wiser away;  
 A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,  
 Well known by the name of the Maid of the mill.  
 In her all the graces had jointly combin'd,  
 Her face to improve and embellish her mind;  
 Nor pride nor deceit e'er her bosom did fill,  
 'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the mill.  
 The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid,  
 Each art to subdue her was presently laid,  
 With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,  
 But nought could prevail with the Maid of the mill.

Her

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendor or state;  
 Tho' poor yet she never repin'd at her fate;  
 His proffers she slighted, in vain all his skill  
 To ruin the fame of the Maid of the mill.

Young Colin address'd her with hope and with  
 tear,

His heart was right honest, his love was sincere,  
 With rapture his bosom each moment wou'd thrill,  
 Whene'er he beheld his dear Maid of the mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth,  
 The nymph read his heart, and of course lov'd  
 the youth;

At church little Patty soon answer'd, I will;  
 His lordship was baulk'd of the Maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!  
 Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care;  
 The flame they first rais'd in each other burns still,  
 And Colin is blest'd with the Maid of the mill.

*Sung in Love in a Village.*

**M**Y heart's my own, my will is free,  
 And so shall be my voice;  
 No mortal man shall wed with me,  
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,  
 And children still obey;  
 And is there, then, no clause,  
 Against tyrannic sway?

*Sung by Mr. Reinhold, in the Duenna.*

**H**OW oft, Louisa, hast thou said,  
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)  
 Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love  
 To reign the partner of a throne.  
 And by those lips that spoke so kind !  
 And by this hand I press'd to mine !  
 To gain a subject nation's love,  
 I swear I would not part with thine.  
 Then how, my soul, can we be poor,  
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy !  
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,  
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.  
 Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss,  
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,  
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips  
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

### G A Y D A M O N.

*Sung by Mrs. Hudson, at Vauxhall.*

**C**EASE, gay Damon, cease your wooing,  
 Urge no more your flatt'ring tale,  
 Well I know you seek my ruin,  
 But your arts can ne'er prevail :  
 Kind Palemon's gen'rous passion,  
 Renders all thy wishes vain,  
 Since I own my inclination  
 To reward the gentle swain,

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Touchstone.*

**T**ASK my power, be it to fly  
 To yonder corner of the sky,  
 Be it to plumb the soundless deep,  
 Or climb yon height, rugged and steep.  
 Like thought to reach the torrid zone,  
 Or myriads find of worlds unknown,  
 Or plunge into the depths of hell.  
 To obey your will, waits Oriel.

*Air, Sung by Mr. Wilson, in Wives Revenged.*

**C**URTEIS, was old Hodge's wife,  
 For virtue, none was ever such;  
 She led so pure and chaste a life,  
 Hodge said 'twas virtue overmuch.  
 For says fly Old Hodge, says he,  
 Great talkers do the least, d'y see.

One night she dreamt, a drunken fool,  
 Be rude, in spite of her would fain;  
 She makes no more, but with joint stool,  
 Falls on her husband, might and main.  
 Still says fly Old Hodge, says he,  
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

By that time she had broke his nose,  
 Hodge made a shift to wake his wife;  
 Oh! Hodge says she, judge by these blows,  
 I prize my virtue, as my life.  
 Still says fly Old Hodge, says he,  
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

F

I dreamt



I dreamt a bad man on me fell,  
 However I his project marr'd;  
 Dear wife, says Hodge, 'tis mighty well,  
 But next time don't hit quite so hard.  
 For says fly Old Hodge, says he,  
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

*A Catch, for three Voices.*

*Tune:—* 'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty girl.

'TWAS you, fir, 'twas you fir,  
 I tell you nothing new fir,  
 'Twas you that kept from Keppel's wake,  
 'Twas you fir Hugh,

Who fir? fir Hugh fir,  
 Vice admiral of the blue fir,  
 Bold Windfor twice aloud did call,  
 To deaf fir Hugh.

'Twas he fir, he, he, fir,  
 'Twas he that could not see fir,  
 Who thought the day was night fir,  
 'Twas blind fir Hugh.

Oh fir! oh, oh! fir,  
 Was it, was it so fir,  
 What splicing, knotting all the while,  
 Was it so fir Hugh.

'Twas Palliser, 'twas Palliser,  
 Dilly, dally, dally, fir,  
 He lagged behind to knot and splice,  
 'Twas you fir Hugh.

Glee, in *Wives Revenged*.

**O**UR wives at home, your husband gone,  
 To them leave care and thinking;  
 While gayly we the hours pass,  
 In laughing and in drinking.  
 The real joys of love are shared,  
 By those who are discreetest;  
 And here's his health who first declared,  
 "Stolen pleasures are the sweetest."

*Song in the Liverpool Prize,*

*Tune—A hunting we will go.*

**B**EHOLD upon the swelling wave,  
 With streaming pendants gay;  
 Our gallant ship, invites the brace,  
 While glory leads the way.

*Chorus.*—And a cruizing we will go,  
 And a cruizing we will go,  
 A cruizing we will go will go  
 And a cruizing we will go.

Ye beautilous maids, your smiles bestow,  
 For if you prove unkind;  
 How can we hope to beat the foe,  
 Who leave our hearts behind.  
 When a cruizing, &c.

See Keppel's flag, once more display'd,  
 Upon the deck he stands;  
 Old England's glory ne'er can fade,  
 Nor tarnish in his hands.  
 So a cruizing, &c.

Be England to herself but true,  
 To France defiance hurl'd ;  
 Give peace America with you,  
 And war with all the world.  
 Then a cruizing, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, and Mr. Holcroft, in the Camp.*

*Serjeant.*

**Y**ET e'r you're permitted to march with me,  
 Answer straight twice questions three.

*Rec.* No lies master serjeant we'll tell to you,  
 Fortho' we're poor lads, we're honest and true.

*Ser.* First can you drink well.

*Rec.* Chearly, chearly.

*Ser.* Each man his gallon.

*Rec.* Nearly, nearly.

*Ser.* Love a sweet wench too.

*Rec.* Dearly, dearly.

*Ser.* The answer is honest, bold and fair,  
 So drink to the king, whose soldiers we are.

*Ser.* When bullets are whizzing about your head,  
 Can you boldly march on where ever you're led.

*Rec.* To death we'll march forward without delay.  
 If good master serjeant you'll shew us the way.

*Ser.* Next can you swear well.

*Rec.* Bluffly, bluffly.

*Ser.* Handle a Frenchman.

*Rec.* Roughly, roughly.

*Ser.* Frown at a cannon.

*Rec.* Gruffly, gruffly.

*Ser.* The answer is honest, bold and fair.  
 So drink to the king, whose soldiers we are.

*Sung*

*Sung in Love in a Village.*

**G**ENTLE youth, ah ! tell me why,  
 Still you force me thus to fly.  
 Cease, oh ! cease to persevere ;  
 Speak not what I must not hear :  
 To my heart it's ease restore ;  
 Go, and never see me more.

## THE CHARMS OF THE BOTTLE.

**Y**E mortals whom trouble and sorrow attend,  
 Whose life is a series of pain without end,  
 For ever depriv'd of hope's all-cheering ray,  
 Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day.  
 Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites.  
 Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest,  
 By hard-hearted duns too continually prest,  
 When brats begin crying and squalling for bread,  
 And wife's never silent till fast in her bed.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,  
 Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,  
 Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,  
 Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape shot.

Obey the glad summons, &c.

Was each dull, pedantical, text-spinning vicar,  
 To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his liquor,  
 O how would he wish for that power divine,  
 To change, when he would, simple water to wine !

Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such as these,  
 And give to the troubled mind comfort and ease,  
 Despair not that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,  
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.  
 Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites ;  
 Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights,

*The* R O S Y D A W N.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

W H E N primrose sweet bedecks the year,  
 And sportive lambkins play,  
 When lilies in each vale appear,  
 And music wakes the day :  
 With joy I meet my shepherd swain,  
 Come tripping o'er the lawn,  
 Then hand in hand we range the plain,  
 To hail the rosy dawn.

Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale,  
 While rural scenes delight,  
 Beneath the beech in yonder dale,  
 His music charms the night.  
 When morn returns, I meet my swain  
 Come tripping o'er the lawn,  
 Then hand in hand we range the plain,  
 To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste  
 With him who has my heart,  
 While love invites, no time I'll waste,  
 No more we'll ever part ;

And

And when returning with my swain,  
We'll trip it o'er the lawn,  
While hand in hand we range the plain,  
We'll hail the rosy dawn.

Y O U N G R O G E R.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.*

**Y**OUNG Roger he courted me for a whole  
year,

He sigh'd and made such a moan,  
That I lov'd him, yet dare not to tell him (thro'  
fear)

So I vow'd that I would lie alone.

He said, and he swore, if I'd be his bride,

He would bring me to fine London town,

I should see Foxes Hall and the playhouse beside,

But I still said I would lie alone.

A way then he went, to the dance at the fair,

Where I saw him give Sue a green gown;

I wish'd from my heart that I had not gone there,

And hop'd that she might lie alone;

I redd'n'd and sigh'd, I danc'd and I cry'd,

And my heart sent forth many a groan,

To get him again all my arts they were try'd,

For I now thought I'd not lie alone.

T'other ev'ning he came to my cot, with a smile,

And ask'd if I kinder was grown,

I told him no longer his hopes I'd beguile.

Nor would I lie longer alone.

To



To London we came, to the playhouse I've been,  
 And then dear Foxhall was I shewn,  
 Such dressing, such dancing, such fights have  
 I seen,  
 That I'm glad I no more lie alone.

*Sung in Artaxerxes.*

**F**AIR, Semira, lovely maid,  
 Cease in pity to upbraid  
 My oppress'd but constant heart;  
 Full sufficient are the woes,  
 Which my cruel stars oppose;  
 Heav'n, alas! has done it's part.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in Selima and Azor,*

**A**ZOR, in vain on thee I call!  
 Echo alone replies;  
 If sad mischance should thee befall,  
 What pity would arise!  
 Again thy Selima is here,  
 To solemn promise true,  
 She's quitted all she held most dear  
 To live again with you.

In vain I call, no Azor hears,  
 Echo alone replies,  
 Alas! could'st thou but know my fears,  
 Could'st thou but hear my sighs!  
 I feel concern I never felt,  
 My breast soft passions move,  
 By tender pity taught to melt,  
 By pity led to love.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Wilson, in the Lady of the Manor.*

**N**OT Satan, when, a wily snake,  
He tempted grandame *Eve*,  
More subtle than the modern rake  
Her daughters to deceive.

Like *her*, each curious female, still,  
The fruit forbidden-eyes,  
And longs to taste both *good* and *ill*;  
For *women* will be *wife*.

Like *him*, pursu'd the precious plan,  
The devil himself had laid,  
Doth cruel, cunning, *gentle* man  
Seduce the silly maid.

*Sung by Mr. Dodd, in Selima and Azor.*

**T**HESE spirits they'd make us to fear,  
Are generous, harmless and gay;  
And they give us such excellent cheer,  
I'd visit them every day.

For I like their treat,  
Their wine, their meat,  
And I'm merry and blithe as they.

Tho' I can't like a nightingale sing,  
For once turn your eyes to a jay;  
For if wine will make winter like spring,  
Why not make me warble, I pray?

For I like their treat,  
Their wine, their meat,  
And I'm frolicksome, blithe and gay.

Good

Good spirits, pray hear, if you're nigh,  
 Bring back the sweet time of May,  
 When bonny brown Ellin and I,  
 Lov'd long as the sun hid his ray.  
 For I like your treat,  
 Your wine, your meat,  
 And I'm frolicksome, blithe and gay.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in the Lady of the Manor.*

**D**ELIGHTFUL is a rural life,  
 Where peace and pleasure reign;  
 Where faithful every man and wife,  
 And true each nymph and swain.

The plain of plains, the *rural plain*,  
 Where such pure raptures flow:  
 But may I ne'er see *town* again,  
 If such a plain I know,

Believe me, false the country clown  
 As any London beau;

The *rustic lass* like *Miss in town*,  
 Can favours too bestow.

The town of towns, dear *London town*,  
 Thy pleasures, then, be mine!  
*Deceit* may dress in linen gown,  
 And *Truth* in diamonds shine.

### THE HAPPY LOVER.

**W**HILST on thy dear bosom lying,  
 Celia, who can paint my bliss?  
 Who the transports I'm enjoying,  
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?

Ev'ry

Ev'ry look with love inspires me,  
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms,  
 Ev'ry melting transport fires me,  
 Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes, how soft they languish !  
 Feel my heart with raptures beat ;  
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,  
 When the transport is so great :  
 Look not so divinely on me,  
 Celia, I shall die with bliss :  
 Yet! yet! turn those eyes upon me,  
 Who'd not die a death like this ?

H O O K or by C R O O K.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**A** Few years ago, in the days of my gramma,  
 A worthy good woman as ever broke bread ;  
 What lectures she gave, in the morning began 'em,  
 Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down on her bed :  
 She never declin'd what she once undertook,  
     But twisted,  
     Persisted,  
     Now flatter'd.  
     Now spatter'd,

And always succeeded by hook or by crook,

Said she child whatever your fate is hereafter,  
 If married, if single, if old or if young ;  
 In madness, in sadness, in tears or in laughter,  
 But follow my maxims you cannot do wrong ;

*Back.*

Each passion, each temper, I always could  
brook,

When scolded  
I moulded,  
When heated  
Retreated,

And manag'd my matters by hook or by crook,  
Ensnar'd by her counsel I ventur'd to marry,  
And fancy'd a wife by my grandmother's rules,  
Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch and to  
carry,

But soon I found out that we both had been fools;  
In vain I shew'd madam the wonderful book,  
I coax'd her,  
I box'd her,  
But truly  
Unruly,

Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook

*Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in Selima and Azor,*

**N**O flow'r that blows,  
Is like this rose,  
Or scatters such perfume;  
Upon my breast  
Ah, gently rest,  
And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove  
A parent's love;  
A pleasing gift thou art!  
Come, sweetest flow'r,  
And from this hour  
Live henceforth in my heart.

*Sung by Mrs. Morton, in the Invasion.*

**W**HAT painful moments, counts the maid,  
 Whose faithful bosom still,  
 Retains the image love has made,  
 Against a parents will.

No morn that shakes its rosy wings,  
 Dawns peace upon her breast ;  
 And night that balmy slumber brings,  
 To her affords no rest.

In vain she hopes that time will prove,  
 What absence could not give ;  
 For should she cease one hour to love,  
 That hour she'd cease to live.

Thus deep within the wounded heart,  
 The fatal arrow lies ;  
 And when too near we draw the dart,  
 The fatal victim dies.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Milefian.*

**S**TAND to your guns my hearts of oak,  
 Let not a word on board be spoke,  
 Victory soon will crown the joke,  
 Be silent and be ready,

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,  
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,  
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell,  
 Be steady, be steady boys be iteady, &c.

G

Not



Not yet nor yet nor yet reserve your fire,  
I do desire, not yet nor yet nor yet, fie!

Now the elements do rattle,  
'The gods amaz'd behold the battle,  
Now the elements do rattle,  
'The gods amaz'd behold the battle,  
The battle, the battle, &c.

A broadside my boys,  
A broadside my boys,

See the blood in purple tide,  
Trickle down her batter'd side;  
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,  
Conquer boys or bravely die, &c.

Hurl destruction on your foes;  
Hurl destruction on your foes;  
She sinks, she sinks, she sinks, huzza!  
To the bottom to the bottom down she goes, &c.

## F I E S H E P H E R D F I E,

*Sung at Ranelagh, by Mr. Meredith.*

**T**'other day o'er the green meadows I pass'd,  
A maid overtook me I held her hand fast;  
Then cry'd my dear Lucy thou causest my care,  
How long must thy faithful young Damon de-  
spair.

To crown my soft wishes no longer be shy,  
When frowning she answer'd, O fie shepherd fie:

I told

I told her my passion like time would endure,  
 That beauty, which kindled my flame would  
     secure,  
 That all her sweet charms were for pleasure de-  
     sign'd,  
 And youth was the season to love and be kind,  
 Then what could she say? she could hardly deny  
 But faintly she utter'd, O fie shepherd fie.

I vow'd with a kiss that I could not refrain,  
 She told me 'twas rude, but I kiss'd her again,  
 My conduct ye shepherds in this never blame,  
 For had you been there you had just done the  
     same.

Resolv'd to resist, tho' inclin'd to comply,  
 Yet still she kept crying, O fie shepherd fie.

With ardour I press'd her my suit to believe,  
 And Hymen should prove I ne'er meant to de-  
     ceive,  
 For long had I lov'd her, and swore to be true,  
 When thus I protested, why what could she do.  
 She strove to refuse me, but 'twas with a sigh,  
 For really she could not say, fie shepherd fie.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Lady of the Manor.*

**A**T romps with Robin, Tom, or Dick,  
     One fearful is of danger,  
 And rates them for the wanton trick  
     One pardons, in a stranger.

If such rough clowns should come too near,  
 We risk the being undone ;  
 But rude may be those freedoms *here*,  
 Which civil are in *London*.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in the Scheming Lieutenant*

**B**ENEATH a green shade a lovely young swain,  
 One evening reclin'd to discover his pain.  
 So sad yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,  
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to  
 flow.

Rude winds with compassion could hear him com-  
 plain,  
 Yet Chloe less gentle was deaf to his pain.

How happy he cry'd my moments once flew,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view,  
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could  
 survey,  
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than  
 they.

Now scenes of distress please only my sight,  
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure and languish in light.

Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue,  
 All all but conspire my griefs to renew ;  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,  
 'To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air.  
 But loves ardent fever burns always the same,  
 No winter can cool it no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retire,  
 The breezes grew cool, not Stephon's desire ;

I fly

I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind.  
 Ah wretch how can life be worthy thy care,  
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Lady of the Manor.*

WHAT hopes can there be for poor *Cicely*,  
 That one who's a gentleman born,  
 In love cannot cater more nicely,  
 And treat a plain milk-maid with scorn.

Can he who was e'er sworn at *Highgate*,  
 The mistress forsake for the maid;  
 When, ah! between her mean and my gait,  
 So striking a difference display'd?

Can he, who knows a gem to prize,  
 And may its worth enjoy,  
 Reject, when both before his eyes,  
 A diamond for a toy?

What hopes can there be, then, for *Cicely*, &c.

BEST OF A' *Sung by Mrs. Wroughten, at Vauxhall.*

THE last time I came o'er the moor,  
 I left my love behind me;  
 Ye powers what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas remind me.  
 His doublet was of Zealand shag,  
 And who but Willy he was braw;  
 And at his shoulders hangs a tag,  
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a.

Shou'd he be call'd where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound him ;  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 May angels guard around him.  
 Then may his courage never flag,  
 For my dear Willy he is braw ;  
 And at his shoulders hangs a tag,  
 That please the ladies best of a.

In all my soul there's not a place,  
 To let a rival enter ;  
 Since he excells in ev'ry grace,  
 In him my love shall center.  
 Then of my lover I may brag,  
 For who but Willy he is braw ;  
 And at his shoulders hangs a tag,  
 That please the ladies best of a.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Lady of the Manor.*

**Y**OU terribly flatter, I'm sorely afraid,  
 Poor *Cicely*, an ignorant, innocent maid ;  
 More witty and pretty behalf than myself,  
 My betters, so fair,  
 You well may compare,  
 To fine China ware,  
 That stands in the cup-board, or uppermost shelf ;  
 While homelier *Ciss*,  
 Like a plain earthen dish,  
 Is coarse and as clumsy as self.

ANNA.

ANNA. *Sung by Miss Catley, and Mr. Leoni.*

**S**HEPHERDS I have lost my love,  
 Have you seen my Anna?  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,  
 Upon the banks of Banna.  
 I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty fountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning.  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.  
 Whither is my charmer flown?  
 Shepherds tell me whither;  
 Ah woe for me, perhaps she's gone,  
 For ever and for ever.  
 Shepherds I have lost my love, &c.

## A H U N T I N G S O N G,

*Sung by Mr. Dearl, at the Grotto Gardens.*

**H**ARK, hark, the joy inspiring horn,  
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,  
 And echoes through the dale;  
 With clamorous peals the hills resound,  
 The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,  
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor



Nor gates nor hedges can impede,  
 The brisk high mettl'd startling steed,  
     The jovial pack pursue ;  
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,  
 The distant hills with speed he gains,  
     And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
 And to the copse for shelter makes,  
     There pants awhile for breath ;  
 When now the noise alarms her ear,  
 Her haunts desery'd her fate is near,  
     She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,  
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,  
     She faints she falls she dies ;  
 The distant couriers now come in,  
 And join the loud triumphant din,  
     Till echo rend the skies.

## PRAISES OF JOCKEY.

*A Scotch Ballad, Sang by Mrs. Warrel.*

**O**N Tay's green banks I'll boldly tell  
 The love I have for Jockey.  
 Attend my song each blythsome belle,  
     And shepherds, hither flock ye.  
 I gave my heart to that fond swain,  
     Who won it of me fairly :  
 I'd do't it 'twere to do again,  
     I love him still so dearly.

His manners soft, tho' strong his mind,  
 Not fickle like the weather,  
 Not cross to day, to-morrow kind,  
 And lighter than a feather;  
 His words and actions both agree,  
 His temper's warm, not heady:  
 He's always good and just to me.  
 To love and honour steady.

For his own self, I like my swain,  
 I know his worth and nature:  
 I'll give him not a moment's pain,  
 Nor wrong so sweet a creature.  
 No girl on Tweed, on Clyde, or Spey,  
 Is born to so much pleasure,  
 As is the merry lass of Tray,  
 Or closer hugs her treasure.

*Sung in Artaxerxes.*

**L**ET not rage, thy bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer claim remove;  
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.  
 Each ungentle thought suspending,  
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;  
 Nor with rancour never ending,  
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.  
 Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,  
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;  
 I, alas! at once have lost  
 Father, brother, lover, friend!

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Lady of the Manor.*

**G**IVE me then, life's largest cup;  
 Fill with pleasure, fill it up;  
 Pleasure, such as love inspires,  
 Melting joys and warm desires;  
 Keep, Oh! keep it running o'er,  
 'Till, grown old, I thirst no more.

**PRITHEE FOOL BE QUIET.** *A Scotch Song.*

*Sung by Miss Jamieson, at Vauxhall.*

**Y**OUNG Jockey fought my heart  
 To win, and woo'd as lovers woo,  
 I vers'd in all our sex's art,  
 Did just as maidens do.  
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,  
 I'd study to be shy at,  
 An when he press'd his fate to know,  
 'Twas prithee fool be quiet.  
 Month after month of am'rous pain,  
 He made a mighty fuss,  
 Why if you know one love's a swain,  
 'Tis wrong to say one does;  
 He told me passion could not live  
 Without more pleasing diet,  
 And pray what answer could I give,  
 But prithee fool be quiet.  
 At length he made a bold essay,  
 And like a man he cry'd,  
 Thy hand, my dear, this very day  
 Shall Celia be my bride;

Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me still,  
 I cou'd not now deny it,  
 And now, believe me, when I will,  
 I make the fool be quiet.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Selima and Azor,*

**A** Wretch like me has nought to dread,  
 Misfortune makes me brave :  
 Would I were number'd with the dead,  
 And in the silent grave !

For why should life be worth our care,  
 When hope is sunk in black despair !

*Sung in the Lady of the Manor, by Mr. Mattocks,  
 Miss Brown, and others.*

**W**ITH friendly smile, and social glee,  
 Lo ! *Rural-hospitality*,  
 With hearty welcome to the best,  
 Of ev'ry *stranger* makes a *guest*.

In plenty spreads her chearful board,  
 With what kind Nature's gifts afford ;  
 So lib'ral, generous, frank and free  
 Is *Rural-hospitality* !

In heaven no sooner heard her name,  
 Than *Jove* to earth a rambler came ;  
*Philemon's* guest as well as we ;  
 Hail ? *Rural-hospitality* !

NOW

## NOW OR NEVER.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**T**O make the most of fleeting time  
 Shou'd be our great endeavour,  
 For love, we both are in our prime,  
 The time is now or never.

A thousand charms around you play,  
 No girl more bright or clever :  
 Then let us both agree to-day,  
 To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,  
 I burn with love's high fever,  
 Pray now be kind, I know you can,  
 You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you, Chloe, turn aside,  
 You frustrate my endeavour :  
 That face will fade, come down that pride,  
 Your time is now or never.

Ere for yourself or me too late,  
 Say now you're mine for ever ;  
 I may be snatch'd by care or fate,  
 My time is now or never.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**Y**OU ask if her I love the most,  
 Is 'mongst the girls I make my toast,  
 Of every sort are they and size,  
 With blue and black and hazle eyes,

Indeed the truth I must not tell,  
You wou'd not like me quite so well.

I see a pretty girl in green,  
Another that is scarce eighteen,  
And she in charming pink that's drest,  
Is said to touch my amorous breast,  
In spite of these my heart is whole,  
She is not here who wins my soul.

Whene'er the toast goes briskly round,  
I never at a loss am found,  
Shall, Dolly, Kitty crown my glass,  
My heart is on my fav'rite lass,  
But who the real girl may be,  
Can ne'er be guess'd or told by me,  
My hoarded wealth I'll not reveal,  
Lest some bold thief shou'd come and steal,  
And he who knows the nymph I kiss,  
May try to rob me of my bliss,  
Not even death, I am so stout,  
Shall ever get the secret out.

A Rondeau, *Sung at Vauxhall:*

**S**HEPHERD, cease your soft complaining,  
I've a heart that scorns disdaining:  
I no bashful meanings want,  
All that virtue asks I'll grant;  
Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,  
Distant awe, and vows of dying,  
All are senseless. Who'd believe  
He would die, who still may live?

H

THE



## THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

*Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.*

**I**N a sycamore shade, as I sat t'other day,  
 As blithe as the birds in the grove,  
 It happen'd young Damon was walking that way,  
 Who often had hinted his love.  
 I rose to be gone as I saw him appear,  
 Then kneeling, he begg'd I'd not fly,  
 So soft were his accents they banish'd my fears,  
 I cou'd not the shepherd deny.  
 He beg'd me to stay, whilst his wish he express'd,  
 And swore that he meant me no harm;  
 My hand to his bosom he eagerly press'd,  
 Which, throbbing, confess'd the alarm.  
 My cheeks, he declar'd, wore the blush of the rose,  
 My hand with the lily might vie, [those,  
 That my breath was much sweeter than either of  
 All this I was forc'd to deny.  
 He said he shou'd languish and die with despair,  
 Unless I requited his love;  
 And pray'd me to end all his sorrow and care,  
 For truer no swain e'er cou'd prove.  
 He begg'd that a day, I wou'd speedily name,  
 And waited to hear my reply;  
 My blushes confess'd, that I felt all his flame,  
 Nor could I the shepherd deny.  
 Next morn to the church, with my Damon I went,  
 And gave him my hand and my heart;  
 E'er since have my days been in happiness spent,  
 Which Hymen alone can impart.

Th en

Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youthful  
 and gay,  
 From the shepherd you love never fly,  
 The spring of your lives will too soon glide away,  
 Beware, least too oit you deny.

## S O N G.

**I**F 'tis joy to wound a lover,  
 How much more to give him ease;  
 When his passion we discover,  
 Oh, how pleasing 'tis to please!  
 This is doubly to encharm him;  
 Makes him proud to be a slave;  
 What can more our worth inform him,  
 Than to heal the wounds we gave?  
 Thus the warrior fam'd in story,  
 Leading captives through the field,  
 Justly merits double glory,  
 Gently treating those that yield.

## P A S T O R A L B A L L A D.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**F**ORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,  
 Why will you solicit my lay,  
 No longer I sit by the brook,  
 And carrol my sorrows away.  
 Say Laura, what theme shall I chuse,  
 Your praises I must not proclaim,  
 And friendship's too cold for my muse,  
 And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple swain,  
 Whose flocks and whose herds are but small,  
 And my cottage tho' neat on the plain,  
 Is cover'd with thatch and that's all.  
 And Laura is blooming and young,  
 Ah! would that I too were the same,  
 My heart then might hint to my tongue,  
 What now I'm forbidden to name.  
 Yet deny'd my fond wish to impart,  
 My wishes from you shall not swerve,  
 That the shepherd who sues for your heart,  
 By his own may your virtues deserve.  
 With the charms which no time can destroy,  
 With the worth which no breath can defame,  
 May you taste of that permanent joy,  
 Which now I'm forbidden to name.

*Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Padlock,*

**D**EAR heart, what a terrible life am I led!  
 A Dog has a better, that's shelter'd and fed;  
 Night and day 'tis the same,  
 My pain is dere game;  
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.  
 Whate'er's to be done,  
 Poor Black must run;  
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,  
 Mungo every where.  
 Above or below,  
 Sirrah, come, Sirrah, go;  
 Do so, and do so.  
 Oh! Oh!  
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

*The WARWICKSHIRE LAD.**Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Jubilee.*

**Y**E Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses,  
 See what at our Jubilee passes;  
 Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,  
 For the Lad of all Lads is the Warwickshire Lad,  
     Warwickshire Lad,  
     All be glad,  
 For the Lad, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty;  
 Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,  
 For the Bard of all Bards was the Warwickshire  
     Warwickshire Bard, [Bard,  
     Never pair'd,  
 For the Bard, &c.

Our Shakespear compar'd is to no man,  
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman:  
 Their swans are all geese to Avon's sweet Swan,  
 For the man of all men was the Warwickshire  
     Warwickshire man, [man,  
     Avon's Swain,  
 For the man, &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,  
 And half a score more we take pride in;  
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill.  
 But the Will of all Wills was the Warwickshire  
     Warwickshire Will, [Will,  
     Matchless still,  
 But the Will of all Wills, &c.

There never was seen such a creature,  
 Of all she was worth he robb'd nature,  
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,  
 For the Thief of all Thieves was the Warwick-  
     shire Thief,  
     Warwickshire Thief,  
     He's the Chief,  
 For the Thief of all Thieves, &c.

### SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

**L**ET beauty with the sun arise,  
 To Shakespear tribute pay,  
 With heavenly smiles and sparkling eyes,  
 Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,  
 What face shall dare to frown?  
 Not envy's self can blast the fame,  
 Which beauty deigns to crown.

*Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the Opera of The Wedding Ring.*

**I** Saw, what seem'd a harmless child,  
 With wings, and bow,  
     And aspect mild;  
 Who fobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,  
 And begg'd I would some boon bestow,  
 On a poor little boy, stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too soon I comply'd,  
 For exulting he cry'd,

And

And drew from his quiver a dart ;  
 My pow'r you shall know,  
 Then levell'd his bow,  
 And wounded me—right in the heart.

*Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, in the Entertainment of  
 Mother Shipton,*

**T**O heal the smart a bee had made  
 Upon my Chloc's face,  
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,  
 And bid me kiss the place.  
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound  
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;  
 Honey on my lips I found,  
 The sting within my heart.

SWEET WILLY O.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddley, in the Jubilee.*

**T**HE pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O,  
 The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O ;  
 The first of all swains,  
 He gladden'd the plains,  
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.  
 He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,  
 He sung it, &c.  
 He melted each Maid,  
 So skilful he play'd,  
 No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

AH



All Nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,  
All Nature, &c.

Wherever he came,  
Whate'er had a Name,  
Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Will O.  
He would be a Soldier the sweet Willy O,  
He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field  
With sword and with shield,  
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.  
He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,  
He charm'd, &c.  
And when Willy dy'd,  
'Twas Nature that sigh'd,  
To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

*The MULBERRY TREE.*

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from  
the tree, [by thee;  
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted  
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,  
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree;  
Bend to thee  
Bless'd Mulberry;  
Matchless was he  
That planted thee,  
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the Forest so rampant and high,  
Who spread round your branches, whose heads  
sweep the sky;  
Ye

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,  
To root out the natives at prices so dear :

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,  
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our  
coast :

[that fight,  
Of the fir we make ships ; there are thousands  
But one, only one, like our Shakespear can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,  
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs ;  
The Garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of

All shall yield, &c. [fruit.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd  
birch

[Church ;  
Supplies Law and Physic, and Grace for the .  
But Law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,  
He gives the best Physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;  
From him and his merits this takes its degree :  
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine.  
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the Genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright  
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;  
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then

Then each take a relic of the hollow tree,  
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;  
 Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,  
 To honour your country, do honour to him.  
 All shall yield, &c.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in Belphegor.*

**E**ACH day all the work of the house I must do  
 I sew, and I knit, and I spin.  
 I scrub, and I rub, and I bake, and I brew ;  
 The labour's all left for dame Din.

And while ev'ry comfort we cannot afford,  
 On my children's account, I refuse,  
 My husband's as great and as drunk as a lord,  
 Thinks the pleasure is all for Sir Booze.

But you rascal, you villain you hang-dog, you sot,  
 No longer this plan I'll pursue ;  
 For since family duties are daily forgot,  
 Dame Din will have her pleasures too.

*The Inconstant Swain, Sung at Ranelagh.*

**B**ENEATH this grove, this silent shade,  
 Come, Damon, to the gentle maid ;  
 What other nymph wou'd love like me ?  
 For, oh, thou'rt all inconstancy !

You us'd to talk of love and bliss,  
 And often sigh'd my lips to kiss ;  
 But roving now is sweeter glee,  
 For thou art all inconstancy.

Here

Here fragrant flow'rets sweetly spring,  
 The feather'd choir in concert sing;  
 Yet vain is what I hear and see,  
 Since Damon's all inconstancy.

The am'rous doves now bill and coo,  
 And so, false Damon, so can you;  
 But can't like them contented be,  
 Thy sole delight's inconstancy.

Ye simple fair! believe not man,  
 They all proceed on Damon's plan;  
 Then from the sex your hearts keep free,  
 And love, like them, inconstancy.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

CUPID, God of soft persuasion,  
 Take the helpless Lover's part:  
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion  
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,  
 Who the body would enthrall;  
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,  
 Those who would enslave the mind.  
 Cupid, God of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;  
 Childish mummery at best,  
 Happy I in humble state!  
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.  
 Cupid, God of, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

**O**H! had I been by Fate decreed  
 Some humble cottage Swain,  
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed  
 My flocks upon the plain;  
 What bliss had I been born to taste,  
 Which now I ne'er must know?  
 Ye envious Pow'rs! why have ye plac'd  
 My fair one's lot so low?

*Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Maid of the Mill.*

**I**F that's all you want, who the plague will be  
 sorry?  
 'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;  
 For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't:  
 'Sflesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and  
 coiling,  
 You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,  
 And drudging like horses from morning till  
 night.  
 You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew  
 you,  
 First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks, too, I throw  
 you;  
 Henceforward, take care of your matters who  
 will: [need'em,  
 They're welcome to slave for your wages that  
 Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,  
 And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

**I**N vain I ev'ry art essay,  
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,  
That rankles in my heart :  
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,  
My efforts but enlarge the wound,  
And fiercer make the smart.

**DAMON and FLORELLA. A Dialogue.**

*Sung in the Scorerer.*

*He.* **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,  
See the sportive lambkins play ;  
Nature daily decks the ground,  
All in honour of the May :  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

*She.* Damon, thou hast found me long  
Lis't'ning to thy soothing tale ;  
And thy soft, persuasive tongue  
Often held me in the dale :  
Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,  
All which virtue ought to give.

*He.* Not the verdure of the grove,  
Not the garden's fairest flow'r ;  
Nor the meads where lovers rove,  
Tempted by the vernal hour ;  
Can delight thy Damon's eye,  
If Florella is not by.

I

*She*



*She.* Not the water's gentle fall.

By the bank with poplars crown'd,  
Not the feather'd songsters all,  
Nor the flute's melodious sound,  
Can delight Florella's ear,  
If her Damon is not near.

*Both.* Let us love, and let us live

Like the chearful season gay;  
Banish care, and let us give  
Tribute to the fragrant May:  
Like the sparrow and the dove,  
Listen to the voice of love.

*A favourite Song in MIDAS.*

**L**OVELY Nymph assuage my anguish,  
At your feet a tender Swain  
Prays you will not let him languish;  
One kind look wou'd ease his pain.

Did you know the Lad that courts  
You, he not long need sue in vain;  
Prince of Song, of Dance, of Sports,  
You scarce will meet his like again.

*Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in Love in a Village.*

**W**ELL, well say no more;  
So you told me before;  
I know the full length of my tether.  
Do you think I'm a fool,  
That I need go to school?  
I can spell you, and put you together.

A word

A word to the wife  
Will always suffice :  
Addsniggers ! go talk to your parrot.  
I'm not such an elf,  
Th'of I say't myself,  
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

*Sung in the New English Opera of The Maid of the Mill.*

C H O R U S.

**F**REE from sorrow, free from strife,  
O how blest the Miller's life !  
Chearful working thro' the day,  
Still he laughs and sings away.  
Nought can vex him,  
Nought pe-plex him,  
Whilst there's grist to make him gay.

D U E T.

Let the Great enjoy the blessings  
By indulgent fortune sent.  
What can wealth, can grandeur offer  
More than plenty and content ?

*Sung by Mr. Yates, in The Capricious Lovers.*

**W**HEN the head of poor Tummus was broke  
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,  
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,  
And wept for poor Tummus's sake ;

When his Worship gave noggins of ale,  
 And the liquor was charming and stout ;  
 O these were the times to regale,  
 And we footed it rarely about.  
 Then our partners were buxom as does,  
 And we all were as happy as Kings ;  
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,  
 And the lasses in all their best things ;  
 What merriment all the day long !  
 May the feast of our Colin prove such ;  
 Odzooks ! but I'll join in the song,  
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

**I** Seek not at once in a female to find  
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind ;  
 Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,  
 That, tho' she decieve, I may still think her true :  
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and  
 clean ;  
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien :  
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,  
 Nor indebted to paint,—for white or for red.  
 May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of  
 the sex,  
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;  
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,  
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest ;

May

May her humour the taste of the company hit,  
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit :  
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,  
 And I'll love her for ever,—I mean, if I can.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

O H! how shall I, in language weak,  
 My ardent passion tell,  
 Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak  
 That cruel word, farewell ;  
 Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,  
 My thoughts can never stray :  
 Go where I will my constant heart  
 Must with my charmer stay.

*A Favourite Song in the EPHESIAN MATRON.*

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

I F I was a wife,  
 And my dearest dear life  
 Took it into his noddle to die ;  
 E'er I took the whim  
 To be bury'd with him,  
 I think I'd know very well why.  
 If poignant my grief,  
 I'd search for relief,  
 Nor sink with the weight of my care ;  
 A salve might be found.  
 No doubt, above ground,  
 And I think I know very well where.

Another kind mate  
 Should give me what fate  
 Would not from the former allow ;  
 With him I'd amuse  
 The hours you abuse,  
 And I think I know very well how.

'Tis true, I'm a maid,  
 And so't may be said,  
 No judge of the conjugal lot ;  
 Yet marriage, I ween,  
 Has a cure for the spleen,  
 And I think I know very well what.

*Sung by Mr. Beard.*

**H**E that a cuckold is, let it not grieve him ;  
 For in his wants there is one to relieve him :  
 He may sleep quietly when his wife's waking :  
 And may be free from care, void of pains-taking :  
 And his condition is not to be scorned,  
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The Captain upon the sea prays for fair weather,  
 While his wife and his mate sail both together ;  
 Star-gazing on her back, at the moon's motion,  
 While the poor cuckold is at his devotion ;  
 Yet his condition is not to be scorned,  
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The Merchant upon the sea searching for treasure,  
 What tho' his merchandize be out of measure ;  
 Yet, if he kifs a girl, while he is ranging,  
 His wife repays him, a bill of exchange, in :

But

But his condition is not to scorned,  
Cesar and Pompey were both of of them horned.

The greatest Lawyer that ever was sent us,  
Often returns his wife, *Non est inventus* ;  
And tho' he never so wise in his place is,  
She will still find that a flaw in his case is :  
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,  
Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest Statesmen, that e'er was applauded,  
Need not to laugh at a Citizen horned ;  
For, if 'tis true, as in ancient relations,  
The City-dames still obey the Court-fashions :  
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,  
Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

While the poor Parson with zeal is expounding,  
Telling the people their sins are abounding ;  
Some one, perhaps, pays his tythes to his wife,  
Heedless of rules for amendment of life :  
Yet his condition is not to be scorned,  
Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

You that are cuckolds, let this be your comfort :  
There are few others between this and Rumford :  
Brethren all in a row, shake hands together,  
And never disdain to wear the bull's feather ;  
For your condition is not to be scorned,  
Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.*

**L**ET gay ones, and great,  
Make the most of their fate,

From



From pleasure to pleasure they run ;  
 Well, who cares a jot ?  
 I envy them not,  
 While I have my dog and my gun.  
 For exercise, air,  
 To the fields I repair,  
 With spirits unclouded and light ;  
 The blisses I find,  
 No stings leave behind,  
 But health and diversion unite.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Almena.*

**T**HE golden radiance of the sun,  
 Mild glancing thro' the cedar bow'rs,  
 Renews the glories of the day :  
 The beauteous scene's again begun,  
 Which Nature freshens and empowers,  
 And ev'ry bird exalts his lay.  
 Sweet is the prime of florid June,  
 Sweet are the meadows as they smile,  
 And sweet the rural Minstrel's song ;  
 But sweeter is the mind in tune,  
 Sweeter the heart unknown to guile,  
 And sweeter where the Virtues throng.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

**I**N love should there meet a fond pair,  
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,  
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,  
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart ;

If

If aught of substantial delight  
 On this side stars can be found ;  
 'Tis sure, when that couple unite,  
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

BACCHUS *and* ARIADNE. *A CANTATA.*

RECITATIVE.

**T**HE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,  
 When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord :  
 Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,  
 And saw his vessel less'ning to her view :  
 She smote her breast ; she rav'd, and tore her  
 hair ;  
 Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

A I R.

Ah ! Theseus, Theseus, stay !  
 Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow !  
 Kind Neptune, cease to flow,  
 Nor waft my love away !  
 Ah ! whither wilt thou go ?  
 Could I have serv'd thee so ?  
 Ah ! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why  
 You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly ?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,  
 Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,  
 Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,  
 And, gently, thus administred relief.

AIR.

## A I R.

Cease, lovely Nymph, to weep,  
 Wipe off that falling tear;  
 Though Theseus plough the deep,  
 You've still a lover here;  
 I am Bacchus, god of wine,  
 God of revelry and joy;  
 If Ariadne will be mine,  
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.  
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup  
 Of my choicest cordial draught;  
 Fill it, man, why fill it up;  
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought:  
 Fill it higher to the brink;  
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink?

## RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd.  
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd;  
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,  
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding  
 heart:  
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,  
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd:  
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,  
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

## A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and  
 who pine,  
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine:  
 Let

Let the Nymph, who's forsaken for one that's  
 more fair, [despair ;  
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all  
 And let the fond youth who would win the coy  
 maid.

Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.  
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part :  
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the  
 heart.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village,*

**Y**OUNG I am, and sore afraid :  
 Would you hurt a harmless maid ?  
 Lead an innocent astray ?  
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.  
 Men too often we believe ;  
 And shou'd you my faith deceive,  
 Ruin first, and then forsake,  
 Sure my tender heart would break.

*Sung by Mr. Tenducci, in Artaxerxes.*

**W**ATER, parted from the sea,  
 May increase the river's tide,  
 To the bubbling fount may flee,  
 Or thro' fertile valleys glide.

Though, in search of lost repose,  
 'Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,  
 Still it murmurs as it flows,  
 Till it reach its native home.

DUELTO

*Sung by Mrs. Weichfel.*

**A**H! Why should love with tyrant sway,  
Oppress each youthful heart?  
Must all his rigid laws obey  
And feel his pointed dart?

On reason's aid in vain we call,  
To break the slavish chain;  
The potent God disdains it all,  
And triumphs in our pain.

*DUETTO. Sung by Mr. Leoni, and Miss. Catley,  
in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.*

**F**AIR Aurora, prithee stay;  
O retard unwelcome day;  
Think what anguish rends my breast,  
Thus caressing, thus carest,  
From the idol of my heart  
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.*

**T**HERE was a jolly Miller once  
Liv'd on the river Dee;  
He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,  
No lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song  
For ever us'd to be,  
I care for nobody, no, not I,  
If nobody cares for me.

*Sung*

*Sung in The Merchant of Venice.*

**T**O Keep my gentle Jesse,  
 What labour would seem hard!  
 Each toilsome task how easy,  
 Her love the sweet reward!

The bee, thus uncomplaining,  
 Esteems no toil severe;  
 The sweet reward obtaining  
 Of honey all the year.

*Sung in Acis and Galatea.*

**L**OVE sounds the alarm,  
 And fear is a flying;  
 When beauty's the prize,  
 What mortal fears dying?  
 In defence of my treasure  
 I'll bleed at each vein;  
 Without her no pleasure,  
 For life is a pain.

*Sung at Ranelagh:*

**O**NE Midsummer morning, when Nature  
 look'd gay,  
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of  
 play;  
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from  
 above,  
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;

K

My



My mother cried, Nancy, come haste to the mill;  
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you  
will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no  
doubt;

A woman, alas! would be nothing without:  
I went tow'rs the mill without any delay,  
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say;  
But when I came near it, I found it stock still;  
Bless my stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I  
will.

The Miller to market that instant was gone;  
The work it was left to the care of his son:  
Now, though I can scold well as any one can,  
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young  
man:

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill;  
I must have my corn ground, I must, and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not  
mine;

No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine:  
There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair;  
The mill shall go merrily round, I declare.  
But hark how the birds sing, and see how they  
bill!

I must have a kiss first, I must, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rs home bent my  
way;

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say;  
In-

Inſiſted to hand me along the green mead,  
 And there ſwore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed!  
 And that he'd be conſtant, and true to me ſtill:  
 And ſince that time I've lik'd him, and like him  
 I will.

I often ſay, Mother, the Miller I'll huff;  
 She laughs, and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague him  
 enough;  
 And ſcarce a day paſſes but, by her deſire,  
 I get a fly kiſs from the youth I admire.  
 If wedlock he wiſhes, his wiſh I'll fulfil,  
 And I'll answer, O yes! with a hearty good-will.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

**S**TILL in hopes to get the better  
 Of my ſtubborn flame I try,  
 Swear this moment to forget her,  
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with ſcorn to treat her,  
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;  
 Then, relapſing, fly to meet her,  
 And confeſs myſelf her ſlave.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichſel.*

**B**Y my ſighs you may diſcover,  
 What ſoft wiſhes touch my heart;  
 Eyes can ſpeak and tell the lover,  
 What the tongue Muſt not impart.

K :

Bluſh-

Blushing shame forbids revealing,  
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove,  
 But 'tis hard and past concealing,  
 When we truly, fondly love.

*Sung in The Miller, of Mansfield.*

**N**EAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a  
 hill,  
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill ;  
 Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er  
 his face,  
 And Honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace :  
 Beslour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,  
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a King ;  
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill,  
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.  
 He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,  
 So that's an excise to his industry paid ;  
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,  
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year :  
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote ;  
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat :  
 He hates your proud placemen ; and, do what  
 they will, [mill.  
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the  
 On Sundy he talks with the Barber and Priest,  
 And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best ;  
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free  
 trade,  
 Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid :

He

He fears the French navy and commerce increase,  
And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace:  
Tho' old England, he knows, may have strength  
and have skill,

To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work;  
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,  
And over the meadows he scatters his hay,  
Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay:  
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,  
That his country may ever be happy and free:  
With his hand and his heart to King George  
does he fill,

May all loyal souls act the man of the mill!

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto.*

**N**YMPHS and Shepherds, come away,  
Wanton in the sweets of May;  
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,  
Wanton as the bounding fawns:  
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,  
Nymphs and Shepherds come away.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks:*

*In Love in a Village.*

**H**OPE! thou nurse of young Desire,  
Fairy promiser of joy;  
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,  
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy!

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,  
 Softest soother of the mind ;  
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,  
 Surest friend the wretched find !

Kind Deceiver, flatter still ;  
 Deal out pleasures unpossess'd :  
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,  
 And in wishes make me blest.

*Sung in The Reprisal.*

**F**ROM the man whom I love tho' my heart  
 I disguise,  
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;  
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.  
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.  
 A wit without sense, without fancy a beau ;  
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow  
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;  
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.  
 A peacock, &c.

As a vultur rapacious, in falshood a fox ;  
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks :  
 As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog :  
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.  
 As a tiger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,  
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.

Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I  
draw;

Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,  
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

**T**HE traveller benighted,  
And led through weary ways,  
The lamp of day new lighted,  
With joy the dawn surveys:  
The rising prospect viewing,  
Each look is forward cast;  
He smiles his course pursuing,  
Nor thinks of what is past.

*Sung by Mrs. Thompson.*

**V**AIN is ev'ry fond endeavour  
To resist the tender dart;  
For examples move us never;  
We must feel, to know the smart.  
When the Shepherd swears he's dying,  
And our beauties sets to view;  
Vanity, her aid supplying,  
Bids us think 'tis all our due,  
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes  
Is the mild, deceitful strain;  
Frowning truth our sex displeases;  
Flatt'ry never sues in vain:

But,



But, too soon, the happy lover  
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive :  
 Man was form'd to be a rover,  
 Foolish woman to believe,  
 Foolish woman to believe.

*The* L U C K Y F A L L .

**A** Band of Cupids t'other day  
 Were in a myrtle grove,  
 Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,  
 They made a match to rove :  
 " But where ?" cry'd one (the cock of all,)  
 " Let's fix upon a place :  
 " Hang Paphos and Olympus hall ;  
 I vote for Chloe's face."

No sooner said, than off they flew ;  
 And gath'ring round the fair,  
 As swarms of bees on flowers do,  
 They settled here and there ;  
 Some on her lips, her nose, and chin ;  
 A score on either cheek,  
 While fifty to her eyes went in  
 To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile.  
 The wranglers to have heard,  
 For place disputing all the while,  
 Tho' each his own preferr'd :  
 Till chancing from her lips to slide,  
 One fell on Chloe's breast,  
 And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,  
 " Who's station's now the best ?"

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

**H**OW much superior beauty awes,  
 The coldest bosoms find ;  
 But with resistless force it draws,  
 To sense and sweetness join'd :  
 The casket where, to outward show,  
 The workman's art is seen.  
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know  
 Its holds a gem within.

*Sung in The Chaplet.*

**W**HAT med'cine can soften the bosom's  
 keen smart ?

What Lethe can banish the pain ?  
 What cure can be met with to sooth the fond  
 heart,

That's broke by a faithless young Swain ?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try

The sports of the wake and the green !

When Colin is dancing, I say, with a sigh,

'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon, the soft nightingales  
 moan,

In accents so piercing and clear ;

You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,

As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,

And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon grove ;

For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,

And Damon pretended to love.

*Sung*

*Sung by Miss Pope, in The Musical Lady.*

**L**OVE's a sweet and soft Musician,  
Who derives his skill from thee;  
Plays on ev'ry disposition,  
Strikes the soul on every key.

Deep Despair now thrums Adagio,  
Lively Hope now sounds Coragio;  
O! the ravishing transition!  
Tweedle dum, and tweedle dee.

*Sung by Mr. Cooke, at Sadler's-Well.*

**M**Y dog and my mistress are both of a kind,  
As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind;  
My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,  
And my mistress as fond of each fellow she meets  
[strife,  
Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least  
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.  
Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,  
Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease;  
Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,  
One woman's the same as another to me.  
So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least  
strife,  
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.  
I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine  
For false-hearted gipseys they title divine;  
At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,  
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.

For

For go things how they will, I'll not make the  
 least strife,  
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.  
 The girl that behaves with good humour and  
 sense, [tence;  
 Shall still to my heart, have the warmest pre-  
 And for those who would jilt me, deceive, and  
 betray,  
 In honest bumper I'll wash them away.  
 'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,  
 But be cherry and merry, and happy thro' life.

*A CANTATA. Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE.

**T**HE kind appointment Celia made,  
 And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;  
 There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd,  
 Beyond the promis'd hour:  
 No longer able to contain  
 This anxious expectation,  
 With rage he sought to allay his pain,  
 And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful  
 A long and last adieu,  
 Since women prove ungrateful  
 As long as men prove true.  
 The pains they give are many,  
 And, oh! too hard to bear;  
 The joys they give—if any,  
 Few, short, and insincere.

FR-

## RECITATIVE:

Now Celia, from mamma got loose.  
 Had reach'd the calm retreat;  
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,  
 And chid her tardy feet,  
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,  
 His joy could not restrain,  
 But as each tender thought increas'd,  
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

## A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,  
 Is a lover's pain and care?  
 And what joy the nymph's appearing  
 After absence or despair!  
 Women wise increase desiring  
 By contriving kind delays:  
 And, advancing or retiring,  
 All they mean is—more to please.

*Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a Village.*

**H**OW happy were my days till now!  
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;  
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,  
 Or take my spinning-wheel.  
 My heart was lighter than a fly,  
 Like any bird I sung,  
 Till he pretended love, and I  
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue:

O the fool ! the filly, filly fool,  
 That trusts what man may be !  
 I wish I was a maid again,  
 And in my own country.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Artaxerxes.*

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,  
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
 And scorns the spear and shield :  
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,  
 And dares again the field.

*A Song by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.*

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,  
 Attends to the villager's vows ;  
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,  
 And poplars embrace with their boughs,  
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,  
 Ador'd for her beauty above ;  
 We shepherds who dwell on the plain,  
 Hail May as the mother of love.

From the West as it wantonly blows,  
 Fond zephyr caresses the vine,  
 The bee steal a kiss from the rose,  
 And willows and woodbines entwine.  
 The pinks by the rivulet side,  
 That border the vernal alcove,  
 Bend downward to kiss the soft tide ;  
 For May is the mother of love.

L

May



May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
 He flutters in bridal array ;  
 If the lark and the linnnet now sing,  
 Their music is taught them by May ;  
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,  
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove ;  
 And, murmuring, seems to repeat,  
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,  
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay ;  
 Get your pipes, ho ! ye shepherds, in tune,  
 For music must welcome the day.  
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
 And all his keen anguish remove ;  
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find  
 That May is the mother of love.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.*

**T**ENDER Virgins, shun deceivers,  
 Who with base seducing arts,  
 When they find you fond believers,  
 Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle Swain pursue you,  
 O ! beware his subtle wiles ;  
 All his aim is to undo ye,  
 Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Let the Youth, whose constant passion  
 Scorns the meanness of deceit,  
 Warm'd with mutual inclination,  
 Render all your joys complete.

MAY

## MAY EVE; or, KATE of ABERDEEN.

*Sung by Miss Polly Young, at Vauxhall.*

THE Silver moon's enamour'd beam  
 Steals softly through the night,  
 To wanton with the winding stream,  
 And kiss reflected light :  
 To courts be gone ! heart-soothing sleep,  
 Where you've so seldom been,  
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep  
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,  
 In primrose chaplets gay,  
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,  
 And gives the promis'd May :  
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare  
 The promis'd May, when seen,  
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,  
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,  
 And rouse yon nodding grove,  
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,  
 And hail the maid I love :  
 At her approach the lark mistakes,  
 And quits the new-dress'd green ;  
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,  
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,  
 Where elves disportive play,  
 The festive dance young shepherds lead,  
 Or sing their tuneful lay,

Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,  
 And claims a virgin-queen ;  
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,  
 “ Here’s Kate of Aberdeen.”

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Opera of Eliza.*

WHO'D know the sweets of liberty ?  
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow ;  
 Thence to discern rough industry  
 At the harrow or the plough :  
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,  
 Calling the harvest all their own.  
 'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,  
 Never felt unmanly fear ;  
 'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,  
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,  
 Such as Britannia yet shall see ;  
 These are the sweets of liberty.

*The* T E M P E S T *of* W A R.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall-Gardens.*

LET the tempest of war  
 Be heard from afar,  
 With trumpets' and cannons' alarms :  
 Let the brave, if they will,  
 By their valour or skill,  
 Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire,  
 Is what I desire,

Of my flocks and my Chloe posselt ;  
 For in them I obtain  
 True peace without pain,  
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest :  
 In some cottage or cell,  
 Like a shepherd to dwell,  
 From all interruption at ease ;  
 In a peaceable life,  
 To be blest with a wife,  
 Who will study her husband to please.

*Sung in Alfred.*

**A**RISE, sweet messenger of morn,  
 With thy mild beams this isle adorn ;  
 For, long as Shepherds pipe and play,  
 This, this, shall be a holiday.

See ! morn appears ; a rosy hue  
 Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue :  
 Well are we met in trim array,  
 To frolic out this holiday.

Each Nymph, be like the blushing morn,  
 That gaily brightens o'er the lawn ;  
 Each Shepherd, like the sun be gay,  
 And grateful keep this holiday.

A R N O ' s V A L E .

**W**HEN here, Lucinda, first we came,  
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,  
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay !  
 Content inspir'd each rural lay :

L 3

The

The birds in livelier concert sung,  
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;  
 All look'd as joy could never fail  
 Among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,  
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,  
 Now Arno's sons must all give place  
 To northern men, an Iron race:  
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;  
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;  
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;  
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale!

*Song Set by Dr. Boyce.*

**H**OW blest has my time been! what days  
 have I known

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!  
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,  
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro', walks grown with woodbines, as often  
 we stray,

Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play;  
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,  
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me,  
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen  
 I revel all day with the Nymphs of the green;  
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
 And meets me at night with compliance and  
 And meets, &c.

[smiles,  
 What

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,  
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year  
through :

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her  
And gives, &c. [youth,

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;  
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home;  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.*

**P**HOEBUS meaner themes disdaining,  
To the Lyrist's call repair,  
And the strings to rapture straining,  
Come, and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,  
Born to conquer and to spare,  
Were not gallant, were not glorious,  
Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth or merit,  
Which the sons of art prepare,  
Have no pleasure, life or spirit,  
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,  
But if you for truth declare,  
Worth and manhood are the fashion,  
Favour'd by the British Fair.

*Sung*



*Sung by Miss Brown, in the Padlock.*

SAY, little foolish, flutt'ring thing,  
Whither, ah! whither would you wing  
Your airy flight?  
Stay here and sing,  
Your Mistress to delight.  
No, no, no,  
Sweet Robin, you shall not go.  
Where, you wanton, could you be  
Half so happy, as with me?

*Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, at Covent Garden  
Theatre.*

ANGELIC Fair, beneath yon pine,  
On grassy verdure let's recline,  
And like the morn be gay:  
See how Aurora smiles on Spring,  
See how the larks arise and sing,  
To hail the infant day.  
Musick shall wake the morn—the day  
Shall roll unheeded as we play  
In wiles, impell'd by love:  
When weary, we shall deign to rest  
Alternate on each other's breast,  
While Cupid guards the grove.  
What Prince can boast more happiness  
Than I (possessing thee) possess?  
All care is banish'd hence.  
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,  
In what superior pleasure lies,  
Than love and innocence?

*A Duet in Solomon.*

**T**HOU soft invader of the soul,  
 Oh, Love, who shall thy pow'r controul?  
 To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,  
 Thy burning heart shall still remain.  
 In vain we trace the globe, to try  
 If powerful gold thy joys can buy;  
 The treasures of the world will prove  
 Too poor a bribe to purchase Love.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**W**AS Nanny but a rural Maid,  
 And I her only Swain,  
 To tend her flocks in flow'ry mead,  
 And on the verdant plain;  
 Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,  
 To please my lovely Maid;  
 While of all sense of care we're freed,  
 Beneath an oaken shade.  
 When lambskins under hedges bleat,  
 And rain seems in the sky,  
 Then to our oaken, safe retreat,  
 We'd both together hie:  
 There I'd repeat my vows of love  
 Unto my charming Fair,  
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove  
 A mind like mine, sincere.  
 Let others fancy courtly joys,  
 I'd live in rural ease;  
 Then Grandeur, Bustle, Pride, and Noise  
 Could ne'er my fancy please:

In

In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,  
 With Grace, and blooming Youth,  
 Sincerity and Virtue shines,  
 —With Modesty and Truth.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Chaplet.*

**D**ECLARE, my pretty maid,  
 Must my fond suit miscarry?  
 With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play;  
 But hang me if I marry; hang me if I marry:  
 With you I'll toy, &c.

Then speak your mind at once,  
 Nor let me longer tarry;  
 With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play;  
 But hang me if I marry:

Tho' charms and wit assail,  
 The stroke I well can parry:  
 I love to kifs, to toy and play;  
 But do not choose to marry:  
 I love, &c.

Young Molly of the dale,  
 Makes a mere slave of Harry;  
 Because, when they had toy'd and kifs'd,  
 The foolish Swain would marry;  
 Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,  
 I to the grave will carry;  
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play;  
 But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry:  
 With you, &c.

*A favourite Duet and Chorus in the Oratorio of  
Judas Macchabæus.*

SEE the conquering Hero comes,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;  
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,  
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,  
Breath the flutes and lead the dance ;  
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,  
To deck the hero's brow divine.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise  
A note to melodize his lays,  
And quit the swelling seas to praise  
The charms of Highland Nelly,

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,  
Such music with such charms can't suit,  
When ev'ry Muse shall tune her lute  
In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,  
Where blithe Content for ever reigns,  
Repeat abroad the honest strains  
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland Lasses fair,  
Still be they proud of golden hair ;  
But where's the grace, the mein, the air,  
That shines in Highland Nelly?

Amidst

Amidst her Nymphs when Venus stood,  
 Fair as she left the briny flood,  
 Unless she mov'd no Gazer cou'd  
     Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a Lowland Ball I've seen  
 Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen;  
 But when she danc'd, ye Gods! I've been  
     In love with Highland Nelly.

*A Song by Mr. Gay.*

**A**LL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,  
     Oh! where shall I my true love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,  
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?  
 William, who high upon the yard,  
     Rock'd by the billows to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,  
     He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;  
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.  
 So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,  
     Shuts close his pinions to his breast,  
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,  
     He drops at once into her nest.  
 The noblest Captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.  
 O Susan! Susan! lovely dear?  
     My vows shall ever true remain;  
 Let me wipe off that falling tear:  
     We only part to meet again.

Change

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be  
The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;  
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
No longer must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:  
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;  
Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, in the Fairy-Tale.*

**K**INGCUP, daffodil, and rose,  
Shall the fairy wreath compose;

M

Beauty



Beauty, sweetness, and delight,  
 Crown our revels of the night.  
 Lightly trip it o'er the green,  
 Where the fairy ring is seen;  
 So no step of earthly tread,  
 Shall offend our Lady's head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wing,  
 Beauty's bee may lose its sting;  
 Fairy land can both combine,  
 Roses with the eglantine;  
 Lightly be your measures seen,  
 Defily foot it o'er the green,  
 Nor a spectre's baleful head,  
 Peep at our nocturnal tread.

H O P E.      *A Pastoral.*

**M**Y banks are all furnish'd with bees,  
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;  
 My grottos are shaded with trees,  
 And my hills are white-over with sheep:  
 I seldom have met with a loss,  
 Such health do my fountains bestow;  
 My fountains all border'd with moss,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,  
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:  
 But let me that plunder forbear;  
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young :  
 I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,  
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray ?  
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs ?  
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
 And the Shepherds as gentle, as ours ?  
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
 And the face of the valleys as fine ;  
 The Swains may in manners compare,  
 But their love is not equal to mine,  
 But their love is not equal to mine.

*Sung in the Oratorio of Israel in Babylon.*

**A**ROUND the fair attending,  
 To her submissive bending ;  
 Our yielding hearts confess her sway,  
 All her superior pow'r obey.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in As You Like It.*

**B**LOW, blow, thou winters's wind !  
 Thou art not so unkind,  
 As man's ingratitude :  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Altho' thy breath be rude,  
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky ;  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,  
 As benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp,  
 As friends remember'd not.

*A favourite Ballad, sung at Vauxhall.*

**N**O longer let whimsical songsters compare  
 The merits of wine with the charms of  
 the fair;

I appeal to the men to determine between  
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus and Beauty's fair Queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,  
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in  
 wine:

Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,  
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass  
 smile,

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,  
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire!  
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore!  
 These virtues shall bless me when Beauty's no  
 more.

How happy our days when with love we en-  
 gage!

'Tis the transport of youth; 'tis the comfort of  
 age:

But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?  
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!  
 A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,  
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

From

From this fair confession 'tis plain, my good friend  
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,  
But how foolish you look when your bottle is  
dry?

From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must  
spring;

Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;  
For a time it will make one as great as a lord:  
But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,  
And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I  
can.

*Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.*

**A** H! seek to know what place detains,  
The object of my care,  
If still his breast unchang'd remains;  
If I his converse share.

Tell me if e'er he gently sighs  
At mention of my name;  
If e'er, when tender passions rise,  
His lips his truth proclaim.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.*

**T**IS not wealth, it is not birth,  
Can value to the soul convey:  
Minds possess superior worth,  
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.

Like the sun true merit shows,  
 By nature warm, by nature bright;  
 With inbred flame he nobly glows,  
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

*Song set by Mr. Yates.*

**B**ACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,  
 Gen'rous god of wine and joy,  
 Still exhilarates my soul  
 With the raptures of the bowl.  
 Then with feather'd feet I bound,  
 Dancing in a festive round;  
 Then I feel in sparkling wine,  
 Transports delicate, divine.  
 Then the sprightly music warms,  
 Song delights and beauty charms:  
 Debonnair, and light, and gay,  
 Thus I dance the hours away.

## THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Written by G. A. STEVENS.

**O**NCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial  
 feast,  
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;  
 Merry Momus, among them, was sat as a guest,  
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:)  
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,  
 So none could his jokes disapprove;  
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,  
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,  
 “ Grows grievously tir’d of late;

“ He says that mankind are much worse than  
 “ before,

“ So he begs to be eas’d of their weight.”

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl’d,  
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,

Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the  
 world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas’d with the present, review’d the  
 globe round,

To see what each climate was worth;

Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere  
 bound,

And she variously planted the earth:

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow’d;

France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;

What suited each clime, on each clime she  
 bestow’d,

And freedom she found flourish’d here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root;

The blossoms of liberty ’gan then to smile,

And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as free as ’twas giv’n!

“ We will, while we’ve breath, nay, we’ll grasp

“ it in death,

“ Then return it untainted to heav’n.”

*Sung*



*Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, in Artaxerxes.*

**T**O sigh and complain,  
 A like I disdain,  
 Contented my wish to enjoy :  
 I scorn to reflect  
 On a Lady's neglect,  
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,  
 I laugh at a fear ;  
 And if my proud enemy yield,  
 The joy that remains,  
 Is to lead her in chains,  
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.*

**A**USPICIOUS spirits guard my love,  
 In time of danger near him 'bide ;  
 With out-spread wings around him move,  
 And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,  
 Oh ! may you then with me accord ;  
 A sympathetic passion feel,  
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;  
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,  
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave  
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,  
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,  
 My sailor views his native shore,  
 And harbours safe in these fond arms,

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.*

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,  
 Full of mischief, full of woe ;  
 All his joys are mixt with smart ;  
 Thorns beneath his roses grow ;  
 And serpent like he stings the breast,  
 Where he is harbour'd and caress'd.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Artaxerxes.*

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, Love,  
 A conquest I believ'd,  
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,  
 O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,  
 Which love did first create ;  
 What was my pride is now my shame,  
 And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind  
 The weakness of my heart,  
 Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd  
 To take a traitor's part.

*Sung in the English, Padlock.*

MISS Danaë, when fair and young  
 (As Horace has divinely sung,)

Could

Could not be kept from Jove's embrace,  
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass :  
 Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us  
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous ;  
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,  
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair ?

Send her abroad, and let her see  
 That all this world of pageantry,  
 Which she, forbidden, longs to know,  
 Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.  
 Be to her virtues ever kind,  
 Be to her faults a little blind,  
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,  
 And clap your Padlock—on her mind.

*Song set by Dr. Arne.*

**W**HEN trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And flow'rs were fair to see ;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;  
 Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free :  
 " Gang down the burn, my gentle love,  
 " And soon I'll follow thee,"  
 Now Jockey did each lad surpass  
 That dwelt on this burn side ;  
 And Mary was a bonny lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride :  
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white ;  
 Her eyes were azure blue,  
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

What

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,  
 And nothing, sure, unmeet!  
 For, ganging home, I heard them say  
 They lik'd a walk so sweet:  
 His cheek to her's he fondly laid:  
 She cry'd, " Sweet love, be true;  
 " And when a wife, as now a maid,  
 " To death I'll follow you."

*Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Marybon-Gardens,*

**T**HE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,  
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;  
 The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,  
 Rewards the happy Farmer's toil;  
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,  
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Artaxerxes.*

**I**N infancy our hopes and fears  
 Were to each other known;  
 And friendship, in our riper years,  
 Has twin'd our hearts in one:  
 O! clear him then from this offence,  
 Thy love, thy duty prove;  
 Restore him with that innocence  
 Which first inspir'd my love.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.*

**M**Y former time, how brisk and gay!  
 So blithe was I as blithe could be;  
 But now I'm sad, ah! well-a-day;  
 For my true Love is gone to sea.

The

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,  
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;  
 For I, to death, shall love but one,  
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,  
 As mourns the dove its absent she;  
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
 Till my true Love returns from sea.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Cymon.*

**Y**OU gave me last week a young linner,  
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;  
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,  
 Oh how did it flutter and rage!  
 Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,  
 That his wings were confin'd,  
 Till I open'd the door of his den;  
 Then so merry was he,  
 And because he was free,  
 He came to his cage back again.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Artaxerxes.*

**O** Let the danger of a son  
 Excite vindictive ire;  
 The prospect of a kingdom won  
 Should light ambition's fire.

To wounded minds revenge is balm,  
 With vigour they engage,  
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm  
 To a more pleasing rage.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto in the Oratorio of Judith.*

VAIN is Beauty's gaudy flow'r,  
 Pageant of an idle hour ;  
 Born just to bloom and fade :  
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,  
 Is the pride of human wit ;  
 The shadow of a shade.

*Sung by Miss Catley and Mr. Leoni, in Comus.*

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st  
 unseen  
 Within thy airy cell,  
 By flow meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;  
 Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair,  
 'That likest thy Narcissus are ?  
 O! if you have  
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere ;  
 So may't thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's har-  
 monies.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.*

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew sin !  
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture  
 within :

N

This



This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air !  
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !  
 Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain ;  
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :  
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,  
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !

*Sung by Mr. Champness, in Harlequin's Invasion.*

**C**OME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we  
 steer,  
 'To add something new to this wonderful year :  
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;  
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?

*Chorus.*

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our  
 We always are ready, [men ;  
 Steady, boys, steady ;  
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;  
 They never see us, but they wish us away :  
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore ;  
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,  
 They'll frighten our women, and children, and  
 beaux ;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er.  
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make  
 them sweat,  
 In spite of the Devil, and Bruffels Gazette :  
 Then chear up my lads, with one voice let us  
 sing [King.  
 Our Soldiers, our Sailors, our Statesmen, and  
 Heart of oak, &c.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Artaxerxes.*

**F**AIR Semira, lovely Maid,  
 Cease, in pity, to upbraid  
 My opprefs'd, but constant heart ;  
 Full sufficient are the woes,  
 Which my cruel stars impose ;  
 Heav'n, alas ! has done its part.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.*

**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,  
 To horse, my brave boys, and away !  
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.  
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !  
 O'er hills and o'er valleys he flies !  
 Then follow--we'll soon overtaking him--Huzza !  
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;  
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day !

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours :  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

*Sung in the Way, to Keep Him.*

**Y**E fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm  
 To captivate the will ;  
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm ;  
 Whose frowns at once can kill :  
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,  
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ;  
 An honest verse, that flows sincere  
 And candid from the heart ?  
 Great is your pow'r ; but, greater yet,  
 Mankind it might engage,  
 If, as ye all can make a net,  
 Ye all could make a cage ;  
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;  
 For who's to Beauty blind ?  
 But to what end a prisoner make,  
 Unless we've strength to bind,  
 Attend the counsel often told,  
 Too often told in vain ;  
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,  
 And lock the Lover's chain.  
 Gamblers to little purpose win,  
 Who lose again as fast ;  
 Though Beauty may the charm begin,  
 'Tis Sweetness makes it last.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddely, in the Rival Candidates.*

**S** O F T Fancy thou truant to me,  
 My summons oh quickly obey,  
 Neglected by Byron and thee,  
 How heavily passes the day.  
 Thy charms I've mistaken for Love's,  
 So artfully do'st thou beguile ;  
 Thy magic enlivers the groves,  
 When he has forgotten to smile.

### BLITHE COLLIN.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Miss Sharpe, at  
 Ranelagh.*

**B** Y the side of the sweet river Tay,  
 Or else on the banks of the Tweed,  
 Young Colin he whistles all day,  
 Or merrily pipes on his reed.  
 His mind is a stranger to care,  
 For he is blithe, bonny, and free ;  
 At harvest, at wake, and at fair,  
 No swain is so chearful as he.  
 At eve when we dance on the green,  
 How sprightly he joins in the throng ;  
 So pleasing his air and his mien,  
 So gaily he trips it along ;  
 The lasses his manners adore,  
 And strive his affections to gain,  
 When absent, for him they deplore,  
 All sigh for the smiles of the swain.

But I am the girl to his mind,  
 He chose me above all the rest,  
 And vows that to me he'll be kind,  
 With me he will ever be blest.  
 The maidens all envy my bliss,  
 And tell me I'm simple and vain ;  
 Yet I'm not displeased at this,  
 Nor heed their contempt and disdain

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in As You Like It.*

**U**NDER the greenwood tree,  
 Who loves to live with me,  
 And tune his merry note,  
 Unto the sweet birds throat ;  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
 There shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.  
 Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to lie i'th' sun,  
 Sucking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets ;  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
 There shall he see  
 No enemy,  
 But winter and rough weather.

*Sung by Miss Wewitzer, in Comus.*

RECITATIVE.

**H**OW gentle was my Damon's air !  
 Like sunny beams his golden hair ;

His voice was like the nightingale's,  
 More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales :  
 How hard such beauties to resign !  
 And yet that cruel task is mine.  
 How hard, &c.

## A I R.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,  
 Along the margin of each stream,  
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,  
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme :  
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,  
 But Damon there I seek in vain ;  
 The hills, &c.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;  
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;  
 Each flower in pity droops its head ;  
 All nature does my loss deplore :  
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,  
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain ;  
 All, all, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Rival Candidates.*

**H**OW oft through this responsive grove,  
 Has softest echo told my tale ;  
 When e'er she caught my notes of love,  
 She gently bore them down the vale.  
 The scene renew'd, my wakeful breast  
 Now joyful beats to love's alarms ;  
 Ye powers who pity the distressed,  
 Transport me to Narcissa's arms.

*Sung.*



*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Tempest.*

**W**HERE the bee sips, there lurk I,  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie :  
 Do I couch, when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly,  
 After sun-set, merrily,  
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Comus.*

**W**OULD you taste the noon-tide air,  
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,  
 Where woven with the poplar bough,  
 The mantling vine will shelter you,  
 Down each side a fountain flows,  
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,  
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,  
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,  
 Stretch'd on sunny hillocks, sleep ;  
 While on the hyacinth and rose  
 The fair does all alone repose :  
 All alone ; yet in her arms  
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,  
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,  
 The joys of love are joys alone.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Rival Candidates.*

**L**ADIES, in vain,  
 Why entertain  
 Hopes to bewitch us with love's artful wiles ;  
 Cease to do so,  
 Since you all know,  
 We have his patent for dimples and smiles.  
 Gentler beaux, that power possessing,  
 Yield no more to your alarms ;  
 Each his scented self carelling,  
 Quite enamoured with his charms.  
 Pretty play things, all adieu,  
 Now dissolve in am'rous sighs,  
 We a softer clime pursue,  
 Froze too long beneath your eyes.

*Corn Riggs are Bonny, sung by Miss Jamefon, at  
 Vauxhall.*

**M**Y Pattie is a lover gay,  
 His mind is never muddy,  
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
 His face is fair and ruddy ;  
 His shape is handsome, middle size,  
 He's stately in his walking,  
 The shining of his een surprise,  
 'Tis heaven to hear him talking.  
 Last night I met him on a bawk,  
 Where yellow corn was growing,  
 There mony a kindly word he spake,  
 That sat my heart a glowing :

He

He kifs'd and vow'd he wa'd be mine,  
 And lov'd me best of any,  
 Which gars me like to sing finfyne,  
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind,  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
 Since we for yielding are design'd,  
 We chastly should be granting:  
 Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,  
 And syne my cockernony,  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

*Sung by Miss Catley, in Comus.*

**T**HE wanton God, who pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;  
 But the nymph disdains to pine,  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine,  
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.  
 Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,  
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;  
 Sure the squeamish Fops are free  
 To rid me of dull company;  
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,  
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;  
 I love them much, but more my ease:  
 No jealous fears my love molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest;

*Break*

Break my rest, break my rest;  
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,  
Who to give me joy disdain?

All I hope of mortal man  
Is to love me while he can;  
While he can, while he can,  
Is to love me while he can.

*Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.*

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,  
I peevish began, where so long could you stay?  
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;  
You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four:  
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,  
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:  
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—  
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me! says she, let a body but speak,  
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:  
It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;  
Look here, for you never believe, pray see,  
On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!  
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:  
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,  
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to  
deny,

And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by;

I will!

I will own, without blushing, were all the world by,  
 That Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
 That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his hand did compose  
 Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the rose;  
 Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose.  
 And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
 And Willy's, &c.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd;  
 The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd;  
 And the lily, for whiteness, would vie with your  
 breast.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
 And Willy's, &c.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,  
 My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny, beware!  
 But d'ye think I regard her? Not I, I declare.  
 And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
 And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,  
 I saw my young Shepherd; how sweet was his look!  
 He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took.  
 And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
 And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids,  
 When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,  
 Whose silence as much as his language persuades.  
 And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
 And Willy's, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

**S**INCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,  
In spite of misfortune I'll laugh at the best;  
Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,  
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll keep up the chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;  
If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,  
And foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha—ha—ha—ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,  
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;  
But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;  
She knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha—ha—ha—ha.

I'll laugh through the world in defiance of strife,  
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;  
I'll make Daddy Time, as he passes in haste,  
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;  
Then friends, while your bosoms are free from a  
flaw,  
Swell round the gay chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.



*Sung by Mr. Rheinhold, in Comus.*

**B**Y the gaily-circling glass  
We can see how minutes pass;  
By the hollow cask are told  
How the waining night grows old,

Soon, too soon, the busy day  
Drives us from our sport and play:  
What have we with day to do?  
Sons of Care, 'twas made for you;

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**B**ELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my Dear,  
Believe the heart you have won;  
Believe my vows to you sincere,  
Or Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm false, and apt to change  
At ev'ry face that's new:  
Of all the girls I ever saw,  
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,  
'Till warm'd by your bright eye,  
And then it kindled in a trice,  
A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you shall find  
That I've a heart that's true:  
Of all the girls I ever saw,  
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Ranelagh.*

**T**HE smiling morn, the blooming spring,  
 Invite the chearful birds to sing ;  
 And, while they warble on each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay :  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day  
 Among the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear :  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 And that will strip the verdant shade :  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more ;  
 And when they droop and we decay,  
 Among the Birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol and dance about the dams ;  
 The busy bee, with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :  
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,  
 About the Birks of Endermay.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.*

**B**REATH soft, ye winds, be calm ye skies,  
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise ;

Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,  
 Call forth a blooming waite of flowers.  
 The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,  
 Shall flourish to my fair one's breast,  
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,  
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

*Set by Mr. Hook.*

**O**H how vain is ev'ry blessing,  
 How insipid all our joys,  
 Lite how little worth possessing,  
 But when Love its time employs !

Love the purest, noblest pleasure,  
 That the gods on earth bestow,  
 Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,  
 Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.*

**F**LATT'RING hopes the mind deceiving,  
 Easy faith too often cheat ;  
 Woman fond and all-believing,  
 Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches,  
 Cupid's trick to catch the fair ;  
 Lovely maids too oft bewitches,  
 Flattery in the beauty's snare.

*The MODEST QUESTION.*

**C**AN love be controul'd by advice,  
 Can madness and reason agree ?  
 O Molly ! who'd ever be wise,  
 If madness is loving of thee ?  
 Let sages pretend to despise  
 The joys they want spirits to taste ;  
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,  
 And the blessings of life while they last.  
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;  
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy ;  
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,  
 Too late may repent being coy :  
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay,  
 Till our best blood begins to run cold ?  
 Our youth we can have but to-day ;  
 We may always find time to grow old.

*A Two-Part Song, by Matt. Prior.*

**W**HEN Bibbo thought fit from the world to  
 retreat,  
 As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat ;  
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,  
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.  
 " Trim the boat and sit quiet !" stern Charon  
 reply'd ;  
 " You may have forgot—you were drunk when  
 " you dy'd."

*Set by Mr. Weldon.*

**L**ET ambition fire thy mind ;  
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,  
 Not to follow flocks design'd :  
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.  
 Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;  
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;  
 Joys incircling joys shall meet,  
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.  
 Let not toils of empire fright ;  
 Toils of empire pleasures are ;  
 Thou shalt only know delight ;  
 All the joy, but not the care.  
 Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize  
 For the blessings I bestow,  
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,  
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

*Set by Mr. Jackson.*

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past,  
 That part my love and me ;  
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,  
 Their only wish to see :  
 But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long ?  
 Will love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare,  
 Your heart is still the same,  
 And heal each idle, anxious care,  
 Our fears in absence frame?  
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 When we shall shortly meet,  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find,  
 That you've forgot to love:  
 All I of Venus ask, is this,  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
 To die, and think you mine.

*Sung in The Fair Quaker of Deal.*

**H**OW little do the landmen know  
 Of what we sailors feel,  
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow!  
 But we have hearts of steel.  
 No danger can afright us;  
 No enemy shall flout:  
 We'll make the Monsieurs right us:  
 So toss the can about.  
 Stick stout to orders messmates;  
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink:  
 Then, France, have at your first rates;  
 For Britons never shrink:

We



We rummage all we fancy ;  
 We'll bring them in by scores ;  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,  
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors.  
 While here at Deal we're lying  
 With our noble Commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more.  
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys ;  
 In war we'll never fly :  
 Here's a health to George our King, boys,  
 And the Royal Family.

*Set by Mr. Stanley.*

**D**EFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,  
 From am'rous looks and smiles,  
 And shield me in my gayer hours,  
 From love's instructive wiles :  
 In vain let sighs and melting tears  
 Employ their moving art,  
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs  
 E'er triumph o'er my heart.  
 My calm content and virtuous joys  
 May envy ne'er molest,  
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise  
 Within my peaceful breast ;  
 Yet may there such a decent state,  
 Such unaffected pride,  
 As love and awe at once create,  
 My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praise,  
 Each wanton art display,  
 While fops and fools in raptures gaze,  
 And sigh their souls away :  
 For other dictates I pursue,  
 (My bliss in Virtue plac'd)  
 And seek to please the wiser few,  
 Who real worth can taste.

*Sung by Mr. Barnshaw.*

**T**HE sprightly horn awakes the morn,  
 And bids the Hunter rise ;  
 The op'ning hound returns the sound,  
 And echo fills the skies.  
 See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,  
 On yon blue mountain's brow ;  
 The neighing steed invokes our speed,  
 And Reynard trembles now.  
 In ancient days, as story says,  
 The woods our fathers sought,  
 The rustic race adorn'd the chase,  
 And hunted as they fought.  
 Come let's away, make no delay,  
 Enjoy the forest's charms,  
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,  
 And rest in Chloe's arms.

*Sung in The Chaplet.*

**Y**OU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,  
 And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair :  
 How

How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?  
 What know we of Angels;—I meant it in joke.  
 I next stand indicted for swearing to love,  
 And nothing but death should my passion remove;  
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;  
 And not yet contented!—Have conscience, my  
     dear.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

A I R.

WHO'LL buy my heart? Myrtilla cries,  
     And throws around her wanton eyes;  
 An easy shape, a graceful air,  
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair;  
 A pair of eyes, that wound at sight,  
 And foil the di'mond piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove  
 The soul-enchancing joys of love;  
 Quickly, quickly come; for he  
 Buys, that bids the most for me.

A I R.

But let no fordid wretch presume.  
 With even Cræsus' wealth to come;  
 Nor vainly hope, for gems of gold  
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold.  
 So vile a change I scorn to make,  
 For love's the only coin I take.

*Sung*

*Sung in The Chaplet.*

**P**USH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,

While thus we sit round on the grafs :  
The Lover who talks of his fuff'rings and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
And wishes to add to the mass,  
What'er the curmudgeon may think of him elf,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,  
Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd  
An angel beholds in the glafs, [hair,  
And thinks with grimace to fut due all the fair,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,  
Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,  
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass ;  
And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home  
Claps the horns of an ox on an afs,  
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
With forehead well fronted with brass,  
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee ;  
There you, my good friend, are an afs.  
There you, &c.

The

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
 Shall last be produc'd in his clais ;  
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,  
 But death proves the Doctor an afs.  
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
 By turn take our bottle and las ;  
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

*Sung in the Opera of Eliza.*

**W**HEN all the Attic fire was fled,  
 And all the Roman virtue dead,  
 Poor Freedom lost her fear,  
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,  
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light ;  
 The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander ? what new shore  
 Had yet a laurel left in store ?

To this blest isle they steer.

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,  
 Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,  
 And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has lost his cell,  
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,  
 She calls thee now by me,  
 Hark, hark, hark, her voice all plaintive sounds,  
 See, see, see, she receives a thousand wounds,  
 If shielded not by thee.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, in The Royal Shepherd.*

VOWS of Love should ever bind  
Men who are to honour true ;  
They must have a savage mind,  
Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,  
Who from constancy do swerve ;  
So may every nymph agree  
All such faithless Swains to serve.

*Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in The Winter's Tale.*

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our flocks  
we must shear ;  
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :  
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;  
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;  
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :  
What we think in our hearts you may read in  
our eyes,

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;  
But we all, the children of Nature are bred ;  
By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,  
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in  
the breast.



The giant, Ambition, we never can dread;  
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;  
 Content and sweet cheartulness open your door;  
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the  
 poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;  
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we  
 feel;  
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,  
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Maid of the Mill.*

**W**HEN a maid in way of marriage,  
 First is courted by a man,  
 Let 'un do the best he can,  
 She's so shame fac'd in her carrage,  
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.  
 Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,  
 Still she shams it coy and cold;  
 Fearing to confess it plainly,  
 Lest the folks should think her bold.  
 But the parson comes in sight,  
 Gives the word to bill and coo;  
 'Tis a different story quite,  
 And she quickly buckles too.

*Sung by Mr. Webster, in Comus.*

**F**LY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive  
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can  
 give;

The

The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,  
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.

Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain ;  
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain :  
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave ;  
Love and Wine give, ye gods, or take back what  
ye gave.

*Sung in the Oratorio of Susanna.*

ASK if yond damask rose is sweet  
That scents the ambient air ?  
Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,  
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the Vulture quit his prey,  
And warble through the grove ?  
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,  
Then doubt thy Shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let Heroes share,  
Let Pride in splendor shine ;  
Ye Bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,  
Be fair Susanna mine.

*Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.*

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter ?  
In what secret grove or cave ?  
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,  
From the young, the gay, the brave.  
Tho' with prudish air she starch her,  
Still she longs and still she burns :  
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,  
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,  
(If discretion guide us not)

Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,

Sometimes are the booby's lot:

Now they're purchas'd by the trader,

Now commanded by the Peer,

Now some subtle mean invader

Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,

Or our grand-mammas mistake,

Stinting flame by butting fewel,

Always careful and awake.

Would you keep your pearls from trampers,

Weigh the licence, weigh the bans:

Mark my song upon your samplers,

Wear it on your knots and fans.

*A Two-Part Song, sung in The Chaplet.*

*Damon.*

**C**ONTENTED all day I will sit at your side,  
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the  
cool tide;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,  
The thrush and the linnet content in their song.

*Laura.*

While you are but by me, no danger I fear;  
Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near;  
Bound or, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may  
please,

For my Shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,  
For my Shepherd, &c.

*Damon.*

*Damon.*

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,  
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay ;  
 Ne'er yield to the Swain till he makes you a wife,  
 For he who loves truly will take you for life,  
 For he who, &c.

*Laura.*

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of  
 the fair ;  
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care ;  
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,  
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to  
 Nor betray, &c. [defend

*Ducto.*

For their honour and faith be our virgins re-  
 nown'd ; found :  
 Nor false to his vows one young Shepherd be  
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,  
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in  
 their youth,  
 To preserve in their age what, &c.

## A H U N T I N G S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. Squib, at Marybone-Gardens.*

**H**ARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the  
 vale,  
 Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,  
 To

To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,  
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the  
breast :

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,  
And the cry of the Huntsman is, Hark, hark,  
away :

Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys;  
Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse, my brave  
boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,  
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?  
While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,  
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry :  
Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,  
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old  
Care ;

Forgetful of labour we leap o'er the mounds,  
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

LOTHARIA. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,  
All ye sweets of blooming May ;  
How should empty sunshine warm me,  
While Lotharia keeps away ;

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me ;  
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky ;  
Sweeter notes his voice can give me,  
Softer sunshine fills his eye.

*A Song*

*A Song by Mr. Gay.*

**G**O, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envied place  
 With never-fading love !  
 There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,  
 Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.  
 Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant roses there,  
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd  
 With envy and despair,  
 One common fate we both must prove ;  
 You die with envy, I with love.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

**W**E women, like weak Indians, trade,  
 Whose judgment tinsel-show decoys ;  
 Dopes to our folly we are made,  
 While artful man the gain enjoys :  
 We give our treasure to be paid  
 A pal ry, poor return in toys.

*The Happy Meeting, Sung at Ranelagh.*

**A**S Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way,  
 Along the banks of Tweed ;  
 A bonny lass, as ever was,  
 Came tripping o'er the mead :  
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,  
 The buxom nymph survey'd :  
 And full of glee, as lad could be,  
 Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear



Dear lassy, tell, why by thine sel  
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?  
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;  
 Can't it tell me, laddy, where?  
 To town ise hie, he made reply,  
 Some muckle spot to see;  
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,  
 Ise seek the ewes with thee.  
 She gin her hand, nor made a stand,  
 But lik'd the youth's intent;  
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,  
 Right merrily they went:  
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,  
 And flowers bloom'd around;  
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
 And joys which lovers crown'd.  
 And now the sun had rose to noon,  
 (The zenith of his pow'r,)  
 When to a shade their steps they made,  
 To pass the mid-day hour:  
 The bonny lad, raw'd in his plaid,  
 The la's who scorn'd to frown;  
 She soon forgot the ewes she faught,  
 And he to gang to town.

*The Words from Shakespeare. Sung at Ranelagh.*

**C**OME, live with me, and be my love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove,  
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
 And all the craggy mountain yields;

There

There will we sit upon the rocks,  
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls  
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,  
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle,  
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,  
 A gown made of the finest wool,  
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slipper for the cold,  
 With buckles of the purest gold ;  
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,  
 And coral clasps, and silver studs :  
 The shepherd twins shall dance and sing,  
 For thy delight each May morning.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me, and be my love.

*Myrtilla, Sung at Ranelagh.*

**Y**E chearful virgins, have ye seen  
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,  
 To rose or jasmín bow'r ?  
 To rose or jasmín bow'r ?  
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?  
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,  
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r,  
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose  
 Join'd with the lily as it grows,  
     Where each in sweetness vie,  
     Where each in sweetness vie;  
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,  
 When Phoebus gilds the flow'ring thorn,  
     Health sparkles in her eye,  
     Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,  
 That warbles chearful on the spray,  
     To hail the vernal beam,  
     To hail the vernal beam.

Her heart is blither than her song;  
 Her passions gently move along,  
     Like the smooth-gliding stream,  
     Like the smooth-gliding stream.

*Sung in the Masque of Alfred.*

**W**HEN Britain first at Heav'n's command,  
     Arose from out the azure main,  
     Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,  
 And guardian Angels sung this strain:  
     Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
     For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
     Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
     Must in, &c. [free,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and  
     The dread and envy of them all.  
     Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,  
And work their woe, and thy renown.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,  
Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,  
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair,  
Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beau-  
ties crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,  
For Britons never will be slaves.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

**F**AIR Hebe I left with a cautious design  
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown  
'em in wine;

I

I try'd

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,  
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart,

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,  
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance  
weigh'd;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,  
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be  
taught;

I came for your counsel to find out a fault:

If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,  
To find fault, with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,  
While, like lightning, she darts through each  
throbbing vein?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,  
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Wrighten, and Mr.  
Webster, in Comus.*

**L**IVE and love, enjoy the fair:  
Banish sorrow, banish care;  
Mind not what old dotards say,  
Age has had his share of play;  
But youth's sport begins to-day.  
From the fruits of sweet delight  
Let no scare-crow virtue fright;  
Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we  
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,  
Careless, airy, gay, and free.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.*

**W**ERE I as poor as wretch can be,  
As great as any Monarch, he,  
Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,  
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs, (I ask not wealth,)  
Grant me but innocence and health;  
Ah! what is grandeur, link'd to vice?  
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

*The* CHARMS *of* ISABEL.

**F**AIR is the swan, the ermine white,  
And fair the lily of the vale;  
The moon, resplendent Queen of night,  
And snows that drive before the gale:  
In fairness these the rest excel,  
But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet is the violet, sweet the rose,  
And sweet the morning breath of May;  
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,  
And sweet the winding woodbines stray:  
In sweetness these the rest excel,  
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,  
And am'rous they the Sparrow call:  
Fond is the Sky-lark of his love,  
And fond the feather'd lovers all:  
In fondness these the rest excel,  
But fonder I of Isabel.

Q

HEBE.



HEBE. *A Pastoral. Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,  
What anguish I felt at my heart !  
And I thought (but it might not be so)

She was sorry to see me depart :  
She cast such a languish view,

My path I could scarcely discern ;  
And so sweetly she bid me adieu,  
I thought she had bid me return.

Methinks she might like to retire  
To the grove I had labour'd to rear,  
For whatever I heard her admire,  
I hasten'd and planted it there.

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she says  
I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,  
Come, Shepherds, and sing of her lays ;  
I could lay down my life for the swain

That would sing me a song in her praise :  
While he sings, may the maids in the town  
Come flocking, and listen the while ;

Nor on him let Hebe once frown,  
Though I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,  
Some Hermit peep out of his cell,  
How he thinks of his youth, with a sigh,  
How fondly he wishes her well !

On him she may smile, if she please,  
 It will warm the cold bosom of age ;  
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,  
 Such softness will ruin the Sage.

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,  
 To paint the dear charms I approve ;  
 For what can a blossom bestow,  
 So sweet, so engaging as love ?  
 I sing in a rustical way,  
 A Shepherd, and one of the throng ;  
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,  
 Go, Shepherds, and envy my song,

*Song set by Dr. Arne.*

**D**RINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine ;  
 Or leave a kiss but on the cup,  
 And I'll not wish for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul does rise,  
 Does ask a drink divine ;  
 And might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
 I would not change for thine.  
 I sent thee late a roset wreath,  
 Not so much hon'ring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It could not wither'd be :  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent it back to me ;  
 Since which it blooms, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

*The* LOVELY ROSE.

GO, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time  
 and me, [thee,  
 That now she knows, when I resemble her to  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young, and shuns to have graces  
 spy'd, [abide,  
 That hadst thou sprung in deserts, where no men  
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth of Beauty from the light  
 retir'd;  
 Bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desir'd,  
 And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she the common fate of all things  
 rare [share,  
 May read in thee, how small a part of time they  
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

I Told my nymph, I told her true,  
 My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
 While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,  
 That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
 And vagrant sheep that left my fold,  
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
 And was not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,  
The friends I lov'd became unkind,  
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;  
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My Flavia must not hope for dress:  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains;  
Go reap the plenty of your plains:  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

*For the Free-masons. By Mr. Cunningham.*

LET Masonry, from Pole to Pole,  
Her sacred laws expand;  
Far as the mighty waters roll,  
To wash remotest land!

That Virtue has not left mankind,  
Her social maxims prove;  
For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind  
Are *Unity* and *Love*.

Ascending to her native sky,  
Let Masonry increase;  
A glorious pillar rais'd on high,  
Integrity its base.

Peace adds to olive-boughs entwin'd,  
An emblematic Dove;  
As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind  
Are *Unity* and *Love*.

*Sung by Signor Giustinelli, in Almena.*

**H**OW can my heart surrender,  
 And not unfaithful prove?  
 Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,  
 When from pity rises love.  
 But, can honour prove ungrateful,  
 And the vows of love suppress?  
 'Tis unmanly, if, deceitful,  
 When we're blest we cease to bless.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Comus.*

**N**OR on beds of fading flow'rs,  
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,  
 Nor with swains in tyren bow'rs,  
 Will true pleasure long reside:  
 On awful Virtue's hill sublime  
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;  
 Who wins her height must patient climb;  
 The steps are peril, toil, and care:  
 So, from the first, did Jove ordain  
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

*A favourite Song for two Voices.*

**W**HEN first I saw thee graceful move,  
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast?  
 Say, soft Confusion art thou Love?  
 If Love thou art, then farewell Rest.  
 With gentle smiles assuage the pain  
 Those gentle smiles did first create;  
 And though you may not love again,  
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

## The H O N E S T F E L L O W.

**P**HO! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee give  
o'er,  
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;  
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what  
a rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,  
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,  
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;  
But we honest fellows — 'ideath! who'd ever  
think

Of pining for love, while he's able to drink?  
Of pining, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows,  
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;  
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,  
The man that is drunk is as great as a King.  
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,  
Anacreon's Cases, see page twenty-six;  
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul;  
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.  
Lay hold, &c.

What's life, but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?  
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,  
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,  
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,  
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

DUET.



DUET. *Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young.*

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does  
adorn,  
How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn !  
When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,  
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain :  
But still we pursue, and now come in view of the  
glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,  
And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed :  
But, oh ! 'tis in vain that he flies, [cries :  
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the  
For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,  
And he pants till with well-scented hounds sur-  
rounded he dies.

*Sung in Eliza.*

THE woodlark whistles through the grove,  
Tuning the sweetest notes of love  
To please his female on the spray ?  
Perch'd by his side, her little breast  
Swells with a Lover's joy confest,  
To hear, and to reward the lay.  
Come then, my Fair-one, let us prove  
From their example how to love,  
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe ;  
And when my flock returns to fold,  
Their Shepherd to thy bosom hold,  
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

*Sung in As You Like It.*

**W**HEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,  
 And cowslip-buds of yellow hue,  
 And lady-smocks all silver white,  
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;  
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks marry'd men ; for thus sings he :  
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! oh ! word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,  
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are Ploughmens clocks ;  
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;  
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,  
 Mocks marry'd men ; for thus sings he :  
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! oh ! word of fear,  
 Unpleasing, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Webster, in Comus.*

**N**OW Phœbus sinketh in the west,  
 Welcome song, and welcome jest ;  
 Midnight shouts and revelry,  
 Tipfy dance, and jollity :  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine ;  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed,  
 And Advice with scrup'lous head ;

Strict

Strict Age, and four Severity,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie,  
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

*Song in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

**B**Y dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,  
 Their merry (merry) wakes and pastimes keep;  
 What has night to do with sleep?

Night has better sweets to prove,  
 Venus now wakes and wakens love;  
 Come, let us our rites begin,  
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

*Sung by Signora Giordani.*

RECITATIVE.

**L**OVELY virgins. in your prime,  
 Mark the silent flight of time;  
 Fortune's gifts shou'd she disclose,  
 Quickly chuse what she bestows;  
 Bloom and beauty soon decay,  
 Love and youth fly swift away.

A I R.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,  
 You can find no pleasure there:  
 Transient joys you'll seek in vain,  
 Joys that ne'er return again.  
 Ev'ry minute then improve,  
 Fleeting are those joys of love;

Wifely

Wifely think the young and gay  
But the tenants of a day.

*Song Set by Dr. Arne.*

**H**OW blithe was I each morn to see  
My Swain come o'er the hill !

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;

I met him with good-will :

I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,

When his flocks near me lay ;

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh ! the broom, the bonny broom,

Where lost was my repose ;

I wish I was with my dear Swain,

With his pipe and my ewes ;

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,

The birds stood list'ning by ;

The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,

Charm'd, with his melody :

While thus we spent our time, by turns,

Betwixt our flocks and play,

I envy'd not the fairest dame,

Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh ! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;

Cou'd I but faithful be ?

He stole my heart ; cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

Hard fate ! that I must banish'd be,

Gang

Gang heavily and mourn,  
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain  
That ever yet was born.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,  
Where lost was my repose;  
I wish I was with my dear Swain,  
With his pipe and my ewes.

*Song on* FRIENDSHIP.

**T**HE world, my dear Myra, is full of decent,  
And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can  
meet;

How strange does it seem, that in searching a-  
round,

This source of content is so rare to be found?

Oh, Friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner  
of life;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;  
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,  
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,  
On whom we may always with safety depend?

Our joys, when extended, will always increase,  
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace;  
When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,  
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;  
Yet change but the prospect, and point out  
distress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

*Sung in the Oratorio of Jephthah.*

THE smiling dawn of happy days,  
Presents a prospect clear,  
And pleasing hope's all brightning rays,  
Dispel each gloomy fear;  
While every charm that peace displays,  
Makes spring-time all the year.

*A favourite Song in Saul.*

SIN not, O king, against the youth,  
Who ne'er offended you;  
Think to his loyalty and truth,  
What great rewards are due:

Think, with what joy that godly man,  
You saw that glorious day;  
Think, and with ruin, if you can,  
Such services repay.

From cities storm'd, and battles won,  
What glories can accrue?  
By this, the hero best is known,  
He can himself subdue.

*Song set by Dr. Arne.*

HOPELESS lovers, who sue in vain,  
Whose hearts are frozen with cold disdain,  
Learn of Jockey love pleasing art,  
To quell a beauty's insolence, and melt her heart:

R

He



He, like you, would sigh and pine,  
 From Phœbus' rise to his decline :  
 I deny'd and reply'd, with scornful brow,  
 Ah, Jockey, 'twill not do, prithee leave me now,  
 Gazing, advancing, his eyes love darting,  
 Jenny, said he,—one kiss at parting ;  
 Clasp'ing then my slender waist,  
 With eager arms he me embrac'd,  
 Kiss'd me, call'd on heav'n above,  
 To reward his constant love.

Partially I ey'd him,  
 Faintly I deny'd him,  
 My tongue bely'd my heart ;  
 His shape, his face,  
 His manly grace,  
 Strongly took my lover's part.  
 I his suit approving,  
 He my doubts removing,  
 With ardour reply'd,  
 I'll haste to bring  
 The wedding ring,  
 Lovely Jenny is my bride.

Hopeless lovers mind what I sing,  
 No cure for disdain like a kiss and a ring.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsell.*

**W**HEN I see my Strephon languish,  
 With his tender love oppress'd,  
 When I see his pain and anguish,  
 Pity moves my tender breast.

Strephon's

Strephon's plain and humble nature,  
 Mov'd me first to hear his tale;  
 Strephon's truth, by every creature,  
 Is proclaim'd through all the vale.

I love and am belov'd again,  
 No more shall Strephon sigh in vain,  
 I've try'd his faith, and find it true,  
 And all my coyness bid adieu.

J E M M Y A N D N A N N Y.

*Song set by Dr. Arne.*

**W**HEN innocent pastimes our pleasures did  
 crown,

Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,  
 Ere Nanny became a fine lady in town,  
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny!  
 Let no new whim, take thy fancy from me:  
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,  
 Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen?  
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be?  
 Can lap-dogs or monkeys, draw tears from those  
 e'en,

That look with disdain, on unfortunate me?  
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me:  
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,  
 Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,  
That slid away softly between thee and me ;  
Ere squirrels, and beaux, and their fopp'ry had  
power

To rival my love, and impose upon thee.  
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,  
Let thy desires be all center'd in me :  
Oh! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,  
Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

*Sung in The Enchanter.*

**S**IGH not your hours away,  
Youth shall ever be gay :  
Ever should dance round  
Pleasure's enchanted ground.

Reason invites you,  
Passion excites you,  
Spring shall her sweets display,  
Nature shall vie with art ;  
No clouds shall shade the day,  
No grief the heart.

Love shall his treasures bring,  
Beauty shall sport and sing,  
Free as the zephyr's wing,  
Soft as the kiss.

Come then, sweet Liberty,  
Let us be ever free,  
What's love without thee ?

*Sung*

*Sung by Miss Radley, in Cymon.*

**T**HIS cold flinty heart it is you who have  
warm'd,

You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd;  
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,  
From youth that is frostnipt no raptures can flow;  
Elysium to him but a desert will prove:

What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the young season be  
gay,

Her birds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet  
May;

Love blesses the cottage and sings thro' the grove,  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

*A Song by Mr. Vernon, in The Election.*

**A**H! let it ne'er with truth be said,  
That public virtue droops her head,  
That English faith should luckless prove,  
Or cross one English virgin's love.

If in my Sally's youthful heart,  
Her Richard e'er may claim a part,  
This happy hour should smiling prove,  
That honour firmly fixes love.

*Sung by Miss Catley, in The Jovial Crew.*

**N**O woman her envy can smother,  
 Tho' never so vain of her charms ;  
 If a beauty she spies in another,  
 The pride of her heart it alarms.  
 New conquests she still must be making,  
 Or fancies her power grows less ;  
 Her poor little heart is still aching  
 At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,  
 That different beauties should move,  
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever shou'd reign,  
 Sole monarch in empire of love.  
 Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,  
 And leave to your neighbours their due ;  
 If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,  
 You'll not be contented with two ;  
 No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

*Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon, at Ranelagh.*

**T**ELL me lasses, have you seen,  
 Lately wand'ring o'er the green,  
 Beauty's son, a little boy,  
 Full of frolic, mirth and joy ?  
 If you know his shelter, say,  
 He's from Venus gone astray :  
 Tell me, lasses, have you seen,  
 Such a one trip o'er the green ?

*Translated from the Irish  
 of Sean Buidé*

By

By his marks the god you'll know,  
 O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,  
 And a quiver fraught with darts,  
 Poison sure to human hearts :  
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,  
 He can triumph o'er the mind.  
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,  
 Is his piercing arrow found ;  
 While the bosom'd heart it pains,  
 No external mark remains ;  
 Reason's shield itself is broke,  
 By the unsuspected stroke.  
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

Oft the Urchin's seen to lie  
 Basking in the sunny eye,  
 Or his destin'd prey he seeks  
 On the maiden's rosy cheeks :  
 Snowy breasts, or curling hair,  
 Oft conceal his pleasing snare.  
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

She that the recess reveals  
 Where the God himself conceals,  
 Shall a kiss receive this night  
 From him who is her heart's delight ;  
 To Venus let her bring the boy,  
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.  
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

*Sung*



## JEANEY'S COMPLAINT.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung at Bath.*

**T**O thee, sweet, chanting, warbling throng,  
 I do address my plaintive lay;  
 Since Jockey's left me, I'm undone,  
 And courts another far away;  
 Tho' oft he said he'd constant be,  
 And ne'er would wed a maid but me.

No more will Jockey tune his pipe,  
 And on the green the dance declare;  
 Nor tell his tales, which gave delight  
 To Jeany and the virgins fair:  
 Alas! I see my pleasure's lost,  
 Since Jockey's gone that pleas'd me most.

The lassies all with envy look,  
 When Jockey led me to the green;  
 Then from my lips a kiss he took,  
 And made me happy as a queen:  
 But, now he's left me here to mourn,  
 Never again for to return.

My flocks neglected leave the plain;  
 While here I wander in the shade,  
 Making complaint to birds in vain,  
 The sorrows of a hopeless maid:  
 Yet they alone I leave to tell,  
 What makes me bid the world farewell.

*Sung*

*Sung in The Defenter.*

**T**HO' Prudence may press me,  
 And Duty distress me,  
 Against inclination, ah! what can they do?  
     No longer a rover,  
     His follies are over,  
 My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

    The bee thus as changing,  
     From sweet to sweet ranging,  
 A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;  
     With raptures possessing  
     In one ev'ry blessing,  
 Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattoks, in Lionel and Clarissa.*

**H**OPE and fear alternate rising,  
 Strive for empire o'er my heart;  
 Ev'ry peril now despising,  
 Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach, ye learned sages teach me,  
 How to stem this beating tide;  
 If you've any rules to teach me,  
 Haste and be the weak one's guide.

Thus our trials at a distance,  
 Wisdom's science promise aid;  
 Yet in need of their assistance,  
 We attempt to grasp a shade.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Padlock.*

**I**N vain you bid your captive live,  
While you the means of life deny :  
Give me your smiles, your wishes give,  
To him who must without you die.

Shrunk from the sun's enlight'ning beam,  
Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue ;  
Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,  
Or me exist, depriv'd of you.

In vain ye bid me, &c.

*Sung by Miss Catley, in The Golden Pippin,*

**G**UARDIAN angels now protect me,  
Send, ah ! send the youth I love ;  
Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,  
Lead me through the myrtle grove ;  
Bear my sighs, soft-floating air,  
Say I love him to despair,  
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,  
For him alone I wish to live.

Mid secluded dells I wander,  
Silent as the shades of night,  
Near some bubbling rills meander,  
Where he erst has blest my sight :  
There to weep the night away,  
There to waste in sighs the day.  
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,  
And must I never see thee more ?

Then

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
 Deep in some sequester'd vale,  
 There with mournful cadence swelling,  
 Oft repeat my lovesick tale :  
 And the lark and Philomel  
 Oft shall hear a virgin tell,  
 What's the pain to bid adieu  
 To joy, to happiness, and you.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the new Musical Interlude,  
 called The Election.*

**W**HILE happy in my native land,  
 I boast my country's charter ;  
 I'll never basely lend my hand,  
 Her liberties to barter.  
 The noble mind is not at all  
 By poverty degraded ;  
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,  
 And well I am persuaded,  
 Each free-born Briton's song should be,  
 " Or give me death or liberty."  
 Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,  
 And few the gifts she sends us ;  
 The lordly hireling often wants  
 That freedom that defends us.  
 By law secured from lawless strife,  
 Our house is our Castellum.  
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,  
 For lucre, shall we sell 'em ?  
 No——ev'ry Briton's song shall be,  
 " Or give me death or liberty."

GRAMA-

## GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

*A favourite Irish Air.*

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one  
 evening in May,  
 The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal  
 ev'ry spray :

They sung their little tales of love, they sung  
 them o'er and o'er.

Ah! Gramachree, ma Cholleenough, my Molly  
 ashore !

The daify pied, and all the sweets the dawn of  
 nature yields,

The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd  
 o'er the fields ;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies, of her whom  
 I adore.

Ah ! Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad  
 fate,

That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel  
 Molly's hate ;

How can she break the honest heart, that wears  
 her in its core ?

Ah ! Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear : Ah ! why  
 did I believe ?

Yet who could think such tender words were meant  
 but to deceive ?

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, heav'n  
 could give no more.

Ah ! Gramachree, &c.

O !

O! had I all the flocks that graze, on yonder  
yellow hill,  
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon  
green pasture fill;  
With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and  
fleecey store.

Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, sit courting  
on a bough,  
I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill  
and coo;  
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now,  
alas! 'tis o'er.

Ah! Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear; thy loss I  
e'er shall mourn,  
While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill  
beat for thee alone;  
Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee, its choicest  
blessings pour.

Ah! Gramachree, &c.

*A favourite Duetto, in the Serenata of Solomon.*

**T**OGETHER let us range the fields  
Impearled with the morning dew,  
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,  
Or the apple's clustering bough;  
There, in close-embow'd shades,  
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,  
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,  
We'll love the sultry hours away.

S

*Sung*



*Song set by Mr. Bates.*

**W**HEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to  
be seen,

And the meadows their beauties have lost ;  
And all nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
And the streams are fast bound with the frost ;  
When the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with  
cold,

As bleak the wind northerly blow,  
And the innocent flock run for shelter to fold,  
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
And send forth their breath like a steam ;  
When the neat-looking dairy-maid sees the must  
thaw

Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream ;  
When the blythe country lass, as fresh as a rose,  
As she carelessly trips, often slides ;  
And the rustick laughs loud, if in falling she shews  
Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,  
As round the hall embers they set,  
Talk of witches and fairies that ride on the wind,  
And of ghosts till they're all in a sweat ;  
When the birds to the barn-door come hov'ring  
for food,

Or silently sit on the spray ;  
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,  
For faithless her footsteps betray.

Heavens

Heavens grant in that season, it may be my lot,  
 With the girl that I love and admire,  
 When the icicles hang to the eves of my cot,  
 I may thither in safety retire ;  
 There in neatness and quiet, and free from  
 surprize,  
 We may live in each other secure,  
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
 But those which each other can cure.

*AIR, Sung by Mr. Leoni, in Poor Vulcan.*

**W**HAT are Pluto's gilded toys,  
 When compar'd to love's rich joys,  
 Toys that worldly mortals prize,  
 Souls of finer sense despise.  
 Free together let us rove,  
 Heart for heart, and love for love.  
 Free from tumult, frowns, and strife,  
 Free from all that burden's life ;  
 Blythely let us seek the plains,  
 Where eternal pleasure reigns.  
 Free together let us rove,  
 Heart for heart, and love for love.

*Sung by Miss Abrams, in The Little Gipsy.*

**O**H! spread thy rich mantle sweet May, o'er  
 the ground,  
 Drive the blasts of keen Winter away ;  
 Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rs smile  
 round,  
 And let us with all nature be gay.

Let spleen, spight, and envy, those clouds of  
the mind,

Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy ;  
The pleasures of Eden had blest'd human kind,  
Had no fiend entered there to destroy.

As May with her sunshine, can warm the cold  
earth,

Let each fair with the season improve ;  
Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,  
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

With the treasures of Spring let the village be  
drest,

Its joys let the season impart ;  
When rapture swells high, and o'erflows from  
each breast,

'Tis the May of the mind and the heart.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in May Day.*

**Y**OUNG maids and young swains, if you're  
curious to know,

What husbands you'll have, and what wives ;  
From above I can know, what you'll do here  
below,

And what you have done all your lives.

Don't blush and don't fear,

As I'm old, I am wise,

And I read in your eyes,

I must whisper the rest in your ear.

If you, a false man, should betray a fond maid,  
 I'll read what the stars have decreed,  
 If you, a fond maid, should be ever betray'd,  
 You'll be sorry that page I should read,  
 Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,  
 With sattins, and silks, and fine watch;  
 Yet when for bare gold, youth and beauty is sold,  
 The Devil alone makes the match.  
 Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

If an old man's so rash, to wed a young wife,  
 Or an old woman wed a young man;  
 For such husband and wife, I read danger and  
 strife,  
 For nature detests such a plan.  
 Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

## JOHNNY AND MARY.

*A Favourite new Scotch Song, introduced by Miss  
 Catley, in Love in a Village.*

**D**OWN the bourne and thro' the mead,  
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;  
 Johnny liling, tun'd his reed,  
 And Mary wip'd her bonny mou.  
 Dear she lov'd the well known song,  
 While her Johnny,  
 Blithe and bonny,  
 Sung her praise the whole day long.  
 Down the bourne, &c.

Costly claiths, she had but few ;  
 Of rings and jewels nae great store ;  
 Her face was fair, her love was true,  
 And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more :  
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize ;  
     O'er the mountain,  
     Near the fountain,  
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.  
         Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,  
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart ;  
 Youthful Mary's greatest wealth  
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart :  
 Sweet the joys the lovers find,  
     Great the treasure,  
     Sweet the pleasure,  
 Where the heart is always kind.  
         Down the bourne, &c.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Vauxhall.*

**M**Y Jockey is the blythest lad,  
 That ever maiden woo'd ;  
 When he appears, my heart is glad,  
     For he is kind and good.  
 He talks of love, whene'er we meet,  
     His words in raptures flow ;  
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,  
     I have no power to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,  
 And flies to me alone ;  
 At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,  
 I hear him making moan :  
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,  
 And ribbands for my hair ;  
 No swain was ever half so true,  
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,  
 If Jockey is but by,  
 For I alone am all his care,  
 When any danger's nigh.  
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,  
 And make me blest for life ;  
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,  
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

# DIANA AND CUPID.

## A CANTATA.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon.*

## RECITATIVE.

AS Dian and her hunting train  
 Once rov'd to try the woods and plain,  
 Poor Cupid fast asleep they found,  
 His bows and arrows on the ground.  
 Well pleas'd to find his Godship there,  
 She thus commands her list'ning fair :

AIR.



## A I R.

Break, break with speed, each pointed dart !  
 For if he wakes he'll turn our foe,  
 'Tis his to wound the tender heart,  
 His only joy's to give us woe.  
 Now shall we safely trace the plain,  
 And haunt the river, lawn, and grove,  
 His arrows broke, his pow'r is vain,  
 You now may safely laugh at love.

## RECITATIVE.

When now, too late, the God awoke,  
 Saw Dian and her fav'rites by,  
 The fatal mischief thus he spoke,  
 Whilst malice sparkled from each eye.

## A I R.

Tho' Cupid is vanquish'd to-day,  
 Believe not my empire is o'er,  
 To Venus I'll hie me away,  
 She'll arm me as well as before.  
 Oh Dian ! what nymph of thy train  
 Is safe when I aim the sure dart ?  
 I'm mad with the wrongs I sustain,  
 Then, goddess, take care of thy heart.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Opera of Tom Jones.*

**S**WEET mercy is the loveliest flower,  
 That heav'n e'er planted in the mind ;  
 The queen of virtue, whose soft power  
 Can e'en to godhead raise mankind.

Lct

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast  
 A name that will in history live;  
 Yet he resembles heav'n the most,  
 Whose godlike bosom can forgive.

## NANCY OF THE VALE.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Ranelagh.*

### RECITATIVE.

**T**HE western sky was purpled o'er,  
 With every pleasing ray,  
 And flocks reviving felt no more  
 The sultry heats of day;  
 When from a hazel's artless bow'r,  
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;  
 He blest the day, he blest the hour,  
 While Nancy's charms he sung.

### AIR.

Let fops with sickle falsehoods range  
 The paths of wanton love,  
 While weeping maids lament the change,  
 And sadden every grove;  
 But endless blessings crown the day  
 I saw fair Esham's dale,  
 And every blessing find its way  
 To Nancy of the vale.  
 Far in the winding vale retir'd,  
 Its peerless bud I found,  
 And shad'wing rocks and woods conspir'd  
 To fence their beauties round:

That

That Nature in so lone a dell  
 Should from a Nymph so sweet,  
 Or Fortune to her secret cell,  
 Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay Lordlings sought her for their bride,  
 But she would ne'er incline ;  
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,  
 As I will prove to mine ;  
 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow  
 Has won my right good will ;  
 To him I gave my plighted vow,  
 With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;  
 To her alone I gave my youth,  
 And vow'd my future care.  
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
 Or I those charms forego ;  
 The stream that saw our tender love,  
 That stream shall cease to flow.

*Set by Mr. Bach.*

**I**N this shady blest retreat,  
 I've been wishing for my dear ;  
 Hark ! I hear his welcome feet  
 Tell the lovely charmer near.  
 'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,  
 True to love's appointed hour ;  
 Joy and peace now smile again,  
 Love, I own thy mighty power.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in The Little Gipseys:*

**Y**ES, I will give my heart away,  
 To her who'll not forsake it ;  
 Softly maidens, softly pray,  
 You must not snatch,  
 Nor fight, nor scratch,  
 But gently, gently take it.  
 Ever, constant, warm, and true,  
 The toy is worth the keeping ;  
 'Tis not spoil'd with fashions new ;  
 But full of love,  
 It will not rove,  
 The corn is worth the reaping.  
 All have such bewitching ways,  
 To give to one, would wrong ye ;  
 In turns to each my fancy strays ;  
 So let each fair  
 Take equal share,  
 I throw my heart among ye.

*Sung by Mr. Davies, in The Waterman:*

**I** Just as eagerly as thee,  
 Thought when I got a wife,  
 My joy of course so great would be,  
 It needs must last for life :  
 When she agreed to tie the knot,  
 I thought of nothing else ;  
 Then all was glee,  
 'Twixt her and me,  
 Nor did I grudge the king his lot,  
 When ding dong went the bells.

But,

But, ah ! our joys were fleeting soon,  
 Words that did sweetly fall,  
 E're we had pass'd the honey moon,  
 To wormwood turn'd and gall :  
 Whate'er of furies they invent,  
 Broke out of flaming cells,  
 You now may see,  
 In her and me ;  
 We fight, we scold, and both repent,  
 That ding dong went the bells.

*A favourite Song sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vaux-  
 hall Gardens.*

*Set by Mr. Hook.*

**S**IMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,  
 Talk no more of foolish love ;  
 Think not e'er my heart to reign in,  
 Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter  
 Thrice ten thousand slaves a day ;  
 Thrice ten thousand times your betters  
 Gladly would my rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you,  
 To some other tell your moan ;  
 Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,  
 Let Chlorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Deserter,*

**S**OME how my spindle I mislaid,  
 And lost it underneath the grass;  
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,  
 And said what seek you pretty lass?  
 A little love, but urg'd with care,  
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.  
 'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,  
 That I my spindle lost just now:  
 His knife then kindly Damon took,  
 And from the tree he cut a bough.  
 A little love, &c. &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,  
 While me he tenderly beheld;  
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,  
 For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.  
 A little love, &c. &c.

**DIANA** *Sung by Miss Poitier, at Covent-  
 Garden Theatre.*

**W**ITH horns and with hounds I waken  
 the day,  
 And hie to my woodland walks away?  
 I tuck up my robe, and am baskin'd soon,  
 And tie to forehead a waxing moon:  
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,  
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;  
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce through  
 the sky,  
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

T

CON-



C O N T E N T : *A PASTORAL BALLAD.**Sung by Mr. Hudson.*

**O**'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,  
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,  
 A gentle young Shepherdess fees my despair,  
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;  
 Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres her cottage had  
 crown'd,  
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly  
 round,  
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door,  
 We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,  
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best ;  
 Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glances  
 she cast,  
 Love slyly stole into my breast.  
 I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,  
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)  
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
 Yet take me, fond Shepherd, I'm thine.  
 Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,  
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms ;  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.  
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And if on the banks by the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.

Toge.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views ;  
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,  
 And mark out new themes for my muse.  
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent ;  
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,  
 And Shepherds have nam'd her Content,

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Desert.*

**O**N E conduct's for  
 Both love and war,  
 The point's to gain possession ;  
 For this we watch  
 The enemy's coast,  
 'Till we sleeping catch  
 Them on their post :  
 Then good b'ye form,  
 The fort we storm,  
 Make towns or hearts,  
 Surrender at discretion.

In love the only battery,  
 Which with success we play  
 To conquer hearts, is flattery :  
 No fortress can its power withstand,  
 Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,  
 Can make such way.

As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,  
 We make believe,  
 Mislead, deceive ;  
 Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for ?

Cannons, and all our force of arms?  
But with their thund'ring alarms,  
To tell, not cover our designs;  
Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,  
Blockades, or ambuscades, compare?

No, all agree  
That policy,  
Is the true art militaire.

## SONG

**E**V'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,  
Some to White's run for play, some to Bat-  
son's for news ;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,  
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise:  
But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finished his summer's career,  
And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care;  
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-  
home, [roam;  
And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to  
From the noise of the town and its follies I run,  
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and  
my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,  
And none dares to stir, but the dog I command;  
When the covey he springs, and I bring down  
my bird,  
I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford:

No

No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,  
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I  
repair,

And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear ;  
There I exercise freely my levelling skill,  
And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often  
fill ; [shun,

For death (where I find them) they seldom can  
My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under com-  
mand ;

Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand:  
When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they  
spring, [woods ring ;

With heart-cheering notes, how they make the  
Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,  
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,  
And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay ;  
Then I think of my friends, and to each send a  
part :

For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart:  
Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,  
And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my  
gun.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Deferter.*

MY life's three parts diminish'd,  
And when the sum is finish'd,

T 3

The

The parish-bell may toll,  
Gra' mercy on my foul!

Ding dong!

Swing swong!

Methinks my old companions say,  
That though his hairs are now grown grey,  
Old RUSSET once, upon a day,  
When all was mirth and jollity;  
When sports went round, and bells did ring,  
Could briskly dance, and blythe could sing;  
And then upon the green to see  
His rustic feats—'twas who but he!

I'd give this bauble, life, away,  
Without a sigh, could I but stay,  
To see a little infant care;  
Like HENRY brave, LOUISA fair;  
Could I see this, I'd yield content,  
A life, I hope, not badly spent.

### THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

*Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.*

**O** Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to  
mourn?

Thy presence cou'd ease me

When naething can please me;

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,

Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are

While lav'rocks are singing, [clear,

And primroses springing,

Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,

When throw the wood Laddie, ye dinna appear.

That

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;  
 I'm fash'd w' their scorning,  
 Baith ev'ning and morning,  
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander mysell:  
 Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer amay,  
 But quick as an arrow,  
 Haiste here to thy Marrow,  
 Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,  
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance,  
 sing, and play.

CYMON *and* IPHIGENIA. *A CANTATA.*

*Sung by Mr. Beard.*

RECITATIVE.

**N**EAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'r-  
 ing shade  
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,  
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,  
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose:  
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,  
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.  
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,  
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;  
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought:  
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,  
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd:  
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,  
 Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his tongue.

AIR.



A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,  
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,  
 Completes the rural scene ;  
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,  
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,  
 Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and starts — poor Cymon trembling  
 stands ;  
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :  
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear ;  
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.  
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies ;  
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;  
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain :  
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.  
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,  
 But thus with extasy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,  
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;  
 Thy love-inspiring mien,  
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,  
 And taper shape, enchant me so,  
 I die for Iphigene,

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence  
 The former Clod is thus inspir'd with sense :  
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,  
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait ;  
 Bids

Bids him be secret, and next day attend,  
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.  
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;  
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

## A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,  
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;  
 Love can rage itself controul,  
 And elevate the human soul:  
 Depriv'd of that our wretched state  
 Had made our lives of too long date;  
 But blest with beauty, and with love,  
 We taste what angels do above.

*Sung by Mr. Parsons, in the Deserter.*

**W**OMEN and wine compare so well,  
 They run in a perfect parallel;  
 For women bewitch us when they will;  
 And so does wine;  
 They make the statesman lose his skill,  
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine:  
 They put strange whims in the gravest skull,  
 And send their wits to gather wool;  
 Then since the world thus runs away;  
 And women and wine,  
 Are alike divine;  
 Let's love all night, and drink all day.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Scott, in the Conscious Lovers.*

**I**F love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?  
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content!

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence I make my love known;  
But, oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,  
By some willing mistake to discover her love;  
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,

And our eyes tell each other what neither dare  
How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are the charms!

How delightful embraces! how peaceful her  
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;  
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:  
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,

For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

*The UNION of LOVE and WINE.*

**W**ITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry care,  
For life without these is a bubble of air;  
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,  
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;

Let

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,  
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;  
 I care not how much they my measures decline,  
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have  
 mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve,  
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;  
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,  
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch  
 from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half  
 divine, [Wine;  
 First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with  
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,  
 The torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for Wine disapprove,  
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;  
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,  
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Desert.*

I'LL fly these groves, this hated shade;  
 Each sound I hear, each thing I see,  
 Reminds me, thou perfidious maid!

Of vows so often made by thee.

Blush! blush, Louisa! and look there;  
 Where's now thy truth? oh, tell me where?

Thy constancy's no more;  
 And like a wretch, by tempest tost,  
 My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,  
 I sink in sight of shore!

*Sung*

*Sung in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.*

**M**Y fond shepherds of late were so blest,  
Their fair nymphs were so happy and  
gay.

That each night they went safely to rest,  
And they merrily sung thro' the day :

But, ah ! what a scene must appear !

Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er ?

Shall the tabor no more strike the ear ?

Shall the dance on the green be no more ?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led ?

Must the herds go wild straying abroad ?

Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,

And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?

Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,

And shall commerce grow sick of the tide ?

Must Religion expire on the ground,

And shall virtue sink down by her side ?

*The ACCIDENT, Sung at Sadler's-Wells.*

**A**S t'other day milking I sat in the vale,  
Young Damon came up to address his soft  
tale,

So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown,  
For he frightened my cow, and my milk was kick'd  
down.

Lord bless me ! says I, what a-deuce can you  
mean,  
To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen !  
I ne'er

I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;  
For, as mischief began perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now he'd his passion advance,  
But pretty excuses made up the mischance:  
He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him I vow,  
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade!  
His bait prov'd too strong, alas! for a maid:  
He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at.  
But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all over when'er he comes nigh,  
For, if he should press, I should surely comply;  
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells  
Though he flings down my milk, or does any  
thing else.

*Sung by Miss Catley, in the Two Misers.*

**A**T thy presence, vengeful passion,  
Envy, hate, and indignation,  
From this tranquil bosom fly.  
Wealth, by gold, let miscreants measure,  
Be but Lively's heart my treasure,  
Gripe will be less rich than I.

*GLEE in the Chelsea Pensioner.*

**S**WEETLY, sweetly, let's enjoy  
The smiling moments made for love;  
And while we clasp the dimpled boy,  
The glass to you, to you shall move.

U

And



And drinking, laughing, jesting neatly,  
 The time shall pass on sweetly—sweetly.  
 Love's arrows, dipp'd in rosy wine,  
 To the charm'd heart like light'ning pass;  
 And Mars feels transport more divine,  
 When smiling Venus fills his glass.

### HAROLD AND EMMA,

*Sung by Miss Linley, at the King's Theatre in the  
 Haymarket.*

#### RECITATIVE.

**I**N yonder grove, where cypress spreads its  
 gloom,  
 In those dark shades no happy lovers stray;  
 See, where in tears the wretched Emma moans  
 Her Harold's absence, and his too hard fate;  
 Doom'd from her arms in distant climes to roam,  
 And tempt the fatal shaft in war's alarms,  
 While with suspense and doubtful fears oppress'd,  
 Say Emma wakes the grove with sad complaint,  
 And likest Philomel the woods among,  
 She thus, in sweetest accents, tunes her song.

#### A I R.

If thy too cruel bow be bent,  
 Stern fate! to wound my Harold's heart,  
 O! change for once thy dire intent,  
 Or in my bosom plunge the dart;  
 The happy means so may I prove,  
 To save my lord, my life, and love.

## RECITATIVE.

Thus sunk in deep distress, the beautiful Emma  
mourn'd;

When sounds of triumph struck her list'ning ear;  
Nearer they drew, and sung of Harold's fame.

As when the sun obscur'd by envious clouds,  
Breaks thro' the glooms and brightens all around,  
So chang'd the scene where lovely Emma griev'd,  
When crown'd with honour the brave youth  
she found.

And when hereafter to his grove she stray'd,  
And heard the turtles from the cypress bough,  
For none but happy lovers, sure, she said,  
This sweet sequester'd scene was ever made,

## A I R.

Tune, Philomel, a happy strain,  
And charm the list'ning grove:  
My Harold safe from war's alarms,  
Return to bless his love.

Take thy sad breast from off the thorn,  
Nor mourn the woods among;  
But from the rose and woodbind shade,  
Pour forth th' enraptur'd song:  
Ye flow'ring shrubs, your odours spread,  
Wanton on Zephyr's wing,  
And ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry charm,  
To happy Emma bring.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe.*

**M**Y temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-  
twine,  
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;

In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,  
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun,

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?  
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;  
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,  
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,  
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:  
The Miser himself (so supreme is her sway)  
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head.  
And Poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed;  
While Age, in an extasy, hobbling along,  
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from bacchus's hoard,  
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;  
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,  
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

*Sung by Miss Catley, in the Two Misers.*

**L**IKE the tuneful linnet gay,  
Long I sported in the May,  
And echo heard my chearful call;  
I just cou'd tattle,  
Chirp and prattle;  
I just cou'd sing, and that was all:  
But now I perch, and plume, and pride,  
And more than tattle,  
Chirp and prattle,  
I now can sing, and love beside.

*Song*

*Song by Wm. Whitehead, Esq; Post Laureat.*

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
 And Celia has undone me;  
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how  
 The pleasing plague stole on me :  
 'Tis not her face that love creates,  
 For there no Graces revel ;  
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,  
 Have rather been uncivil,  
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common ;  
 And all her sense is only chat,  
 Like any other woman :  
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;  
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither ;  
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,  
 Of Celia all together.

*Sung by Mr. Reinhold and Miss Brown, in The  
 Prefs-Gang.*

NANCY.

AND can'st thou leave thy Nancy,  
 And quit thy native shore ?  
 It comes into my Fancy,  
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

TRUE-BLUE.

Yes, I must leave my Nancy,  
 To humble haughty Spain,  
 Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,  
 For we shall meet again.

U 3

NANCY

NANCY.

Amidst the foaming billows,  
When thund'ring cannons roar,  
You'll think on these green willows,  
And wish yourself on shore.

TRUE-BLUE.

I fear not land or water;  
I fear not sword or fire,  
For sweet revenge, and slaughter,  
Are all that I desire.

NANCY.

May guardian gods protect thee,  
From water, fire, or steel,  
And make no fears affect thee.  
Like those which now I feel.

TRUE-BLUE.

I leave to heaven's protection,  
My life, my only dear;  
You have my soul's affection,  
So still conclude me here.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in the Chelsea Pensioner.*

**W**HEN thou shalt see his bosom swelling,  
When soft compassion's tear shall start  
As my poor father's woes thou'rt telling,  
Come back, and claim my hand and heart.

The cause blest eloquence will lend thee;  
Nay, haste, and ease my soul's distress;  
To judge thy worth, I'll here attend thee,  
And rate thy love by thy success.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Jewell, in the Waterman:*

**T**OO yielding a carriage,  
 Has oft before marriage,  
 To ruin and misery pointed the way ;  
 You're shunn'd, if complying,  
 But your lover once flying,  
 How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

A coquet ne'er proclaim me,  
 Ye maids, then, nor blame me,  
 If I wish to be happy, whene'er I'm a wife ;  
 Each lover's denial,  
 Was only a trial,  
 Which is he that's most likely to love me for  
 life.

*Sung by Mr. Champness, in The Cunning Man.*

**S**OME think, in the stars we are able,  
 Past, present, and future to read :  
 Some think, from white wand, or gown fable,  
 The whole art and mystery proceed.  
 But they know not the plan  
 Of a true Cunning-Man,

When fortune will rude be or civil,  
 Some think we by magic are told ;  
 And some that we deal with the devil,  
 To whom we've our carcases sold :  
 But that's not the plan  
 Of a true Cunning-Man.

But



But when folks have been at our dwelling,  
 And to us have their secrets betray'd,  
 We for hearing their tale—and then telling,  
 Are sure to be very well paid.—  
 And this is the plan  
 Of a true Cunning-Man.

*Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.*

**I** Do as I will with my swain;  
 He never once thinks I am wrong:  
 He likes none so well on the plain,  
 I please him so well with my song.  
 A Song is the shepherd's delight;  
 He hears me with joy all the day;  
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,  
 That hastens the end of my lay.  
 With spleen and with care once oppress'd,  
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while;  
 My voice set his mind all to rest,  
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.  
 Since when, or in mead, or in grove,  
 By his flocks, or the clear river side,  
 I sing my best songs to my love,  
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.  
 No beauty had I to endear,  
 No treasure of nature, or art;  
 But my voice, which had gain'd on his ear,  
 Soon found out the way to his heart;  
 To try if that voice would not please,  
 He took me to join the gay throng;  
 I won the rich prize with much ease,  
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But

But let me not jealousy raise,  
 I wish to enchant but my swain ;  
 Enough then for me is his praise,  
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.  
 When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,  
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,  
 Your sweetness of song may prevail,  
 And gain all your swains to your will.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Two Misers.*

**H**ASTE, let us fly from a land of oppression,  
 Where beauty is led like a pig in a string ;  
 A heart that's divided, to share in succession,  
 My mind (too exalted) I never can bring,  
 A bird in hand's an old expression,  
 That two in the bush is not one in possession ;  
 We'll bring the proud infidels to a confession,  
 That women have souls as well as the men.

Quick then, away to an island of pleasure,  
 Where each happy female may do as they please,  
 Where liberty's reckon'd the choicest of treasure ;  
 Then fly, and the kind opportunity seize.

The bird in hand's an old expression,  
 That two in the bush is not one in possession ;  
 We'll bring the proud infidels to a confession,  
 That women have souls as well as the men.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in the Chelsea Pensioner.*

**'T**WAS not her eyes, though orient mines  
 Can boast no gem so bright that glows ;  
 Her lips, where the deep ruby shines,  
 Her cheeks that shame the blushing rose.

Nor

Nor yet her form, Minerva's mien,  
 Her bosom white as Venus dove,  
 That made her my affection's queen,  
 But 'twas alone her filial love.

The ruby lip, the brilliant eye,  
 The rosy cheek, the graceful form,  
 In turn for commendation vie,  
 And justly the fir'd lover charm.

But transient these—the charm for life,  
 Which reason ne'er shall disapprove ;  
 While, truly, shall ensure a wife,  
 Faithful and kind, is filial love,

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Waterman.*

**I**NDEED, Miss, such sweet-hearts as I am,  
 I fancy you'll meet with but few ;  
 To love you more true I defy them,  
 I always am thinking of you.  
 There are maidens would have me in plenty,  
 Nell, Cicily, Priscilla, and Sue,  
 But instead of all these were there twenty,  
 I never should think of but you.

False hearts all your money may squander,  
 And only have pleasure in view ;  
 Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,  
 Unless to get money for you.  
 The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,  
 Is not to the moon half so true ;  
 Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,  
 As my heart, my fond heart, is to you.

*Sung*

*Sung in THE JUBILEE.*

**T**HOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,

Of things more than mortal, thy Shakespeare would dream ;

The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,

For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.

The love stricken maiden, the sighing young Swain,

Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain ;

The sweet bud of beauty, no blight here shall dread,

For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head,

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,

Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth ;

For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,

For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow ;

Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow ;

Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,

And the turf ever hallow'd, that pillow'd his head.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE morning young Jockey would make me his bride,

He stole to my chamber, and sat by my side ;

When

When he open'd the curtains, such joy 'twas to me,  
 That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty.  
 But feigning to sleep (Oh, how great was my  
 bliss !)

So gently, so kindly, he gave me a kiss !  
 Then my head to his bosom he press'd with such  
 glee.

That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty  
 patty.

Grown bold with success, he ventur'd to take  
 A second salute—Then 'twas time to awake :  
 Arise love, he said, to the kirk let us flee,  
 As our hearts play a tune that goes pitty patty.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Waterman.*

**I** Row'd for the prize,  
 To receive from those eyes  
 A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile ;  
 But lest I should lose,  
 And you for that fault, your poor Tom should  
 refuse,  
 My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.  
 When we came to the pull,  
 How I handled my scull,  
 'Twould have done your heart good to have  
 seen us :  
 There was never a boat's length between us.  
 But the Swan once in view,  
 My boat how it flew ;  
 And I verily b'lieve 'twas all thinking of you.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Leoni, in Calypso.*

COME, lovely, but reluctant fair,  
To Proteus' watery realm repair;  
Swift in thy amber chariot sweep  
The surface of the smiling deep.

Come, and while sea nymph sport around,  
(Their locks with pearl and coral bound)  
In chrystal palaces we'll dwell,  
Where scaly Tritons wake the shell.

Sometimes in mossy caverns sleep  
At the bottom of the glassy deep;  
There we'll live and there we'll love,  
And feast on joys unknown above.

### A HUNTING SONG.

YE sportsmen come forth, quit your slumber  
and sloth

And join in the musical chase  
Let the fops of the town our diversions cry down,  
Let the fops, &c.

Their sports must give way to the chase.

Come, come at my call, mount swift-legs and  
ball,

O'er the hills we will gallantly bound;  
Through the valley or mead, we will stretch the  
stanch steed,  
Through the valley, &c.

Whilst echo redoubles the sound.

X

See



See pufs is in view, mark Scentwell and Sue,  
 Push forward as fleet as the wind,  
 Huzza my brave boys what **can** equal our joys?  
 Huzza my brave, &c.

All fears and all cares cast behind.

Up over the hill we will follow her still,  
 Till her strength and her courage is gone,  
 See she doubles, she tries, but alas see she dies ;  
 See she doubles, &c.

Loud, loud sounds the horn tan tara.

Come, come, come away, crown the sports of  
 the day,

With a bottle and bumper at night ;  
 Here's to each ruddy face that's fond of the chase,  
 Here's to each, &c.

We will rise again soon as 'tis light.

A I R. *By Mr. Leoni and Miss Brown, in Poor  
 Vulcan.*

*Hc.* **W**HEN the serjeant encouraged by wine,  
 To your lips once presum'd to advance,  
 Oh, how did I sicken and pine ;  
 That you deign'd to bestow him a glance  
 And again when, the 'Squire from the chase  
 Returning, bestow'd you the spoil ;  
 From my mem'ry I cannot erase,  
 That the prize you repaid with a smile.

*She.* Ah my Joey, one day in my place,  
 The truth on't you cannot gainsay ;  
 When I sent my servant pretty Grace  
 You kiss'd her all on the new bay.

Nay for selfish designs, dared to own  
 You pretended a passion for me;  
 But attraction and charms I had none,  
 For Grace was your favourite she.

## A HUNTING SONG.

### RECITATIVE.

**H**ARK! the horn calls away;  
 Come the grave, come the gay;  
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,  
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

### A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,  
 See the sun-beams adorn  
 The wild heath and the mountains so high;  
 Shrilly opens the staunch hound,  
 The steed neighs to the found,  
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,  
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,  
 By encount'ring the pard and the boar;  
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,  
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence the noble descent  
 Hills and wilds we frequent,  
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,  
 Tho' in life's busy day,  
 Man of man makes a prey,  
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chase in full sight,  
 Gods! how great the delight!  
 How our moral sensations refine!  
 Where is care, where is fear?  
 Like the winds in the rear,  
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys:  
 Lo! each pants for the joys.  
 That anon shall enliven the whole;  
 Then at eve we'll dismount,  
 Toils and pleasures recount,  
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

TELEMACS. *Sung by Mr. Kennedy in Calypso.*

**W**Hat do I see before my eyes  
 What mangled spectres glide?  
 Again I hear the tempest rise,  
 I meet the dashing tide.

I see my sad companions' tears,  
 And hear their last adieu;  
 Mentor alone serene appears,  
 And brings a god in view,

The Wind blows right upon the land,  
 The sailors toil in vain,  
 The helm no more obeys command,  
 She drives she drives amain.

Protect us, Heav'n! the ship runs round,  
 Loud pealing thunders roar;  
 She strikes, she splits; Ah, dreadful sound!  
 She sinks to rise no more.

The

## The L A R K.

**T**HE lark proclaim'd return of morn,  
 When Dolly tript across the lawn,  
 Young Colin follow'd with his flail,  
 She went to fill her milking pail;  
 He lov'd, and begg'd she'd hear him now,  
 She answer'd she must milk her cow.

He sighing vow'd he lov'd her more  
 Than ever youth did nymph before,  
 With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,  
 And press'd the fair one in his arms;  
 She bad him keep his distance now,  
 Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, could you approve  
 An artless shepherd's honest love,  
 Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,  
 All, with their master's heart, is thine;  
 Then begg'd she would his flame allow,  
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely youth,  
 With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth,  
 So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent,  
 And to the church that instant went;  
 His flame she did not disallow,  
 But quite forgot to milk her cow.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Calypso.*

**H**ARK, the merry horns resounding,  
 Summon to the dewy plain,  
 While from rock to rock rebounding,  
 Echo doubles every strain.

Come, and while fresh breezes greet us,  
 Freely o'er my island rove,  
 Health on every hill shall meet us,  
 Love await in every grove.

Come, and this soft languor scorning,  
 Nerve thy heart for new delight,  
 So will roses of the morning  
 Flourish on the cheek of night.

FINALE to the Opera of Lionel and Clarissa.

COME now all ye social powers  
 Shed your influence o'er us,  
 Crown with joy the present hours,  
 Enliven those before us;  
 Bring the flask, the music bring,  
 Joy shall quickly find us,  
 Drink and dance and laugh and sing  
 And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship with thy pow'r divine,  
 Brighten all our features,  
 What but friendship love and wine,  
 Can make us happy creatures.  
 Bring the flask, &c.

Love thy godhead I adore,  
 Source of gen'rous passion,  
 But will ne'er bow down before,  
 Those idols wealth or fashion.  
 Bring the flask, &c.

Why

Why the plague should we be sad,  
 Whilst on earth we moulder,  
 Whether we're merry, grave or glad,  
 We ev'ry day grow older,  
 Bring the flask, &c.

Then since Time will steal away,  
 Spite of all our sorrow,  
 Heighten ev'ry joy to day,  
 And never mind to-morrow.  
 Bring the flask, &c.

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

**W**HERE new-mown hay on banks of Tay  
 The sweets of spring discloses,  
 As I one morning fingering lay  
 Upon a bank of roses,  
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead  
 By geud luck chanc'd to spy me,  
 He took his bonnet off his head  
 And softly sat down by me.

My bonny bonny Jamie O,  
 My bonny bonny Jamie O,  
 I care not though the world should  
 know  
 How dearly I love Jamie O.

The swain, tho' right I mickle prize,  
 Yet now I wad na den him;  
 But with a frown my heart disguis'd,  
 And slave away to send him.

But



But fondly he still nearer press'd,  
And at my feet down lying ;  
His beating heart it thump'd fæ fast,  
I thought the lad was dying.

My bonny bonny Jammie O, &c.

But still resolving to deny,  
And angry passion feigning ;  
I after roughly shot him by,  
With word fow of disdain:  
He seiz'd my hand and nearer drew,  
And gently chid my pride ;  
So sweetly did the shepherd woo,  
I vow'd to be his bride.

My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

*Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

**T**O chafe o'er the plain the fox or the hare,  
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring ;  
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,  
And makes us more blest than a king ;  
Whenever we hear the sound of the horn  
Our hearts are transported with joy ;  
We rise and embrace with the earliest dawn,  
A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,  
No danger our breast can invade ;  
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew  
An increase of pleasures display'd :

The freedom our conscience never alarms,  
 We live free from envy and strife;  
 If blest with a spouse, return to her arms,  
 Sport, sweetness, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,  
 Can ne'er such a happiness know;  
 The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,  
 Can ne'er such a blessing bestow:

Our days pass away in scenes of delight,  
 Our pleasures ne'er taken amiss:  
 We hunt all the day and revel all night;  
 What joy can be greater than this?

*Sung by Mr. Kennedy, in Love Finds the Way.*

**H**OW sweetly fits the simplest phrase,  
 Unfeigned passion to discover!

Too weak, alas! my fondest lays,

To shew how well, how true I love her;

As soon could I the glittering stars,

That midnight's sable bosom cover,

In order number, as declare,

How well, how true, how dear I love her.

Professions trick'd in language high

The force of eloquence discover;

But nature's accents best imply,

The meaning of a faithful lover.

As soon could I, &c.

Fierce views, too often sprung from art,

Unfair designs may serve to cover;

But deeds of kindness speak the heart;

And they shall shew how much I love her.

As soon could I, &c.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HAT I might not be plagu'd with the non-  
sense of men,  
I promis'd my mother again and again  
To say what she bids me wherever I go,  
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em  
No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score :  
They'll want to be with me, I warrant no more :  
And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so :  
Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.  
For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,  
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;  
Such questions he puts since I answer him so,  
That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are  
still No.

He ask'd did I hate him, or think him too plain ?  
(Let me die, if he is not a clever young swain)  
If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go ?  
Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd,  
and said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ?  
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?  
If I meant my life long to answer him so ?  
I falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made ;  
Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said :  
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go ?  
In a hearty good humour, I answer'd, No, No.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mrs. Farrel, in Calypso.*

WITH bended knee and bleeding heart,  
Great gods, I ask your saving aid;  
Daughter of Jove, thy grace impart,  
Minerva, wife and martial maid!

If I like my unhappy fire,  
Must languish in this fatal place;  
Ah, strike me quick with Jove's own fire,  
And give me death, but not disgrace!

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.*

AS Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool shade,  
Young Jockey was happy, and happy the  
maid;  
She blush'd, and she cry'd, "Dear Jockey with  
thée  
"My life, tho' in bondage, would seem to be free."

Then Jockey to Jenny, his passion to prove,  
Her hand gently kiss'd, his eyes darting love,  
Cry'd out in a transport—"Was ever a pair  
"So happy as Jockey and Jenny the fair!"

Content with each other in humble retreat,  
'They count not new beauties, nor envy the great;  
He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit  
her swain,  
For pleasure that's false, or riches to gain.

He breathes the soft pipe, and her voice tunes the  
song,  
Or they hand in hand walk the green vallies along;

Content with true pleasure, their footsteps attends,  
For Jockey and Jenny are lovers and friends.

While rovers leave Sylvia for Cloe's bright eyes.  
Then Amynta pursue, and fair Cloe despise;  
The pure flame of love in their breasts will ne'er  
burn,  
And the nymphs learn from them to be false in  
their turn:

While Jockey and Jenny, beneath their thatch'd  
cot,  
Are strangers to care, and bless fate for their lot.  
Ye gay ones and great, would you true pleasure  
share,  
Be constant like Jockey and Jenny the fair.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Love Finds the Way.*

CUPID, befriends us,  
His sanction he lends us,  
Rebuking our idle delay;  
He points to the glade,  
Where his honours are paid,  
And he cries, come away, come away!

Away with denying,  
The moments are flying,  
And fleet is the season of love;  
The God will repent  
Of the grace he has lent,  
If the favours we will not improve.

On those who obey,  
 And are fond of his sway,  
 Profusely his blessings he showers :  
 Then seize we the time,  
 That if lost by our crime,  
 Ah ! never again may be ours.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Love Finds the Way.*

**A**T ruddy eve, and rosy dawn,  
 I rov'd the fields at leisure,  
 I danc'd at freedom on the lawn,  
 And took my fill of pleasure ;  
 I rambled through the bushy wood,  
 Where rills were gently flowing ;  
 Admir'd the rose within the bud,  
 And violets sweetly blowing.  
 How sweet to see, along the meads,  
 The lads and lasses playing ;  
 When spring entic'd them from their beds,  
 And call'd them forth a maying !  
 Some new vagary and delight,  
 With ev'ry day returning ;  
 And mirth and pastime clos'd the night,  
 And welcom'd in the morning.

*Written by Mr. Garrick.*

**O**NCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,  
 To hills and dales my passion tell,  
 A flame which time can never quell,  
 But burns for thee, my Peggy :

Y

You



You, greater bards, the lyre should hit ;  
 For say, what subject is more fit,  
 Than to record the sparkling wit  
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun first rising in the morn,  
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,  
 Does not so much the day adorn,

As does my lovely Peggy :  
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,  
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,  
 He not so beauteous as undrest,  
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,  
 Or breaths upon the damask rose,  
 It does not half the sweets disclose,  
 As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,  
 And (trust me) not but truth I say,  
 The fragrance of the blooming May  
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in ruffic weed,  
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,  
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy :  
 With her a cottage would delight ;  
 All's happy when she's in my sight ;  
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,  
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,  
 And linnets warble through the grove,  
 Or stately swans the waters love,  
 So long shall I love Peggy :

And

And when death with his pointed dart,  
 Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,  
 My words shall be when I depart,  
 Adieu my lovely Peggy.

*The Broom of Cowden Knows, a favourite Song.*

**W**HEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves ;  
 Around the ewes and lambskins feed,  
 And music fills the groves :  
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,  
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;  
 For sure so sweet, so fair a broom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart ;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,  
 Could play with half such art ;  
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,  
 Oh ! how I blest the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,  
 So fair on Cowden Knows ;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a broom,  
 Elsewhere there never grows.  
 To Tiviot braes so green and gay,  
 May with the broom compare ;  
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor bush a broom Traquar.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,  
 My peaceful happy home ;  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes  
 At eve among the broom :  
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the floods and plains,  
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows ;  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE card invites, in crowds we fly,  
 To join the jovial routful cry ;  
 What joy—from cares and plagues all day,  
 To hie to the midnight Hark-away  
 Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,  
 Nor dronish husbands enter there ;  
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,  
 All hie to the midnight Hark-away.  
 Uncounted strikes the morning clock,  
 And drousy watchmen idly knock ;  
 'Till day-light peeps, we sport and play,  
 And roar to the jolly Hark-away.  
 When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,  
 And kill the tedious day with sleep,  
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,  
 And again to the midnight Hark-away.

*Sung by Mr. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

**C**OME rouse from your trances !  
 The fly morn advances,  
 To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;

Let

Let the horn's jocund note  
 In the wind sweetly float,  
 While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;  
     Now creeping,  
     Now peeping,  
 The fox from the brake lifts his head ;  
     Each away to his steed,  
     Your goodness shall lead,  
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;  
     For the chace all prepare,  
     See the hounds snuff the air,  
 Hark, hark to the huntsman's sweet hallo !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,  
 See Reynard breaks cover,  
 The hunters fly over the ground ;  
     Now they skim o'er the plain,  
     Now they dart down the lane.  
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resound ;  
     With dashing,  
     And splashing,  
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound :  
     Then away with full speed,  
     Your goddesses shall lead,  
 Come follow, my worshippers follow ;  
     O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,  
     If you stop you'r too late,  
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo !

*Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at Vauxhall.*

**A** S thro' the fields I chanc'd to stray  
 To hear the linnet's song,  
 I met a Shepherd in my way,  
 The blithest of the throng.

He stopt and gave my cheek a pat,  
 And told a tender tale :  
 Then stole a kiss, but what of that ?  
 'Twas Willy of the dale.

He press'd my hand, and talk'd of love  
 With extacy divine ;  
 Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,  
 And, if I pleas'd, be mine.  
 To meet him thus, (no creature near)  
 Soon made my cheeks look pale ;  
 But he declar'd I need not fear  
 Young Willy of the dale.

None sure possess such charms as he,  
 To win a maiden's mind ;  
 He's youthful, witty, gay and free,  
 And what's still more he's kind :  
 For now he meets me ev'ry night,  
 At which the lasses rail,  
 And vows I am the sole delight  
 Of Willy of the dale.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**W**HAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,  
 Or breezes from the new-mown clove ?  
 What's sweeter than an April morn,  
 Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn ?  
 What than Arabia's spicey grove ?  
 Oh sweeter far the breath of love.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**L**AUGHING cupids bring me roses,  
And my wreath ye graces twine;  
I'm this day disposed for rapture,  
Having beauty, wit, and wine.

Let the sober stoics wonder,  
And their apathy define;  
I'll not follow such dull doctrine,  
While I've beauty, wit, and wine.

Such old dotards well may censure,  
Call me thoughtless libertine:  
Sour's the grape when we can't reach it;  
So is beauty, wit, and wine.

Come ye brisk Arabian lasses,  
For that heav'n you seek is mine;  
Upon beds of roses lolling,  
Bless'd with beauty, wit, and wine.

And when this gay life is over,  
Pour libations on my shrine,  
I've a paradise hereafter,  
Full of beauty, wit, and wine.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Waterman.*

**A**ND did you not here of a jolly young wa-  
terman,  
Who at Black-Friars bridge us'd for to ply?  
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and  
dexterity,  
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:  
He



He look'd so neat, and row'd so steadily,  
 The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,  
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming  
 an air,

That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.  
 What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his  
 wherry!

'Twas clean'd out so nice, and so painted withal;  
 He was always first oars, when the fine city  
 ladies

In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall;  
 And oftentimes would they be giggling and leer-  
 ing;

But 'twas all one to Tom, their jibing and jeering;  
 For loving or liking he little did care,  
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen,  
 As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,  
 He was ply'd by a damsel, so lovely and charm-  
 ing,

That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he  
 did fall;

And would this young damsel but banish his  
 sorrow,

He'd wed her to-night before to-morrow;  
 And how shou'd this waterman ever know care?  
 When he's married, and never in want of a fare,

*Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE fairest flow'rs the vale prefer,  
 And shed ambrosial sweetness there;  
 While the tall pine and mountain oak,  
 Oft tell the tempest's ruder stroke.

So

So in the lowly moss-grown seat,  
 Dear peace and quiet dwell,  
 The storms that wreck the rich and great  
 Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**M**Y Jeany and I had toil'd  
 The live-long summer's day,  
 Till we were almost spoil'd,  
 At making of the hay.  
 Her kerchy was of Holland clear,  
 Tied to her bonny brow;  
 I whisper'd something in her ear;  
 But what is that to you?

Her Stockings were of kersey green,  
 And tight as ony silk;  
 O, sic a leg was never seen!  
 Her skin was white as milk.  
 Her hair was black as ane could wish,  
 And sweet, sweet was her mou!  
 Ah! Jeany daintily can kifs;  
 But what is that to you?

The Rose and lily baith combine  
 To make my Jeany fair:  
 There is nae benison like mine,  
 I have amaisf nae care.  
 But when another swain, my fair,  
 Shall say, you're fair to view:  
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,  
 " Pray what is that to you?"

*Sung by Miss Catley, in Love in a Village.*

**H**OW blest the maid whose bosom  
 No head-strong passion knows !  
 Her days in joy she passes,  
 Her nights in sweet repose :  
 Where-e'er her fancy leads her,  
 No pain, no fear invades her,  
 But pleasure  
 Without measure  
 From ev'ry object flows.

*Sung by Miss Catley, in Artaxerxes.*

**L**ET not rage, thy bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer claim remove :  
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.  
 Each ungentle thought suspending,  
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;  
 Nor, with rancour never ending,  
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.  
 Let not rage, thy bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer claim remove :  
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.  
 Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,  
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend ;  
 I, alas ! at once have lost  
 Father, brother, lover, friend !  
 Let not rage, thy bosom firing,  
 Pity's softer claim remove :  
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

*Sung*

*Sung in CYMON.*

**O** Why should we sorrow, who never knew  
Sin!

Let smiles of content shew our rapture within!  
This love has so rais'd me, I now fly in air!  
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain;  
Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:  
No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,  
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care.

*Sung by Mr. King, in Cymon.*

**I**f she whispers the judge, be he ever so wise,  
Tho' great and important his trust is;  
His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes  
Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows  
weak,

For love through his veins will be creeping;  
And his worship when near to a round dimple  
cheek,

Though he ought to be blind will be peeping.

## THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON. A CANTATA.

## RECITATIVE.

**T**HE festive board was met, the social band  
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent  
stand;

My sons, (began the sage) be this the rule;  
No brow austere must dare approach my school,  
Where

Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within :  
Old care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

A F R.

Tell not me the joys that wait  
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great :  
Wealth and wisdom I despise ;  
Cares surround the rich and wise ;  
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,  
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,  
Me their friend and fav'rite own,  
And I was born for them alone :  
Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,  
Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine :  
Bring me women, bring me wine :  
Speed the dancing hours away ;  
Mind not what the grave-ones say :  
Gaily let the minutes fly,  
In wit and freedom, love and joy :  
So shall love, shall life be mine ;  
Bring me women, bring me wine.

Scotch Song, *Set by Mr. Hook.*

**M**Y Laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,  
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to  
remain ;  
Tho' blue-bells and v'lets the hedges adorn,  
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the  
thorn ;  
No pleasure they give me ; in vain they look gay,  
'There's nothing can please me now Jockey's  
away ;

Forlorn

Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,  
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again,  
 When lads and their lasses are on the green met,  
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they  
 chat ;

Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,  
 I can't without envy their merriment see :  
 Their pastimes offend me, my laddie's not there,  
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;  
 It makes me to sigh, I can scarce tears refrain,  
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair ;  
 He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;  
 On fond expectation my wishes I'd least,  
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :  
 Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh,  
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?  
 I'll sing thro' the meadows, and alter my strain,  
 When Jockey returns to these arms back again.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**M**Y Peggy is a young thing  
 Just enter'd in her teens,  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay :  
 My Peggy is a young thing,  
 And I'm not very auld ;  
 Yet weel I like to meet her  
 At the wawking of the fauld.  
 My Peggy speaks so sweetly  
 Whone'er we meet alane ;

**Z**

I wish



I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare :  
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
     To a' the lave I'm cauld ;  
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
     At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
     Whene'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown :  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
     It makes me blythe and bauld,  
 And naething gives me sic delight  
     As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly  
 When on my pipe I play ;  
 By a' the rest, it is confess'd,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :  
 My Peggy sings sae fastly,  
     And in her sangs are tauld  
 With innocence, the wale of sense,  
     At wawking of the fauld.

*A two part Song, Set by Mr. Brewer.*

**T**URN Amarillis to thy swain,  
 Thy Damon calls thee back again ;  
 Here is a pretty arbour by,  
 Where Apollo cannot spy.  
 Here let's sit, and whilst I play,  
 Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Moody, in the Devil to pay.*

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
Crown this night with pleasure;  
Let none at the cares of life repine,  
To destroy our pleasure;  
Fill up the mighty, sparkling bowl,  
That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
May drink and sing, without controul,  
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be  
Guardian of our treasure,  
That, under thy protection, we  
May enjoy new pleasure:  
And as the hours glide away,  
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
And sing thy praises, that we may,  
Live and die with pleasure.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

YOUNG Colin having much to say  
In secret to a maid,  
Persuaded her to leave the hay,  
And seek th'em bow'ring shade;  
And after roving with his mate  
Where none cou'd hear or see,  
Upon the velvet ground they sat,  
Under the greenwood tree.  
Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast.  
What must I for them give?  
Nor night nor day can I have rest,  
I can't without you live;

My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,  
 Cou'd you and I agree,  
 Oh ! say, you to my wish incline,  
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,  
 The wary lass replies,  
 A lad, who must not sue in vain,  
 Now for my favour tries ;  
 He bids me name the sacred day,  
 In all things we agree ;  
 Then why shou'd you and I now stay  
 Under the greenwood tree

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,  
 He knew not what to do ;  
 Till to his suit she wou'd be kind,  
 He wou'd not let her go ;  
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,  
 No longer coy was she ;  
 At church she seal'd the vow she made,  
 Under the greenwood tree.

*Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.*

*Set by Dr. Arne.*

**W**ITH the pride of the garden and field,  
 We have deck'd our fond bosoms to day,  
 And all that the summer can yield,  
 Seems there to be blooming and gay :  
 'Tis better to gather in time  
 The flow'r, that else wastfully blows,  
 Little more than a day is the prime  
 Of the lily, the pink, and the rose.

*Soft*

Soft beauty's the May springing flow'r,  
That has but a season to boast ;  
Let us make what we can of its pow'r,  
Which else in a year may be lost :  
Let us scorn a short triumph of joy,  
O'er shepherds because of a face ;  
Nor venture too long to be coy,  
Lest winter discolour each grace.

Should we slightly laugh at their pain,  
Grown proud of our charms ev'ry day;  
When they fade we shall court them in vain,  
When they're wither'd they'll fling us away;  
Those treasures so gaudy and rare,  
Must wake ev'ry breast to desire;  
We may have whom we will while so fair,  
And should yield to the love we inspire.

## CUPID'S RECRUITING SERJEANT.

*Sung at the Grotto-Gardens.*

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos isle, so fam'd of old, I come,  
To raise recruits, with merry fife and drum;  
The queen of beauty here, by me, invites  
Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights:  
Obey the call, and seek the happy land,  
Where captain Cupid bears the sole command.

A I R.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youthful and  
gay,  
Attend to the call, and be blest while you may ;  
Lads

Lads and lasses hither come  
 To the sound of the drum,  
 I have treasure in store which you never have seen ;  
 Then haste, let us rove  
 To the island of love,  
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen,  
 Each nymph of sixteen who would fain be a wife,  
 Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life ;  
 Then lasses hither come  
 To the sound of the drum,  
 I have sweethearts in store such as never were seen ;  
 Haste, haste, let us rove  
 To the island of love,  
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.  
 Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to his  
 mind,  
 Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find ;  
 I can bless him for life,  
 With a kind loving wife,  
 More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen :  
 Then haste, let us rove  
 To the island of love,  
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.  
 In Paphos, we know of no discord nor strife,  
 Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life ;  
 In transport and joy,  
 We each moment employ,  
 And taste such delights as were never yet seen ;  
 Then haste, let us rove  
 To the island of love,  
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

*Sung*

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**S**MART Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth  
as her life,  
By many a swain was requested to wife;  
Her figure was graceful, and comely her face.  
Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place:  
The 'squire of the vill took it into his head,  
That he by great proffers could win her to bed;  
But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' saw,  
And baulk'd the poor 'squire with a hearty ha!  
ha!

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,  
Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart;  
With aukward address he made a strange fuss,  
Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb and beg'd for a buss.  
The lout fetch'd a sigh, and cry'd, 'deed Doll  
'tis true,  
Ife love the most woundely, i' faith, girl, I do;  
But she slap'd his fool's chops and bid him with-  
draw,  
So sent him away while she loud laugh'd ha! ha!

The next was a fellow so smart and so spruce,  
Who caper'd and fung, 'mong the girls play'd  
the deuce,  
And poor Dolly thought to serve as the rest,  
But she was too sharp, and of him made a jest.  
Quoth Doll, I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a man!  
Much less let a fop my affections trepan;  
And said, such a thing she before never saw,  
But hop'd he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out ha! ha!  
With



With the ladies I know 'tis a primitive rule,  
 Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;  
 And others again this opinion impart,  
 Their eyes they will please if they torture their  
     heart.

From these I dissent, but approve of the plan  
 That Dolly laid down, till you meet with your  
     man;

Then your hands and your hearts may unite with-  
     out flaw,

And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!

*The other Pitcher.*

THE silver moon that shines so bright,  
     I swear with reason is my teacher;  
 And if my minute glass runs right,  
     We've time to drink another pitcher.

'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,

    Then why should we forsake good liquor;

Until the sun beams round us play,

    Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,

    And sleep at night, to grow much richer;

But what is all the world can say,

    Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher:

    'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,

    Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;

Unvex'd I live a cheerful life,

    And boldly call for t'other pitcher.

    'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly

I dearly love a hearty man,  
 No sneaking milkfop Jemmy Twitcher ;  
 Who loves a laïs, and loves a can,  
 And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.  
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**S**WEET are the banks when spring perfumes  
 The verdant plants and laughing flowers,  
 Fragrant the violet as it blooms.

And sweet the blossom after showers :  
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,  
 That fans the golden orange-grove ;  
 But oh ! how sweeter far than these  
 The kisses are of her I love.

Ye roses, blushing in your beds,  
 That with your odours scent the air ;  
 Ye lilies chaste, with silver heads,  
 As dear Cleora's bosom fair ;  
 No more I court your balmy sweets,  
 For I, and I alone, can prove  
 How sweeter, when each other meets,  
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,  
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught,  
 Her sense, her friendship, next confin'd  
 The willing pupil she had taught.  
 Should fortune, stooping from the sky,  
 Conduct me to her bright alcove :  
 Yet like the turtle I should die,  
 Denied the kiss of her I love.

*Sung*

*Set by Mr. Worgan, and sung by Miss Jamieson,  
at Vauxhall.*

**T**O please me the more, and to change the  
dull scene,  
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green;  
And to every fine sight would he tempt me to  
roam,  
For he fear'd lest my heart should grow weary of  
home.

To yield to my shepherd so fond and so kind,  
I left my dear cot and true pleasure behind;  
And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam,  
For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,  
I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight;  
Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,  
When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there  
too long,  
I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song;  
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,  
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolick and  
gay;  
Who in roving now flutter your moments away;  
Believe it my aim shall be never to roam,  
But to live my life through, and be happy at  
home.

THE

## THE CAMP-MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,  
 The drum had beat a revelly,  
 And jolly foldiers on the ground,  
 In peaceful camp slept safe and sound :  
 Only one poor foldier, who,  
 Nought but love could e'er subdue,  
 Wander'd to a neighbouring grove,  
 There to vent his complaints of love.

For women are whimsical, changeable things,  
 Their sweets, like the bee's, are mingled with  
 stings ;

They're not to be got without toil, care and cost,  
 They're hard to be won and are easily lost.  
 In seeking a fair-one, I found, to my smart,  
 I know not the way, but I lost my own heart.

Ah ! hapless, hapless day,  
 That e'er I saw fair biddy ;  
 My heart she stole away,  
 My head she turn'd quite giddy.  
 The world may laugh and stare,  
 'Tis truly strange to see,  
 A lover so sincere,  
 A swain admir'd like me.

She's graceful, tall and slender,  
 She's brighter than the sun ;  
 Her looks are soft and tender,  
 But oh ! her heart's of stone :

Nor tears, nor sighs can move her ;  
 My bleeding heart she sees,  
 She knows too well I love her,  
 In vain I strive to please.

Too vainly once I thought  
 To gain the lovely charmer,  
 And ev'ry method sought,  
 In hopes to win and warm her ;  
 But all my hopes are over ;  
 What charms then can I try ?  
 But, like a hapless lover,  
 I'll set me down and die.

As on the ground he lay,  
 Minerva came that way,  
 In armour bright and gay,  
 And thus to him did say :

Rise, foldier, rise,  
 The drum has beat to arms,  
 Hark to her loud alarms!  
 Hang her beauty,  
 Mind your duty,  
 Think not of her charms.

Rise, foldier, rise,  
 I'll take you by the hand,  
 And I'll lead you through the land ;  
 I'll give you the command  
 Of a well chosen band.  
 Don't be stupid,  
 Drive away Cupid,  
 Follow Minerva's wise advice.

Soldier,

Soldier, go home, go home,  
 Nor mind your mistress's scorn  
 Slight, slight her again ;  
 For slighted vows should slight return.

The soldier thus rous'd from his amorous  
 sloth,

Hasted away to his duty ;  
 Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,  
 He'd never more think of her beauty.  
 Batchelor Bluff, Batchelor Bluff ;  
 Heigh for a heart that is rugged and tough.

He that is single can never wear horns ;

He that is single is happy ;  
 He that is married lays upon thorns,  
 And always is ragged and shabby.  
 Batchelor Bluff, &c.

He that is single, he fears not the rout,  
 Nothing to him can be sweeter ;  
 He has no wife that can wimper and pout,  
 Or cry, can you leave me, dear creature.  
 Batchelor Bluff, Batchelor Bluff ;  
 Heigh for a heart that is rugged and tough.

Ye bells and flirts, so smart and fair,  
 Say, are not soldiers form'd for love ?  
 For you shall find them all sincere,  
 Would you but kind and constant prove :  
 But if you slight their passion still,  
 And tyrannise o'er hearts so true,  
 Depend upon't they'll all rebel,  
 And will not care one fig for you.

A a

Ah !



Ah ! hold your idle foolish tongue  
 A little laughing Cupid said,  
 Have you never heard it sung,  
 That constancy will win a maid ?  
 And what on earth would ever prove  
 Superior to the joys of love !

Let wisdom preach in schools,  
 For what has she with love to do ;  
 We go not by such rules :  
 Unbounded pleasures we pursue ;  
 On rosy wine our fancies fly ;  
 We ev'ry wordly care defy.

Let Mars in council boast,  
 Of resolution, strength, and art ;  
 Love comes without a host,  
 And steals away the soldier's heart :  
 Love breaks the bow, the sword and spear,  
 And turns the angry face of war.

E'en mighty Jove above  
 Hath been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome ;  
 There's none can conquer love,  
 Tho' arm'd with sword and spear, or gun,  
 Then ground your arms, ye sons of war ;  
 None can resist the British fair.

A I R, *in* Judas Maccabeus.

**T**IS liberty, dear liberty alone,  
 That gives fresh beauty to the sun ;  
 That bids all nature look more gay,  
 And lovely life, with pleasure steal away.

*A Two-Part Hunting Song,*

## RECITATIVE.

**T**HE whistling ploughman hails the blushing  
dawn,

The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,  
Loud sings the black-bird thro' resounding groves,  
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

## A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away ;  
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds :  
I'll warrant he shews us some play ;  
See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.  
Then spur your brisk couriers, and smoke 'em,  
my bloods :

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :  
What concert is equal to those of the woods  
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,  
In cover no safety can find ;  
So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
And leaves us a distance behind.  
O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,  
All hazard and danger we scorn ;  
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;  
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,  
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;  
His speed can no longer avail,  
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that  
he fled,

See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn ;  
The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,  
And shouts to the sound of the horn.

*Sung by Miss Jameſon, at Vauxhall.*

**A**S now my bloom comes on a-pace,  
The ſwains begin to teize me ;  
But two who claim the foremoſt place,  
Try different ways to pleaſe me  
To judge aright, and chuſe the beſt,  
Is not ſo ſoon decided ;  
When both their merits are expreſs'd  
I may be leſs divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd ſtrey,  
He's rich beyond all meaſure ;  
Would I but ſmile, be kind and gay,  
He'd give me all his treaſure :  
But then our years do diſagree  
So much as I remember ;  
It is but May, I'm ſure with me,  
With him it is December.

Can I who ſcarcely am in bloom,  
Let froſt and ſnow be ſuing ;  
'Twould ſpoil each rip'ning joy to come,  
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin :  
For dreſs and ſhow to touch my pride,  
My little heart is panting ;  
But then there's ſomething elſe beſide  
I ſoon ſhould find was wanting.

Then

Then Colin, thou my choice shall gain,  
 For thou wilt ne'er deceive me ;  
 And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,  
 For thou hast more to give me :  
 My fancy paints thee full of charms  
 Thy looks so young and tender ;  
 Love beats his new and fond alarms—  
 To thee I now surrender.

*Sung at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

**T**HEN hey for a frolicksome life ;  
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife ;  
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,  
 And never think more of a wife.  
 Plague on it, men are but asses,  
 To run after noise and strife.  
 Had we been together buckled,  
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair ;  
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,  
 And boys pointing, cry'd—Look there !

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Devil to Pay.*

**Y**E gods, ye gave to me a wife,  
 Out of your grace and favour,  
 To be the comfort of my life,  
 And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine,  
 To greater bliss design her ;  
 To obey your wills at any time,  
 I'm ready to resign her ;

*The Chaise Marine.*

**M**Y dearest life, were you my wife,  
 How happy should I be :  
 And all my care in peace and war,  
 Should be to pleasure thee.  
 When up and down, from town to town,  
 We jolly foldiers rove,  
 Then you, my queen, in chaise marine,  
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I prize, beyond the skies,  
 Beyond the spoils of war,  
 Would'st thou agree to follow me,  
 In humble baggage car ;  
 For happiness, tho' in distress,  
 In foldiers wives is seen ;  
 And pride in coach, has more reproach,  
 Than love in chaise marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,  
 Nor set your heart on gain ;  
 Behold the great, with all their state,  
 Their lives are care and pain :  
 In house or tent, I pay no rent,  
 Nor care nor trouble see,  
 And ev'ry day, I get my pay,  
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,  
 Who lead ignoble lives,  
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,  
 Who fight none but their wives :

For

For Britain's right, and you we fight,  
 And ev'ry ill defy,  
 Should but the fair reward our care,  
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,  
 Can't win your harden'd heart,  
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,  
 Then take a soldier's part ;  
 With fife and drum, the soldiers come,  
 And all the pomp of war,  
 Then don't think mean of chaise marine,  
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

*Sung at Covent Garden-Theatre.*

**D**EAR madam, when ladies are willing,  
 A man must needs look like a fool ;  
 For me I would not give a shilling  
 For one that can love out of rule :  
 And least you should wait for our offers,  
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;  
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,  
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing,  
 And not speak the matter too plain ;  
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,  
 And yours to affect a disdain.  
 That you'r in a terrible taking,  
 By all your fond ogling I see ;  
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking,  
 Indeed, is too mellow for me.

*Sung*



*Written by Ambrose Phillips, Esq.*

**B**LEST as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth that fondly sits by thee :  
And sees, and hears thee, all the while,  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile,

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame  
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame ;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,  
My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

*The Lass of Peatty's Mill.*

**T**HE lass of Peatty's Mill,  
So bonny, blithe, and gay,  
In spite of all my skill  
Hath stole my heart away.  
When tedding on the hay  
Bare headed on the green,  
Love 'midst her locks did play,  
And wanton'd in her een.

Her

Her arms white, round, and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it would give youth  
 To press them with his hand :  
 Thro' all my spirits ran  
 An extacy of blifs,  
 When I such sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or finil'd :  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh ! had I all the wealth  
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long life and health,  
 And pleasures at my will ;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Peatty's Mill,  
 Should share the same with me.

*The Comical Fellow, a Glee. Sung at Vauxhall.*

**S**IR, you'r a comical fellow,  
 Your nose it is hooked,  
 Your back it is crooked ;  
 And you are a comical fellow.  
 What I? no you are a comical fellow.

Nav

Nay, you are a comical fellow,  
 You squint with such grace,  
 So red, is your face :  
 'Tis you are a comical fellow.

You, you, 'tis you are a comical fellow.

What I, am I a comical fellow ?  
 No, no, pray do not say so ;  
 I'm sure I'm no comical fellow.

*Favourite Glee. Sung by Mr. Bannister, Mr. Brett,  
 and Miss Harpur, in the Fitch of Bacon.*

**H**OW merrily we live that soldiers be,  
 Round the world thus we march with mer-  
 rily glee ;  
 On the pleasant downs sometime encamp'd we lie,  
 No care we know, but fortunes frown defy,  
 So long as we can see our colours fly.

*Set by Dr. Arne.*

**Y**E true honest Britons who love your own land,  
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and  
 free,  
 Who always beat France when they took her in  
 hand,  
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me ;  
 Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good  
 cheer,  
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;  
 Your wine-tipping, dram-sipping fellows retreat,  
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.  
 Let us, &c.

*Tho*

The French with their vineyards are meagre and  
pale,

They drink the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit;  
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,  
Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.  
Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us thus armed with  
our poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern  
jaws ring;  
For your beef-eating beer-drinking Britons are  
souls,

Who will shed their last drop for their country  
and king,  
Let us sing, &c.

### A C A T C H.

*Sung by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Mattocks and Mr. Quick,  
in the Duenna.*

**A** Bumper of good liquor,  
Will end a conquest quicker,  
Than justice, judge, or vicar;  
So fill a chearful glass,  
And let good humour pass:

But if deeper be the quarrel,  
Why sooner drain the barrel,  
Than be that hateful fellow;  
That's crabbed when he's mellow.  
A bumper, &c.

The

## The PLAY-HOUSE HUBBUB.

A CATCH, *Sung by Mr. Vernon, &c. at Vauxhall.*

SEE Bob, see, the play is done,  
 My lady's chariot, run boy, run;  
 Clear, clear the way, stand by, have a care:  
 Coach, coach, chair, first chair,  
 You fir, you, keep your horses back!  
 Link, light your honour, here's poor Jack.  
 Pop along, pop along, you scurvy botch;  
 Stop thief! stop thief! I've lost my watch.

## A FAVORITE SONG

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Comedy of Errors.*

STRAY not to those distant scenes,  
 From thy comfort do not rove;  
 Tarry in these peaceful glens;  
 Tread the quiet paths of love  
 Is not this sequester'd shade,  
 Richer than the proud alcove?  
 Tarry in this peaceful glade,  
 Tarry here with me and love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,  
 Listen to the cooing dove:  
 Hark the thrush's mellow throat  
 All uniting carols love:  
 See the limpid brooks around,  
 Winding thro' the varied grove:  
 This is passion's fairy ground,  
 Tarry here with me and love.

*Written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.*

**W**HEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds, too late, that men betray;  
What charms can soothe her melancholy?  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,  
To hide her flame from ev'ry eye,  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is to die!

### THE INVITATION.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**C**OME, ye party jangling swains,  
Leave the flocks and quit the plains.  
Friends to country, friends to court,  
Nothing here shall spoil our sport.  
Ever welcome to our feast,  
Welcome every friendly guest!

Sprightly widows come away,  
Laughing dames, and virgins gay,  
Little gaudy, fluttering misses,  
Smiling hopes of future blisses.  
Ever welcome, &c.

All that ripening sun can bring,  
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,  
In one varying scene we show  
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.  
Ever welcome, &c.



Comus jesting, music charming,  
Wine inspiring, beauty warming,  
Rage and party malice dies,  
Peace returns, and discord flies.

Ever welcome to our feast,  
Welcome every friendly guest.

*Sung by Mr. Baker, in Midas.*

SILENO.

**S**INCE you mean to hire for service,  
Come with me you jolly dog ;  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
'Tend the sheep and feed the hog.  
Fara diddle dol,—Fara diddle dol.  
Tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol

With three crowns your standing wages,  
You shall daintily be fed,  
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages  
Butter milk, and oaten bread.  
Fara diddle, &c.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home ;  
And when daily labour's over,  
We'll all dance to your hum strum.  
Fara diddle, &c.

APOLLO.

Done—strike hands, I take your offer,  
Farther on I may fare worse ;  
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,  
Hungry guts, and empty purse.  
Fara diddle dol, &c.

*Sung*

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**O** What joy does conquest yield,  
 When returning from the field?  
 Shining in his glitt'ring arms,  
 How the godlike warrior charms!  
 Laurel-wreaths his head furrounding,  
 Banners waving in the wind;  
 Fame her golden trumpet sounding,  
 Ev'ry voice in concert join'd.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in Midas.*

**H**E'S as tight a lad to fee to,  
 As e'er slept in leathern shoe,  
 And what's better, he'll love me too;  
 And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,  
 I defy what she can do,  
 He o'er look'd the little doxy;  
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him,  
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue;  
 If the youth prove true I'll fit him;  
 If he's false, I'll fit him too.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Midas.*

**B**E by your friends advised,  
 Too harsh, too hasty dad;  
 Maugre your bolts and wise head,  
 The world will think you mad.

What worse can Bacchus teach men,  
 His roaring bucks when drunk ;  
 Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,  
 And stagger to some punk.

*Sung by Miss Brown, in The Jovial Crew.*

**I**N the charming month of May,  
 When the pretty little birds begin to sing,  
 What a shame at home to stay ;  
 Nor enjoy the delights of the spring.  
 While the beggar that looks forlorn,  
 Tho' she's not so nobly born,  
 With her rags all patch'd and torn ;  
 While she dances and sings,  
 With the merry men and maids,  
 In her smiling eyes you may trace,  
 And her innocent cheatful face :  
 Tho' she's poor, may be  
 More happy than she,  
 That sighs in her rich brocades.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the Chelsea Pensioner.*

**T**HE world's a strange world, child it must be  
 confess'd,

We all of distress have our share ;  
 But since I must struggle to live with the rest,  
 By my troth 'tis no matter where.

We all must put up with what fortune has sent,  
 Be therefore one's lot poor or rich ;  
 So there is but a portion of ease and content,  
 By my troth, 'tis no great matter which.

A living's a living, and so there's an end,  
 If one honestly gets just enow,  
 And something to spare for the wants of a friend,  
 By my troth 'tis no great matter how.

In this world about nothing we busi'd appear,  
 And I've said it again and again;  
 Since quit it one must if one's conscience is clear;  
 By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

*Sung by Miss Thornton, in Calypso.*

**W**ELCOME young and favour'd lover,  
 Joyful I arrest my prize:  
 Come thou false provoking rover,  
 Come and heal Calypso's sighs.

Through the vale and o'er the mountain,  
 Many steps I've trod in vain;  
 Every grotto, every fountain,  
 Trac'd it o'er and o'er again.

Mortals what is filial duty,  
 What are virtue's stately charms?  
 When celestial love and beauty,  
 Tempt thee to Calypso's arms.

*Sung by Miss Catley, at Marybone Gardens.*

**C**OME thou rosy dimpled boy,  
 Source of ev'ry heart-felt joy;  
 Leave the blisful power a while,  
 Paphos and the Cyprian isle.

Bb 3

Visit

Visit Britain's rocky shore,  
 Britains to thy power adore :  
 Britains hearty, bold and free,  
 Own thy laws and yield to thee.

Source of ev'y heart-felt joy, &c.

Only while we love we live,  
 Love alone can pleasure give,  
 Pomp and power and tinsel'd state,  
 Those false pleasures of the great :  
 Crowns and titles envy'd things,  
 And the pride of eastern kings;  
 Are but childish empty toys,  
 When compar'd with love's sweet joys.  
 Love alone can pleasure give, &c.

*Sung by Mr. King, in Cymon.*

**I** Laugh and I sing,  
 I am blithesome and free,  
 The rogues little sting;  
 It can never reach me.

I laugh and I sing,  
 For with fal deral, tol de rol, taral doi  
 and tolderol, fol de rol, ta ral da,

I am blithesome and gay,  
 The rogue's little sting;  
 It can never reach me,

Can never, can never reach me.

My

My skin is so tough,  
 Or so blinking is he;  
 He can't pierce my buff:  
 Or he misses upon me.  
 For with fol de rol, &c.

Oh! never be dull,  
 By the sad willow-tree,  
 Of mirth be brimful,  
 And run over like me.  
 For with fol de rol, &c.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE hounds are all out, and the morning does  
 peep;

Why how now you sluggardly sot!  
 How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,  
 While we all on horseback are got.  
 My brave boys?

I cannot get up for the over-night's cup  
 So heavy it lies in my head;  
 Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,  
 But cuddle me longer in bed,

My dear boy.

Come, on with your boots, and saddle your mare,  
 Nor tire us with longer delay;  
 The cry of the hounds, and the sigh of the hare,  
 Will chase all dull vapours away,  
 My brave boys

A



*A CATCH, Sung at Vauxhall.*

**S**WEEP chimney sweep! news, rare news!  
Ground ivy, ground ivy, clean your honor's  
shoes:

See what you want or please to buy,  
A cure for the tooth ach, a drop for your eye?  
Birds and wild beasts, surprizing to all;  
The favourite songs that are sung at Vauxhall.  
Here's London in little, here's Paris in town,  
Here Breslaw exhibits for half a crown,  
Sweep chimney, &c.

*A PASTORAL. Sung at Vauxhall.*

**F**AREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,  
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;  
Where nightingales warble their loves,  
And nature is dress'd without art:  
No pleasure ye now can afford,  
No music can lull me to rest;  
For Phillis proves false to her word,  
And Strephon can never be blest.  
Oft times, by the side of a spring,  
Where roses and lilies appear,  
Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,  
For Strephon was all she held dear:  
But as soon as she found by my eyes,  
The passion that glow'd in my breast,  
She then to my grief and surprize,  
Prov'd all that she said was a jest.

Too

Too late to my sorrow, I find,

The beauties alone that will last,  
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,

Which envy or time cannot blast;  
Beware, then, beware how ye trust  
Coquettes, who to love make pretence;  
For Phillis to me had been just,  
If nature had blest her with sense.

THE MUSICAL IMITATION.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister, at Marybone Gardens.*

RECITATIVE.

A Foreign val. with amorous coragio,  
And all the milky softness of Adagio,  
To Poll, the millener, addresses paid;  
He sigh'd, he sung, to win the tender maid.

A I R.

Pigs, when parted from the sow,  
After mammy squeak in vain;  
Hungry crows pursue the plough,  
So I follow and complain;  
Roast a beef to Englis man,  
With a pudding sweet is dear,  
But no beef nor pudding can  
Keep out pretty Polly here.

RECITATIVE.

A jolly butcher, plenty in his face,  
Approach'd the fair with true Clare-market grace;  
His tape-bound hat he crush'd beneath his arm,  
And strove the fair one through her ear to charm.  
While

While watchmen in their boxes sleep,  
 And females loudly scream,  
 While sons of Bacchus tippie deep,  
 I sigh and of you dream.  
 When my calves and lambs I'm fleaing,  
 You, in thought, I'm ever seeing;  
 The ox confin'd for slaughter ne'er could moan  
 More deep—Oh! make me all your own.

## RECITATIVE.

Our lovely millener, thus closely press'd,  
 Turn'd all their am'rous sallies to a jest;  
 With bridled chin, and love-rejecting eyes,  
 She answer'd thus their glances, oaths and sighs:

## A I R.

I know ye both, I know ye both, indeed, indeed I do.  
 To shun such mishaps,  
 I'll fly both your traps,  
 Your sighs and sobbing you vainly pursue.  
 Much, more I fear,  
 Then come not near:  
 No, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
 Indeed, you may go;  
 See one inclin'd  
 To grant what you ask,  
 For wedding's a task  
 Too much for my mind.

*A Favourite Song in Tamerlane.*

**T**O thee, O! gentle sleep, alone  
 Is owing all our peace;  
 By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,  
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose hand by fraud or force  
 Some tyrant has possess'd,  
 By thee obtaining a divorce,  
 In her own choice is blest'd :

Oh ! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,  
 The sadly weeping fair  
 Conjures thee not to lose, in day,  
 The object of her care.  
 To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
 That motion chas'd her sleep :  
 Thus by ourselves are often wrought,  
 The griefs for which we weep.

*A favourite RONDEAU, Sung at Vauxhall Gardens.*

*Set by Mr. Bach.*

CEASE a while ye winds to blow,  
 Cease ye roaming streams to flow;  
 Hush'd be ev'ry other noise,  
 I want to hear my lover's voice.

Where's the brook, the rock, the tree ?  
 Hark, a sound—I think 'tis he !  
 'Tis not he ; yet night comes on.  
 Where's my lovely wand'rer gone ?

Loud I'll speak to make him hear.  
 'Tis I who call my Love, my dear !  
 The time is come. Why this delay ?  
 Alas ! my wand'rer's lost his way.

*Sung in L'Allegro il Penseroso.*

**L**ET me wander not unseen,  
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green  
 There the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;  
 And the milkmaid singeth blythe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe:  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Or let the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound,  
 To many a youth and many a maid  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

### COX-HEATH CAMP.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.*

**Y**E beaux and ye belles pray attend to my song,  
 'Tis new, I assure you, and will not be long;  
 From the Camp I'm arriv'd, that scene of delight,  
 Where they romp, sing, and dance, all the day  
 and the night.

To the Camp then all repair,  
 Gallant swains, and blooming fair;  
 Gaily laughing, let us tramp  
 To the merry, merry camp.

Well, who could have thought that war was so  
 charming!

Nothing there's in it that can be alarming;  
 Nor Margate, nor Bath, nor the fam'd Tunbridge-  
 Wells,

Like the Camp all our sorrow so sweetly dispels.  
 To the Camp, &c. With

With parsons, squires, clowns, ~~there~~ is such intrusion,

The camp is a type sure of Babel's confusion;  
There's hautboys and trumpets, brisk fifes and  
bassoons,

Both charm you and stun you with fifty old tunes,  
To the camp, &c.

E'en Cupid, gay Cupid, to Coxheath is come,  
For Love he's recruiting with fife and with drum!  
A thousand sweet damsels he has in his train,  
A heart he now offers each martial young swain.  
To the camp, &c.

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.*

**O**N Richmond hill there lives a lass,  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass—  
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good will,  
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond hill!

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
And wanton thro' the grove,  
Oh! whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her and love.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
Who calls this nymph his own,  
Oh! may her choice be fix'd on me,  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.



## POOR JACK.

*A Sea Song by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**G**O patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,  
 'Bout danger and fear, and the like;  
 A tight-water boat, and good sea-rooin give me,  
 And it e'n't to a little I'll strike;  
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack-smooth  
 should smite,  
 And shiver each splinter of wood—  
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse ev'ry  
 thing tight,  
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud—  
 Avast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,  
 To be taken for trifles a-back,  
 For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft—  
 To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.  
 Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day  
 About souls - heaven—mercy—and such;  
 And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!—  
 Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:  
 But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,  
 Without orders that come down below;  
 And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me  
 That Providence takes us in tow. [oft  
 “For,” says he, “d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so  
 Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,  
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft  
 To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack.”  
 I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry),  
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,  
 “What argasies sniv'ling and piping your eye?  
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!

Can't

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room  
for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;  
And if to old *Davy* I should go, my dear Poll,  
Why, you never will hear of me more !  
What then ?—all's a hazard—come don't be so  
soft—

Perhaps I may laughing come back ;  
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,  
To keep watch for—the life of Poor Jack."

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch  
All as one as a piece of the ship,  
And with her brave the world, without offering  
to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip,  
As to me, in all weathers, all times, sides and ends,  
Nought's a trouble from duty that forings —  
My heart is my Poll's—and my rhino my friend's,  
And as for my life—'tis my King's !  
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft  
As with grief to be taken a-back—  
That same little cherub that sits up aloft  
Will look out a good birth for—Poor Jack."

## ALONE, BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY.*

**T**HE day is departed, and round from the  
cloud

The moon in her beauty appears ;  
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud  
The music of love in our ears.

Maria, appear ; now the season so sweet  
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;  
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet  
 Alone, by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel ;  
 I sigh—can a lover do more ?

Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er :

Maria, my love, do you long for the grove ?  
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?

Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove  
 Alone, by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
 My bosom is all in a glow ;  
 Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine  
 ear,

My heart thrills—my eyes overflow ;  
 Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine  
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?

Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine  
 Alone, by the light of the moon ?

#### STERNE AT THE TOMB OF MARIA.

*Sung by Miss GEORGE.*

**T**HE sun shone pale on mountain snows,  
 While morn unbarr'd her gate ;  
 Wak'd by his beams, Maria rose  
 To mourn her hapless fate :  
 In piteous sounds of deepest woe,  
 Which echo'd through the vale,  
 Soft as the rising blush of morn,  
 Or zephyr's fragrant gale.

All night her shroud before her past,  
 The owl cry'd, and raven too ;  
 At eve Maria breath'd her last,  
 And prov'd these omens true :  
 Her spirit's now in heav'n repos'd,  
 Which her sad vigils kept ;  
 Whose wounds on earth were never clos'd,  
 Whose sorrows never slept.  
 Yet, ere I bid my last adieu,  
 While in thy clay cold bed,  
 Accept the tear of friendship true,  
 Which o'er thy grave I shed :  
 While life remains, thy hapless love  
 In mem'ry e'er shall live ;  
 May'st thou in heav'n those blessings prove,  
 Which earth could never give.

AN ADIEU TO THE ROCKS OF LANNOW.

*Sung by Mr. HARRISON.*

*Written by Miss SEWARD.*

**F**ROM thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly ;  
 From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide ;  
 From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as they,  
 Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride ;  
 Yet, lonely and rude as the scene,  
 Her smile to that scene could impart  
 A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale—  
 But away, thou fond dream of my heart.  
 To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu !  
 Now the blasts of the winter come on,  
 And the waters grow dark as they rise ;  
 Yet 'tis well — they resemble the sullen disdain  
 That has lowr'd in those insolent eyes :

Sincere were the sighs it repress'd—

But they rose in the days that are flown;

Ah! nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,

My spirit is proud as thy own.

To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Lo! the wings of the sea fowl are spread,

To escape the rough storm by their flight;

And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat

From the winds and the billows of night:

Like them, to the home of my youth—

Like them, to its shades I retire;

Receive me, and shield my chill'd spirit, ye groves,

From the storms of insulted desire.

To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

### DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

*A Song by Mr. COLLINS.*

**O** FORTUNE! how strangely thy gifts are  
awarded!

How much to thy shame thy caprice is recorded,  
Since the wise, great, and good, of thy frowns  
feldom 'scape any,

Witness poor BELISARIUS, who begg'd for a  
halfpenny.

*Date obolum, date obolum, date obolum, BELISARIO.*

He whose fame for true valour was spread far and  
wide, Sir,

And whom none but his COUNTRY true praise  
e'er deny'd, Sir, [led, Sir,

By his poor faithful Dog was thro' ROME's city  
With one foot in the grave forc'd to beg for his

bread, Sir.

*Date obolum, &c.*

As

As a *young Roman* KNIGHT was by chance passing  
by, Sir,

The *old soldier's* appearance at once caught his eye,  
Sir ;

And his purse in his helmet he dropt with a tear, Sir,  
While the VETERAN's sad story attracted his ear,  
Sir. *Date obolum, &c.*

" I have fought, I have bled; I have conquer'd  
for ROME, Sir ;

I have crown'd her with laurels, which for ages  
will bloom, Sir :

From her foes harsh dominion I've raised her to  
power ;

I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower.

*Date obolum, &c.*

" I no soldiers e'er risqu'd, by attacking at random,  
Or victory insur'd with a '*nil desperandum* ;'

But whenever I fought, I made both friend and  
foe know,

That all my design was '*Pro Publico Bono*.'

*Date obolum, &c.*

" I no Colonies lost, by attempts to enslave 'em,  
Or of ROMANS free rights ever strove to bereave  
'em ;

Or to bow down their necks to my pride or my  
pleasure,

Have an EMPIRE *divided*, or wasted its treasure.

*Date obolum, &c.*

" Nor yet to enrich or ennoble myself, Sir,

Has my glory been tarnish'd by base views of  
pelf, Sir ;

For



For such sordid designs I've so far been from  
carving,

*Blind and old, I've no chance but of begging or  
starving. Date obolum, &c.*

“ Now, if HERO, or STATESMAN, should hear  
this relation,

Whose deeds have still been for the good of his  
nation,

Who, tho' feeble and blind, should like me grope  
his way, Sir,

*The bright SUN-BEAMS of VIRTUE will turn  
night to day, Sir. Date obolum, &c.*

“ But if wanting that light at the close of life's  
spark, Sir,

He at length comes to take the great leap in the  
dark, Sir,

He may wish, while his friends wring their hands  
round his bed, Sir,

*That, like poor BELISARIUS, he'd begg'd for his  
bread, Sir.”*

*Date obolum BELISARIO.*

I'D RATHER BE EXCUS'D,

*Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.*

**R**ETURNING from the fair one eve,  
Across yon verdant plain,

Young Harry said he'd see me home,

A tight and comely swain:

He begg'd I would a fairing take,

And would not be refus'd;

Then ask'd a kiss—I blush'd and cry'd,

“ I'd rather be excus'd.”

“ You're

“ You’re coy,” said he, “ my pretty maid,  
 I mean no harm, I swear ;  
 Long time I have in secret sigh’d  
 For you, my charming fair ;  
 But if my tenderness offend,  
 And if my love’s refus’d,  
 I’ll leave you—“ What alone ?” cry’d I !  
 “ I’d rather be excus’d.”

He press’d my hand, and on we walk’d,  
 He warmly urg’d his suit ;  
 But still to all he said, I was  
 Most obstinately mute ;  
 At length got home, he angry cry’d,  
 “ My fondness is abus’d ;  
 Then die a maid”—“ Indeed,” says I,  
 “ I’d rather be excus’d.”

### J E M o f A B E R D E E N.

*A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Miss LEARY.*

**T**HE tuneful lavrocks cheer the grove,  
 And sweetly smells the summer green ;  
 Now o’er the mead I love to rove,  
 Wi’ bonny Jem of Aberdeen.  
 Whene’er we sit beneath the broom, or wander  
 o’er the lee,  
 He’s always wooing, wooing, wooing, always  
 wooing me.

He’s fresh and fair as flow’rs in May,  
 The blithest lad of a’ the green ;  
 How sweet the time will pass away  
 Wi’ bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Wi’

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,  
 Wi' ilka sport of glen or green,  
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot  
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

THE UNION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY.*

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,  
 And love at his shrine gay libations to pour;  
 And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,  
 For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires;  
 Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold,  
 My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold,  
 For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,  
 Is of Bacchus gay god and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair the brisk bumper I hold,  
 Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold;  
 The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,  
 If good port fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the  
 toast;

And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,  
 If her sopher's encircled with wreaths from his tree;  
 For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove  
 Is of Bacchus gay god and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,  
 O! give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;  
 Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart  
 Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have  
 apart;

Go try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,  
 And your hearts shall in unison beat to my song,  
 That the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,  
 Is of Bacchus gay god and the goddess of love.

P.L.L.

ILL NOT BE CONFIN'D LIKE A BIRD  
IN A CAGE.

*Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.*

**E**RE yet in my youth, and my beauty in prime,  
To hear a soft tale can be surely no crime;  
Tho' my mother and aunt will continually preach,  
And lessons of this, that, and t'other, will teach:  
Their advice may, no doubt, be both learned and  
sage;

Yet I'll not be confin'd like a bird in a cage.

The goldfinch and linnet their plumage display;  
How sweet sound their notes, as they perch on the  
spray;

'Tis liberty gives all the joy to the song,  
And nature and fancy the notes still prolong;  
Like them, I with freedom will ever engage;  
For I'll not be confin'd like a bird in a cage.

If love shou'd invite me to favour some youth,  
Whose eyes beam with transport, with honour,  
and truth,

To his wishes, 'tis possible, I may comply;  
For my heart is too tender such worth to deny:  
Yet, if I with love and with Hymen engage,  
I'll not be confin'd like a bird in a cage.

A LINNET'S NEST, WITH ANXIOUS CARE.

A FAVOURITE BALLAD,

*Composed and sung by* CHARLES DIEDIN.

**A** LINNET's nest, with anxious care,  
Young Strephon one day found me;  
When instantly the plunder'd pair

With cries came flutt'ring round me:

“ And

“And is it thus,” cries I, “unkind,  
 You’d raise compassion in me?  
 Hence, cruel, hence—unless you’d find  
 Some better way to win me.”

“Alas! if to give pain,” cry’d he,  
 “My love for you has wrought me;  
 I practise but that cruelty  
 You have so often taught me:  
 If thus the linnet and his mate  
 Can raise compassion in you,  
 No more unkindness imitate,  
 But let your Strephon win you.”

This said—like lightning back he flew,  
 The mossy nest restoring;  
 The linnets kept their young in view,  
 No more their loss deploring:  
 Meanwhile this act, so sweet, so kind,  
 Had rais’d affection in me;  
 And Strephon was well pleas’d to find  
 The certain way to win me.

## NEW BOW WOW.

*Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT, at the Royal Grove.*

**N**OW listen my friends to an old dog’s new  
 story,

Which contains of his race the pretensions to glory;  
 For we dogs may be found in ev’ry rank and station,  
 Since puppies are carefs’d as the first of the nation.

Bow, wow, wow, fal lal de iddy oddy,  
 bow, wow, wow.

The flatterer's a canting dog, he's always a  
fawning,

An alderman's a sleepy dog that's always a  
yawning ;

A lawyer is a greedy dog, he lives upon mischief,

A physician is a terrible dog, of killing he is chief.

Bow, wow, wow.

A taylor's a setting dog, whose game is a goose,  
fir

A husband's a simple dog that's hang'd in a noose,  
fir ;

A cuckold is a common dog, which ev'ry wife  
will tell ye,

A glutton is a cramming dog, he loves you for  
his belly.

Bow, wow, wow.

A swindler is a forry dog, he lives by always  
cheating,

A Frenchman is a nimble dog, that runs from  
ev'ry beating ;

A foldier is a noble dog, in ev'ry rank and station,

A sailor is a hearty dog, as any in the nation.

Bow, wow, wow.

A lover is a wretched dog, without his pretty  
dear, fir,

A bully is a swagg'ring dog, I neither love nor  
fear, fir ;

A miser is a saving dog, that keeps an inch of  
candle,

And a coxcomb is a lap-dog, for pretty maids to  
dandle.

Bow, wow, wow.

D d

A cook



A cook is a charming dog, when he gives us good  
cheer, fir,

A sot is a foaking dog at wine, punch, or beer,  
fir;

A landlord's a cheating dog, he chalks two for  
one, fir,

And a rogue is a sad dog, that thousands has un-  
done, fir. Bow, wow, wow.

A gambler is a shuffling dog, he tricks by the  
cards, fir,

A bailiff is a fly dog, that bites very hard, fir;

A rake is a jolly dog, whom all women fancy,

And I am your faithful dog, as any here you can  
see. Bow, wow, wow.

# THE NEGLECTED TARS OF BRITAIN :

*Sung with great applause by Mr. DIGNUM, at the  
ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.*

*(Tune, — Vicar of Bray.)*

**I** SING the British seaman's praise,

A theme renown'd in story ;

It well deserves more polish'd lays,

Oh ! 'tis your boast and glory :

When mad brain'd war spreads death around,

By them you are protect'd ;

But when in peace the nation's found,

These bulwarks are neglected.

Then oh ! protect the hardy tar,

Be mindful of his merit ;

And when again you're plung'd in war,

He'll shew his daring spirit.

When

When thickest darkness covers all,  
 Far on the trackless ocean ;  
 When lightning darts, when thunders roll,  
 And all is wild commotion ;  
 When on the bark the white-topp'd waves  
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling,  
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,  
 Untam'd amidst the howling.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,  
 He feels a glowing pleasure ;  
 He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,  
 Elated beyond measure :  
 Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck  
 Should lifeless trunks appear,  
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,  
 The sailor knows no fear.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on Southern brine,  
 Where scorching beams assail him ;  
 When all the canvas hangs supine,  
 And food and water fail him :  
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,  
 Where plenty still is reigning ;  
 They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,  
 He sighs—but scorns complaining.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,  
 Where death so oft befriends him ;  
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,  
 True courage still attends him :

No clime can this eradicate,  
 He glories in annoyance ;  
 He fearless braves the storms of fate,  
 And bids grim death defiance.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,  
 In peace be then neglected ?  
 Behold him moving long the pier,  
 Pale, meagre, and dejected :  
 Behold him begging for employ,  
 Behold him disregarded ;  
 Then view the anguish in his eye,  
 And say, Are tars rewarded ?

Then oh ! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe ;  
 In peace then would you starve them ?  
 What say ye, Britain's sons—Oh ! no ;  
 Protect them and preserve them :  
 Shield them from poverty and pain,  
 'Tis policy to do it ;  
 Or when grim war shall come again,  
 Oh ! Britons, you may rue it.

Then oh ! protect, &c.

## A FAVOURITE SONG,

*By Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.*

**N**O riches from his scanty store  
 My lover could impart ;  
 He gave a boon I valued more,—  
 He gave me all his heart,

His soul sincere, his generous worth,  
 Right well his bosom move ;  
 And when I ask'd for bliss on earth.  
 I only meant his love.

But now from me in search of gain,  
 From shore to shore he flies ;  
 Why wander riches to obtain,  
 When love is all I prize !

The frugal meal, the lowly cot,  
 If blest'd, my love, with thee ;  
 That simple fare, that humble lot,  
 Were more than wealth to me.

While he the dangerous ocean braves,  
 My tears but vainly flow ;  
 Is pity in the faithless waves,  
 To which I pour my woe ?

The night is dark, the waters deep,  
 Yet soft the billows roll ;

Alas ! at ev'ry breeze I weep—  
 The storm is in my soul.

### MARY'S DREAM: OR, SANDY'S GHOST.

*Sung by Miss HARWOOD, at the Queen's Concert.*

**T**HE moon had climb'd the highest hill  
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
 And from the eastern summit shed  
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;  
 Then Mary laid her down to sleep,  
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
 When soft and low a voice was heard  
 Say, " Mary weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
 Her head, to ask who there might be,  
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye :  
 " O Mary dear, cold is my clay,  
 It lies beneath a stormy sea,  
 Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
 So Mary weep no more for me.  
 Three stormy nights and stormy days  
 We tofs'd upon the raging main,  
 And long we strove our bark to save,  
 But all our striving was in vain :  
 E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,  
 My heart was fill'd with love for thee ;  
 The storm is pass'd, and I at rest,  
 So Mary weep no more for me.  
 O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
 We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
 Where love is free from doubt or care,  
 And thou and I shall part no more :"  
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,  
 No more of Sandy could she see ;  
 But soft the passing spirit said,  
 " Sweet Mary weep no more for me."

### THE MANSION OF PEACE.

*Sung by Mr. HARRISON, at the Queen's Concert.*

#### RECITATIVE.

**S**OFT zephyr, on thy balmy wing,  
 Thy gentlest breezes hither bring ;  
 Her slumbers guard, some hand divine,  
 Ah ! watch her with a care like mine.

A I R.

## A I R.

A rose from her bosom has stray'd,  
 I'll seek to replace it with art ;  
 But no, 'twill her slumbers invade,  
 I'll wear it, fond youth, next my heart.  
 Alas ! silly rose, hadst thou known,  
 'Twas Daphne that gave thee that place ;  
 Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown,  
 Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

## R O N D E A U.

*Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.*

*The Words by G. A. STEVENS.*

**P**RIMROSES deck the bank's green side,  
 Cowslips enrich the valley ;  
 The blackbird wooes his destin'd bride,  
 Let's range the fields, my Sally.  
 The devious path our steps shall bring  
 To yonder happy grove,  
 Where nightingales delighted sing,  
 And Zephyrs whisper love.

*Primroses, &c. &c.*

With sweetest flowers a wreath I'll twine,  
 To bind that modest brow of thine ;  
 My love shall banish ev'ry fear,  
 And crown thee goddess of the year.

SHAKE-



# SHAKESPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN,

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—( *In a Forest here hard by.* )

OUR immortal poet's page  
Says, All the world's a stage ;  
And that men, with all their airs,  
Are nothing more than players ;  
Where each tries by comic art  
In his turn to play his part ;  
All to keep up the farcical scene O !

Enter here,  
Exit there ;  
Stand in view,  
Mind your cue :

Hey down, ho down, derry derry down, all to fill  
up the scene O !

First the infant in the lap,  
Muling, puling, for its pap ;  
Like a chicken that we truss,  
He's so swaddled by his nurse ;  
Who to please the puppet tries,  
As he giggles and he cries ;  
All to keep up the farcical scene O !

Hush a bye,  
Wipe an eye ;  
Kisses pretty,  
Suck a tetty :

Hey down, &c.

Next the pretty child of grace,  
With his shining morning face ;

With

With fatchel on his back,  
To school, alas ! must pack ;  
But like a snail he creeps,  
As o'er his task he weeps ;

All to keep up the farcical scene O !

Book mislaid,  
Truant play'd ;  
Rod in pickle,  
Bum to tickle : Hey down, &c.

Next the lover then appears,  
Soufed over head and ears ;  
Like lobsters on the fire,  
Sighing, ready to expire ;  
With a loop-hole thro' his heart,  
You may thro' it drive a cart ;

All to fill up the farcical scene O !

Beauty spurns him,  
Passion burns him ;  
Like a wizard,  
Cuts his gizzard : Hey down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder,  
Breathing slaughter, blood, and thunder ;  
Like a cat among the mice,  
Kicks a dust up in a trice ;  
Talks of blood and streaming veins,  
Shatter'd limbs and scatter'd brains ;

All to fill up the farcical scene O !

Run to fly,  
Fight or die ;  
Helter skelter,  
Pop and pelter :

Hey down, &c.  
Then

Then a justice in his chair,  
 With a broad and vacant stare ;  
 With wig of formal cut,  
 And belly like a butt ;  
 Well lin'd with turtle hash,  
 Callipee and callipash ;  
 All to fill up the farcical scene O !

Pimp or cull,  
 Bawd or trull,  
 At his nod  
 Go to quod :

Hey down, &c.

Next the slipper'd pantaloon,  
 In life's dull afternoon ;  
 Shrunk shank in youthful hose,  
 And spectacles on nose ;  
 His voice, once big and round,  
 Now whistles in its sound ;  
 All to fill up the farcical scene O !

Vigour spent,  
 Body bent ;  
 Shaking noddle,  
 Widdle waddle :

Hey down, &c.

But the last act of the play,  
 Second childhood leads the way ;  
 And like sheep that take the rot,  
 All our senses go to pot ;  
 Then death among us sweeps,  
 And so down the curtain drops ;  
 All to fill up the farcical scene O !

Laid

Laid in ground,  
Glas goes round ;  
Vicar and Moses  
Toast their noses :

Hey down, &c.

# ANACREONTIC SONG.

*By Mr. BANNISTER.*

**T**O Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full  
glee,

A few Sons of Harmony sent a petition,  
That he their inspirer and patron would be ;  
When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old  
Grecian :

“ Voice, fiddle, and flute,

“ No longer be mute,

“ I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot ;

“ And besides, I'll instruct you like me to entwine  
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”

The news thro' Olympus immediately flew,

When old Thunder pretended to give himself  
airs :

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

“ Hark ! already they cry,

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly ;

“ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to en-  
twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

“ The

“ The yellow-hair’d god and his nine fusty maids  
 “ From Helicon’s banks will incontinent flee ;  
 “ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
 “ And the bi-forked hill a mere desert will be :

“ My thunder, no fear on’t,

“ Shall soon do its errand,

“ And, damn me, I’ll swinge the ringleaders, I  
 warrant ;

“ I’ll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Apollo rose up, and said, “ Pr’ythee ne’er quarrel,

“ Good king of the gods, wi’ my vot’ries be-  
 low ; [rel,

“ Your thunder is useless :”—then shewing his lau-  
 Cried, “ *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know !

“ Then over each head

“ My laurel I’ll spread,

“ So my Sons from your crackers, no mischief shall  
 dread ;

“ Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially  
 twine

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Next Momus rose up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he’d cheerfully join :

“ The full tide of harmony still should be his,

“ But the song, and the catch, and the laugh,  
 shall be mine :

“ Then, Jove, be not jealous

“ Of these honest fellows.”

Cried Jove, “ We relent, since the truth you now  
 tell us ; [twine

“ And swear by old Styx, that they long shall en-

“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s vine.”

Ye

Ye Sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,  
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love :  
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd ;  
 You've the sanction of gods, and the *fiat* of Jove.  
 While thus we agree,  
 Our toast let it be,

" May our club flourish happy, united and free ;  
 " And long may the Sons of Anacreon entwine  
 " The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

## S O N G.

*By Mr. BANNISTER.*

**I**F life is a bubble, and breaks with a blast,  
 You must toss off your wine, if you'd wish it  
 to last ;

For this bubble may well be destroy'd with a puff,  
 If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life is a flower, as philosophers say,  
 'Tis a very good hint, understood the right way :  
 For if life is a flower, any blockhead can tell,  
 If you'd have it look fresh, you must moisten it well.

This life is no more than a journey, 'tis said,  
 Where the roads, for most part, are confoundedly  
 bad : [own,

Then let wine be our spur, and each traveller will  
 That whatever the roads, we jog merrily on.

This world to a Theatre liken'd has been,  
 Where each man around has a part in the scene ;  
 'Tis our part to get drunk, and 'tis matter of fact,  
 That the more you all drink, boys, the better  
 you'll act.

E c

This



This life is a dream, in which many will weep,  
Who have strange silly fancies, and cry in their  
sleep : [be said,

But for us, when we wake from our dream, 'twill  
That the tears of the tankard were all that we shed.

MON CHER AMI, AMI TRES CHER.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.*

**M**ON cher ami, ami tres cher,  
My love shall soothe thy every care ;  
Thou in return shalt smile on me,  
Nor aught but joy our life shall see,

Mon cher ami,

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,  
Thy breast shall still retain the flame  
With which it long has glow'd for me ;  
Thy constant wedded friend I'll be,

Mon cher ami.

United thus, may every year  
Thy Lydia grow to thee more dear ;  
Nor sue for pity more from me,  
Nor droop from her who lives for thee,

Mon cher ami.

A NEW ANACREONTIC SONG.

*Sung by Mr. SEDGWICK, with great Applause,*

*At the ROYALTY THEATRE.*

**T**O banish life's troubles, the Grecian old sage  
Press'd the fruit of the vintage oft into the  
bowl ;

Which made him forget all the cares of old age,  
It bloom'd in his face, and made happy his soul

While

Whilst here we are found,

Put the bumper around,

'Tis the liquor of life that each care can controul.

This jovial Philosopher taught that the sun

Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main;

That the planets would tippie away as they run,

The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the rain;

Whilst here we are found,

Put the bumper around,

'Tis the liquor of life, and why should we refrain.

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,

The hero and lover alike it makes bold;

Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,

Delightful alike to the young and the old:

Whilst here we are found,

Put the bumper around,

That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

## THE PLOUGH-BOY.

*Sung by Mr. BLANCHARD, in The Farmer.*

**A** FLAXEN-headed cow-boy, as simple as  
may be,

And next a merry plough-boy I whistled o'er the  
lea:

But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,

And soon I'll be a butler and wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a trades-  
man's bill,

My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill:

When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,

You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled  
o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made  
     the pelf, [myself :  
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in  
 Whatever's good for me, fir, I never will oppose ;  
 When all my Ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell  
     my Noes.  
 I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with speeches  
     charm the ear, [a peer.  
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down  
 In court or city honour so great a man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled  
     o'er the lea.

## THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

By PETER PINDAR.

**I** ONE bird of eve, whose liquid throat  
     Delights my silent way,  
 Who cheereft with a farewell note  
     The beam of parting day ;  
 The wretch who wanders near the thorn,  
     Amidst the gath'ring gloom,  
 Pursues with sighs a path forlorn,  
     To weep at Cynthia's tomb.  
 Come, Minstrel of the twilight hour,  
     And mourn with me the maid ;  
 Thy tend'rest song of sorrow pour  
     To soothe the gentlest shade.  
 So when thy voice in death shall cease,  
     To leave that lonely tree,  
 May red-breasts pour the song of peace,  
     Of sweetest peace, to thee !

# THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

*Written and sung by Mr. COLLINS,*

*Author of the EVENING BRUSH.*

**T**O my muse give attention, and deem it not  
a mystery,

If we jumble together music, poetry, and history;  
The times to display in the reign of Queen Bess,  
Sir,

Whose name and whose memory posterity may  
blefs, Sir :

O the golden days of good Queen Bess,  
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of Dons and  
Armadas,

With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering  
bravadoes ;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and  
the bow, Sir,

And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a  
crow, Sir. O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses  
were thatch'd, Sir,

Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd,  
Sir ;

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and  
rob, Sir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job,  
Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

E e 3

Then

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about  
 the neck fast,  
 Would gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their  
 breakfast;  
 While a close quilted coif their noddles just did fit,  
 Sir,  
 And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the  
 spit, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted  
 hose, Sir,  
 With a pair of huge whiskers, was the dress of our  
 beaus, Sir;  
 Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock, Sir,  
 And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an  
 ox, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then as plenty too as  
 beef, Sir,  
 And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief,  
 Sir;  
 While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and  
 the plow, Sir,  
 And honest men could live by the sweat of their  
 brow, Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks every Sunday went twice at least  
 to church, Sir,  
 And never left the parson or his sermon in the  
 lurch, Sir;

For they judg'd the sabbath was for people to be  
good in,

And they thought it sabbath-breaking if they din'd  
without a pudding.

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good  
men were great, Sir,

And the props of the nation were the pillars of the  
state, Sir;

For the sovereign and the subject one interest sup-  
ported,

And our powerful alliance by all powers then was  
courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their  
lives, Sir,

Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir,  
May we their descendants pursue the same ways,  
Sir,

That King George, like Queen Bess, may have  
his golden days, Sir :

And may a longer reign of glory and success,  
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen  
Bess.

# P A T T Y C L O V E R .

*Sung by Mr. BLANCHARD, in Marian.*

**W**HEN little on the village-green  
We play'd, I learn'd to love her :  
She seem'd to me some Fairy Queen,  
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With



With every simple childish art  
 I try'd each day to move her :  
 The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart,  
 To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flowers to deck her breast,  
 I chose—an infant lover ;  
 I stole the goldfinch from its nest,  
 To give to Patty Clover.

## A VERY OLD SONG.

*From a scarce Copy.*

(Tune, *Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre.*)

**W**HAT shall I do to shew how much I love  
 her ?

Thought's heavy burden what language can tell!  
 Will my soft passion be able to move her ?

Speaking—so poorly, tho' feeling—so well.

Can sighs and tears in their silence betoken  
 Half the distress this fond bosom must know ;  
 Or will she melt, when a true heart is broken,  
 Weeps at my story, yet smiles at my woe !

What could I do to ward off the illusion,  
 Fetters affection, and reason disarms ;  
 Prudence itself but increas'd my confusion,  
 Art became nature—at sight of her charms.

Is there a grace comes not playful before her ?  
 Is there a virtue and not in her train ?  
 Is there a swain but delights to adore her ?  
 Pains she a heart but it boasts of her chain ?

Could

Could I believe she'd prevent my undoing,  
 Life's gayest fancy the hope should renew!  
 Or could I think she'd be pleas'd with my ruin,  
 Death should persuade her my sorrows were true.  
 Sure the fair charms her pride would surrender,  
 When to be gentle were but to be just;  
 One tear to drop—and a tribute so tender,  
 Please my sad shade, and give peace to my dust.

## THE UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

*By P. PINDAR.*

**S**AY, lovely maid, with down-cast eye,  
 And cheek with silent sorrow pale,  
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,  
 That heaving tells a mournful tale?  
 Thy tears which thus each other chace,  
 Bespeak a breast o'erwhelm'd with woe;  
 Thy sighs a storm that wrecks my peace,  
 Which souls like thine should never know.  
 Oh! tell me, does some favor'd youth,  
 Too often blest, thy beauties slight,  
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,  
 That lip and bosom of delight?  
 What tho' to other nymphs he flies,  
 And feigns the fond impassion'd tear;  
 Breathes all the eloquence of sighs  
 That treach'rous won thy artless ear;  
 Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,  
 For whom his heart may seem to pine;  
 That heart shall ne'er be blest by love,  
 Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

THE

# THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY.*

**W**HEN Britain on her sea-girt shore  
 Her white-rob'd Druids first address'd,  
 "What aid," she cried, "shall I implore?  
 What best defence, by numbers press'd?"—  
 "Hostile nations round thee rise,"  
 The mystic oracles replied,  
 "And view thine Isle with envious eyes;  
 Their threats defy, their rage deride:  
 Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls;  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks descending to the main,  
 With floating forts shall stem the tides,  
 Asserting Britain's liquid reign,  
 Where'er her thund'ring navy rides.  
 Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,  
 Where Commerce opens all her stores,  
 In social bands shall league mankind,  
 And join the sea-divided shores:  
 Spread, then, thy sails where naval glory calls,  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy Isle! what tho' thy vales  
 No vine impurpled tribute yield,  
 Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,  
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field;

Ye

Yet Liberty rewards the toil  
 Of Industry, to labour prone,  
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,  
 And reaps the harvest she has sown.  
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthral,  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.<sup>22</sup>

Thus spake the bearded seer of yore,  
 In vision wrapt, of Britain's fame,  
 Ere yet Iberia felt her pow'r,  
 Or Gallia trembled at her name,  
 Ere yet Columbus dar'd t' explore  
 New regions rising from the main.  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Bear then, ye winds, in solemn strain,  
 This sacred truth an awe-struck world appals,  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

## NOTHING LIKE GROG.

*Written and sung by Mr. DIBDIN.*

**A** PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,  
 Who tell us to fast and to think,  
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,  
 With nothing but water to drink;  
 A cann of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,  
 Would have set them for pleasure agog,  
 And 'spite of the rules  
 Of the schools, the old fools  
 Would have all of 'em swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog:

My

My father, when last I from Guinea  
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,  
 Cried, " Jack, never be such a ninny  
 'To drink"—says I, " Father, your health."  
 So I pass'd round the stuff—soon he twigg'd it,  
 And it set the old codger agog ;  
     And he swigg'd, and mother,  
     And sister and brother,  
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.  
 One day when the chaplain was preaching,  
 Behind him I curiously slunk,  
 And while he our duty was teaching,  
 As how we should never get drunk,  
 I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,  
 Which soon set his rev'rence agog ;  
     And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,  
     And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,  
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.  
 Then trust me there's nothing as drinking  
 So pleasant on this side the grave ;  
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,  
 And makes e'en the valiant more brave.  
 For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,  
 The good stuff has so set me agog ;  
     Sick or well, late or early,  
     Wind foully or fairly,  
 I've constantly swigg'd it,  
 And, damme, there's nothing like grog.

## A N A P O L O G Y

ON BEING ASKED TO SING.

( *To any Tune the Singer chuses.* )

Y<sup>E</sup> ask for a song, and indeed I'm quite sorry  
 I cannot oblige the good company here,  
 For should I begin, you would find in a hurry,  
 The guests would depart, and the coast would  
 be clear.

They could not sit still, for to have their ears  
 pester'd  
 With such horrid notes, but away they would  
 run

To some lone desert or valley sequester'd,  
 And give that the preference fifty to one.

Yet, since you're so desirous to hear me,  
 I now will comply, and endeavour my best,  
 But I sure shall be laugh'd at by those who sit  
 near me,

And those afar off will but make me their jest.

*A shepherd attending his flocks on the mountain—*

O dear, that's too high for my voice by a tone.

*A shepherdess sat by the side of a fountain—*

And this is so low, I shall never get down.

But (with your permission) I'll try at another ;

*When echo's shrill voice made the woodlands ring:*

Oh ! this is (if possible) worse than the t'other,

So I beg you'll excuse me, for faith I can't sing.



## A FAVOURITE AIR,

*Sung by Miss FONTENELLE, in the new Opera of  
The Highland Reel.*

*(Tune—The boy with the white cockade.)*

**T**HO' I am now a very little lad,  
If fighting men cannot be had,  
For want of a better I may do,  
'To follow the boys with a rat-tat-too;  
I may seem tender, yet I'm tough,  
And tho' not much of me, I'm right good stuff;  
Of this I'll boast, say more who can,  
I never was afraid to see my man.

I'm a chicka-biddy, fee,  
Take me now, now, now,  
A merry little he  
For your row-dow-dow!

Brown Befs I'll knock about, oh there's my joy,  
With my knapsack at back, like a roving boy.

In my tartan plaid, a young foldier view,  
My filibeg and dirk, and bonnet blue;  
Give the word and I'll march where you command,  
Noble serjeant, with a shilling then strike my hand.

My captain, when he takes his glafs,  
May like to toy with a pretty lais,  
For such a one I have a roguish eye,  
He'll ne'er want a girl when I am by.

*I'm a chicka-biddy, fee, &c.*

Tho' a barber has never yet mow'd my chin,  
With my great broad-sword I long to begin,  
Cut, slash, ram-dam, oh, glorious fun!  
For a gun, pip-pop, change my little pop-gun,

*The*

The foes shall fly like geese in flocks,  
 E'en Turks I'd drive like turkey-cocks !  
 Wherever quarter'd I shall be,  
 Oh, zounds ! how I'll kiss my landlady.  
*I'm a chicka-biddy, see, &c.*

# A FAVORITE COMIC SONG.

*Sung by Mr. EDWIN, in The Highland Reel.*

**W**HEN I've money I am merry,  
 When I've none I'm very sad,  
 When I'm sober I am civil,  
 When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad.

*With my fal lal tiddle tum,*

*Like-wise toodle teedle tum,*

*Not forgetting tither-ti ;*

*And also folderoodle-am :*

When disputing with a puppy,  
 I convince him with a rap ;  
 And when romping with a girl,  
 By accident I—tear a cap.

*With my fal lal, &c.*

Gadzooks ! I will never marry,  
 I'm a lad that's bold and free,  
 Yet I love a pretty girl,  
 A pretty girl is fond of me.

*With my fal lal, &c.*

There's a maiden in a corner,  
 Round and sound, and plump and fat,  
 She and I drink tea together,  
 But no matter, Sir, for that.

*With my fal lal, &c.*

If this maiden be wi h bairn,  
 As I do suppose she be,  
 Like good pappy I must learn  
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.

*With my fal lal, &c.*

### THREE FAVOURITE SONGS.

*The following Stanzas were written by G. COLMAN, Jun. Esq. and sung by Mrs. BILLINGTON, in the character of Yarico.*

*(Tune—Queen Mary's Lamentation.)*

**I** SIGH when I look all around,  
 Unhappy must here be my lot;  
 Where faces so fair can be found,  
 A poor Indian maid is forgot.  
 Can you think on a beauty so brown,  
 If your eyes on a bosom should rove,  
 That's as white and as smooth as the down  
 That grows on the wings of the dove?  
 How oft the bright star, as we rose,  
 We mark'd as it shrunk from the day,  
 Still paler and paler it grows,  
 Then feeble and faint dies away.  
 Of beauties that dazzle beware,  
 Its love, with your *Yarico* fly,  
 Or, alas! she'll be lost in the glare,  
 Confess her faint lustre—and die.

*Introduced*

*Introduced in the Opera of INKLE and YARICO,  
At the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.*

*Written by Mr. COLMAN, Jun.*

*Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE, in the Character of  
Inkle.*

WHAT citadel so proud can say,  
No force shall move, no foe molest,  
Ev'n Prudence, furly guard, gives way,  
When warmer passions guard the breast.  
Vainly, I said, in calmer hour,  
What shock can steady Caution know?  
Alas! I felt not then the power  
Of Gratitude and Yarico.

The hoary precept cold and slow,  
Awhile its influence may impart,  
But Passion beaming, melts the snow  
Which Caution scatters on the heart.  
Tho' long in frozen maxims arm'd,  
At length I felt my bosom glow,  
Dissolv'd in tenderness, when charm'd  
With Gratitude and Yarico.

### S O N G III.

*By the same.*

SIMPLICITY, thou favourite child  
Of heav'nly nature, chaste and mild,  
Sweet guard of playful youth;  
Thy nakedness is thy defence,  
Thy silent gesture eloquence;  
Thy eloquence is truth.

F f 3

Ah,

Ah, say, then, who could injure thee?  
 Nature's lov'd babe—Simplicity,  
     So sweet, so chaste, so mild;  
 The worst of wretches, who has not  
 Thy parent's traces long forgot,  
     Could never hurt its child.

## A NEW SONG.

“SURE Love's like the Rose, both for sweets  
     and for bloom,”  
 Said *Julia*, and laid the fair flow'r on her breast:  
 “Your beauties are mine; in my heart you'll find  
     room,”

Cried she, whilst its fragrant damask she press'd,  
 But soon—ah! too soon is the extacy o'er;  
 The sweet fleeting pleasure is banish'd for pain!  
 Her lovely white bosom was crimson'd with gore,  
 A sharp thorn had pierc'd where the sweet flow'r  
     had lain.

Dissolving in tears, again doth she cry,  
 “Thou, Rose, art like Love for thy treach'ry  
     too:  
 “For one moment of joy, now with anguish I die,  
 “Unpity'd, forsaken, and ruin'd by you.”

RESTRAIN'D FROM THE SIGHT OF MY  
DEAR,

*Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.*

RESTRAIN'D from the sight of my dear,  
 No object with pleasure I see;  
 Tho' thousands around me appear,  
 The world's but a desert to me.

*In vain is the verdure the verdure of Spring,  
The trees drest so blooming, so blooming and gay;  
The birds tho' they whistle, they whistle and sing,  
Delight not while Damon's away.*

Reclin'd by a soft murm'ring stream,  
I weeping disburden my care;  
I tell to the rocks my fond theme,  
When echo but soothes my despair.

*In vain is the verdure, &c.*

Ye streams, that soft murmuring flow,  
Convey to my love every tear;  
Ye rocks, that resound with my woe,  
Repeat my complaints in his ear.

*In vain is the verdure, &c.*

## C R A Z Y K A T E,

### A FAVOURITE SONG.

**T**HE rising blush of op'ning day,  
Now cheers the traveller forlorn,  
Who views with joy the pleasing ray  
That gilds approaching ruddy morn.  
While hapless Kate is frantic wild,  
In tears bemoans her absent mate;  
She once in peace the hours beguil'd,  
Tho' now forlorn—alas, poor Kate!

Those pleasing tresses, which so oft  
Hung careless o'er her lovely neck,  
Displaying beauties fair and soft,  
That sure a prince's form might deck,

Are



Are now no more ; for tidings come,  
 Her lover's wreck'd ! O cruel fate !  
 She droop'd her head, and never more  
 Did smile again—alas, poor Kate !

A FAVOURITE SONG,

*Sung by Mr. MEADOWS, at Sadler's Wells, in  
 the April Fool.*

*Written by Mr. ROBSON.*

TILL first I lovely Nancy knew,  
 From fair to fair I'd rove ;  
 I sigh'd and flatter'd, prov'd untrue,  
 A stranger then to love.

In every shape, in every face,  
 New beauties did I see ;  
 Perfection I could never trace,  
 Till I first look'd on thee.

In thee I ev'ry beauty find,  
 Far more than Nature told,  
 A Venus' face, Minerva's mind,  
 The graces all behold.

'Till now I ne'er a passion knew,  
 My follies to reprove,  
 As to the pole the needle true,  
 Thy Henry now will love.

## TIMES GO BY TURNS,

*A curious old Song by ROBERT SOUTHWELL.*

**T**HE lopped tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruite and  
flower,

The sorriest wight may find release from paine,  
The dryest soile sucke in some moyst'ning shower.  
Times goe by turns, and chaunces change by course,  
From foul to faire ; from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not for ever flow,  
Shee draws her favours to the lowest ebbe,  
Her tides have equall times to come and goe ;  
Her loome dothe weave ye fine and coarsest  
webbe.

No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leave, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day ;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,

The roughest storme a calme may soon allay.  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That men may hope to rise, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce may win ye by mischaunce was lost,  
That net that holds no great takes little fish.  
In some things *all*; in some *none* is crost.

Fewe all they need, but none have all they wish.  
Unmeddled joys heere to no man befall,  
Who least, hath some, who most hath never all.

A FA-

## A FAVOURITE SONNET,

*By her Grace the Dutches of DEVONSHIRE.*

**B**RING me flowers, and bring me wine,  
 Boy attend thy master's call;  
 Round my brows let myrtles twine,  
 At my feet let roses fall.  
 Breathe in softest notes the flute,  
 Form the song and sound the lute;  
 Let thy gentle accents flow  
 As the whispering Zephyrs blow.  
 Sorrow would annoy my heart,  
 But I hate its baneful sting;  
 Joys shall chase the rapid dart,  
 For I will laugh, and I will sing.  
 What avails the down-cast eye?  
 What avails the tear, the sigh?  
 Why should grief obstruct our way,  
 When we live but for a day?

## A NEW BACCHANALIAN SONG,

*Sung at the Beef-Steak Club.**(Tune—Flow thou regal purple stream.)*

**M**IRTH admit us of thy crew,  
 What have we with care to do?  
 While we live let us employ  
 Every hour in mirth and joy.  
 Push the sparkling goblet round,  
 For in that true joys are found;  
 Wine's the cordial of the soul,  
 Revel on without controul.

Let

Let old dotards be severe,  
 Treat us with a cynic sneer ;  
 Still we'll quaff while thus we may,  
 Fate mayn't have another day ;  
 Envy's self shall never dare  
 In our joys to interfere.  
 Drink and quaff with amorous fire,  
 Till with pleasure we expire.

# Y A R R O W V A L E,

*Sung by Mrs. ILIFF, at Vauxhall.*

**I**N Yarrow Vale, by Yarrow stream,  
 Where love and youth and beauty stray,  
 Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam  
 Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way.  
 She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,  
 The fanning of the western gale,  
 Yet sigh'd for something still to please,  
 In Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

"In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,  
 Sweet pleasure reigns," she pensive said ;  
 "Here shades indulge the shepherd's dream,  
 And Zephyrs soothe the slumb'ring maid,  
 While I in languor range each grove,  
 List'ning the lonely woodlark's wail,  
 And the woods unheeded rove,  
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale."

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,  
 Nature his friend, his guardian love,  
 Colin, beneath the moon's soft beam,  
 Had follow'd Mary thro' the grove.

He look'd—she blush'd ; he spoke — she sigh'd :  
No words are made to tell the tale.

“ O charming meads and groves !” she cried,  
“ By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.”

### A FAVOURITE AIR,

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in the Highland Reel.*

**O**LD England ! great in arts and arms,  
For manly worth and female charms  
Renown'd has ever been :

And now the care of bounteous Heaven,  
Has to happy Albion given

A gracious King and Queen.

In their royal progeny, our blooming prospects  
smile :

The fair possess'd of every grace,  
And in the generous sons we trace

The guardians of our isle.

On Cressy's plains an Edward fought,  
A captive King to London brought ;

'Twas there his glories shone :

Tho' terrible in battle, he

Could shew by god-like clemency,

He grac'd the wreath he won.

Whene'er ambition tempts the war, we're ready  
for the field ;

To find a Cressy still in France,

A royal Frederick wields the lance,

And holds Britannia's shield.

et Fame record Eliza's days,

r trumpet tune to songs of praise,

The Grand Armada see :

The Invincible she overcame,  
 And Spanish pride was turn'd to shame,  
 By Britons great and free.  
 Old Neptune thus, exulting, to Royal William  
 spoke :

“ If woman once could guard my realm,  
 What triumph now, when at my helm  
 I place a heart of oak ! my royal heart of oak ! ”

## M A Y M O R N I N G .

A NEW SONG.

(Tune—*O'er moorlands and mountains, &c.*)

**W**HEN May morning ushers the sweets of  
 the spring,  
 And Nature is smiling around ;  
 When the birds in the woodlands most charmingly  
 sing,  
 And with beauty each prospect is crown'd.  
 Then, then with fair Phillis I happily stray  
 O'er meadow, or sweet-scented vale ;  
 In tenderest accents my passion convey,  
 While health I imbibe from each gale.  
 The nymphs of the village and shepherds all join,  
 The sports of the day to prolong ;  
 Each bosom then glows with a rapture divine !  
 And echo responds to each song.  
 With ribbons and flowrets the may-pole is crown'd,  
 Young and old then all jocund advance ;  
 Each face with a smile of good humour is found,  
 While the tabor beats up to the dance.

G g

What



What felicity now thro' the village is seen,  
 Festivity reigns in each mind ;  
 What shouts when my Phillis is chose the May  
 queen,  
 More than pleasures of grandeur refin'd !  
 Here Nature is seen, unassisted by art,  
 No splendor, no pomp, and no pride ;  
 The eye speaks the language at once of the heart,  
 Nor the tender salute is denied.  
 With native simplicity, easy and gay,  
 Thus constant we pass away time ;  
 We revel at night, if we toil all the day :  
 Such mirth can be ne'er deem'd a crime.  
 On the cheeks of the lasses the lily and rose  
 Are blended delightful to view ;  
 We harbour no thought which we dare not disclose,  
 So with care we have nothing to do.

# WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

*Written by Capt. MORRIS.*

*Sung at the Beef-Steak Club, and at the  
 Anacreontic Society.*

*(Tune—Mrs. Casey.)*

**W**HEN the fancy stirring bowl  
 Wakes its world of pleasure,  
 Glowing visions gild my soul,  
 And life's an endless treasure.  
 Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,  
 Fresh with gay desires ;  
 Rays divine my senses dart,  
 And kindling Hope inspires.

*Then who'd be grave,  
 When wine can save  
 The heaviest soul from sinking;  
 And magic grapes  
 Give angel shapes  
 To ev'ry girl we're drinking?*

Here sweet Benignity and Love  
 Shed their influence round me,  
 Gather'd ills of life remove,  
 And leave me as they found me.  
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true  
 Still to Nature's feeling,  
 Peace and Beauty swim there too,  
 And rock me as I'm reeling.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

On Youth's soft pillow tender Truth,  
 Her pensive lesson taught me;  
 Age soon mock'd the dream of Youth,  
 And Wisdom wak'd and caught me.  
 A bargain then with Love I knock'd,  
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,  
 When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,  
 But turn the key when tipsy.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

When time assuag'd my heated heart,  
 The grey-beard blind and simple  
 Forgot to cool one little part  
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.  
 That part's enough of Beauty's type  
 To warm an honest fellow;  
 And tho' it touch me not when ripe,  
 It melts still while I'm mellow.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

Life's a voyage, we all declare,  
 With scarce a port to hide in;  
 It may be so to Pride or Care,  
 That's not a sea I ride in:  
 Here floats my soul, till Fancy's eye  
 Her realms of bliss discover,  
 Bright worlds, that fair in prospect lie,  
 To him that's half seas over.

*Then who'd be grave, &c.*

### THE INDIFFERENT LOVER.

**T**EASE me no more, nor think I care  
 Tho' monarchs bow at Kitty's shrine,  
 Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,  
 Since Kitty is no longer mine.

Indifferent, 'tis alike to me,  
 If my favourite dove be stole,  
 Whether its dainty feathers be  
 Pluck'd by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips  
 The rose-bud opens, what care I  
 Who the od'rous liquid sips,  
 The king of bees, or butterfly?

Like me, the Indian of Peru,  
 Rich in mines of golden ore,  
 Dejected sees the merchant's crew,  
 Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoil'd to know,  
 Whether his gold, in shape of lace,  
 Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,  
 Or wear the stamp of George's face!

A FA-

## A FAVOURITE COMIC SONG,

*Sung by Mr. EDWIN, in the Battle of Hexham.**(Tune—Moderation and Alteration.)*

**I**N an old quiet parish, on brown, healthy, old  
moor,  
Stands my master's old gate, whose old threshold is  
wore  
With many an old friend, who for liquor would roar;  
And I uncork'd the old sherry—that I had tasted  
before.

But it was in moderation, &c.

There I had an old quiet pantry, of the servants  
was the head,  
And kept the key of the old cellar, and old plate,  
and chipp'd the brown bread :  
If an odd old barrel was missing, it was easily said,  
That the very old beer was one morning found dead.

But this was in moderation, &c.

But we had a good old custom when the week did  
begin,  
To shew by my accounts I had not wasted a pin ;  
For my Lord, though he was bountiful, thought  
waste was a sin,  
And never would lay out much, but when my lady  
lay-in.

But still it was in moderation, &c.

Good lack ! good lack ! how once Dame Fortune  
did frown !  
I left my old quiet pantry, to trudge from town to  
town ;

Worn quite off my legs in search of thumps, bobs,  
and cracks on the crown;  
I was fairly knock'd up, and very near foully  
knock'd down.

Alteration! Oh! it was a wonderful alteration!

## A FAVOURITE GLEE,

By J. W. CALCOT, M. B.

*In the Battle of Hexham.*

**W**HEN Arthur first in court began  
To wear long hanging sleeves,  
He entertain'd three serving-men,  
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,  
The second was a Scot,  
The third he was a Welchman,  
And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman lov'd usquebaugh,  
The Scot lov'd ale, call'd blue-cap;  
The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,  
And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,  
The Scot was drown'd in ale;  
'The Welchman had like to've been choak'd with  
a mouse,  
But he pull'd her out by the tail.

A NEW

## A NEW COMIC SONG.

*Sung by Mr. EDWIN, in the Same.***W**HAT's a valiant hero ?

Beat the drum,

He'll come—Row de dow, &amp;c.

Nothing does he fear, O !

Risks his life,

While the fife —

Twittle, twittle, twero ;

Row de dow, de dow,

Twittle, twittle, twero.

Havock splits his ear O !

Groans abound,

'Trumpet found ;

Ran tan, tan ta, rero,

Twittle, twittle, twero.

Then the fears he'll bear O !

Musquets roar,

Small shot pour ;

Rat a tat, too, tero,

Pop, pop, pop,

Twittle, twittle, twero.

What brings up the rear O !

In comes Death,

Stops his breath,

Good-bye valiant hero !

Twittle, twittle, rat a tat ;

Pop, pop, pop ; Row, de dow, &amp;c. &amp;c.

SONG'



SONG AND CHORUS OF VILLAGERS,

*In the Battle of Hexham.*

FIRST VILLAGER.

**D**RIFTED snow no more is seen,  
Blust'ring Winter passes by ;  
Merry Spring comes clad in green,  
While woodlarks pour their melody ;  
I hear him !—hark !  
The merry lark  
Calls us to the new-mown hay,  
Piping to our roundelay.

SECOND VILLAGER.

When the golden sun appears,  
On the mountain's furly brow ;  
When his jolly beams he rears,  
Darting joy ; behold them now.—  
Then, then—Oh, hark !  
The merry lark  
Call us to the new-mown hay,  
Piping to our roundelay.

THIRD VILLAGER.

When the village-boy to field  
Tramps it with the buxom lass ;  
Feign she would not seem to yield,  
Yet gets her tumble on the grass :  
Then, then—Oh hark !  
The merry lark,  
While they tumble in the hay,  
Pipes alone his roundelay.

FOURTH

## FOURTH VILLAGER,

What are honours ? What's a court ?  
 Calm content is worth them all ;  
 Our honour lies in cudgel sport,  
 Our brightest court a greenward ball.  
 But then, — Oh hark !  
 The merry lark  
 Calls us to the new-mown hay,  
 Piping to our roundelay.

## S O N G

*Introduced in the performance of the Agreeable  
 Surprize, at Lord Sandwich's Theatre.*

*Written by a Gentleman of Cambridge.*

A BLOOMING flower my Chloe chose,  
 Her lovely breast to deck,  
 Less fragrant than her breath the rose,  
 Less beauteous than her cheek.

A bee, attracted by the flower,  
 The honey flew to sip ;  
 He left the charmer of an hour,  
 And perch'd on Chloe's lip.

Too soon my fair one felt the smart,  
 She struck the spoiler down ;  
 Whilst gentle pity rul'd her heart,  
 Rage taught her brow to frown.

“ Have mercy, lovely maid ! ” said I —  
 “ The trembling thief forgive !  
 “ If all who thee adore must die,  
 “ O think how few would live ! ”

A NEW

## A N E W P A R O D Y

ON THE RACE-HORSE.

SEE the ball-room thick crouded, the dance is  
 begun, :

Hear, thro' the bright circle, what soft murmurs  
 run ; .

A thousand gay characters float in the maze,  
 Lords, gamblers, fine ladies, all keep up the gaze:  
 While with neck like a swan, and with high beating  
 breast,

With waist nicely taper'd, and form'd to be prefs'd;  
 Scarcely touching the floor, full of frolic and game,  
 The elegant fair one first challenges fame.

Now the Park's thickly throng'd, the high phaeton  
 fee,

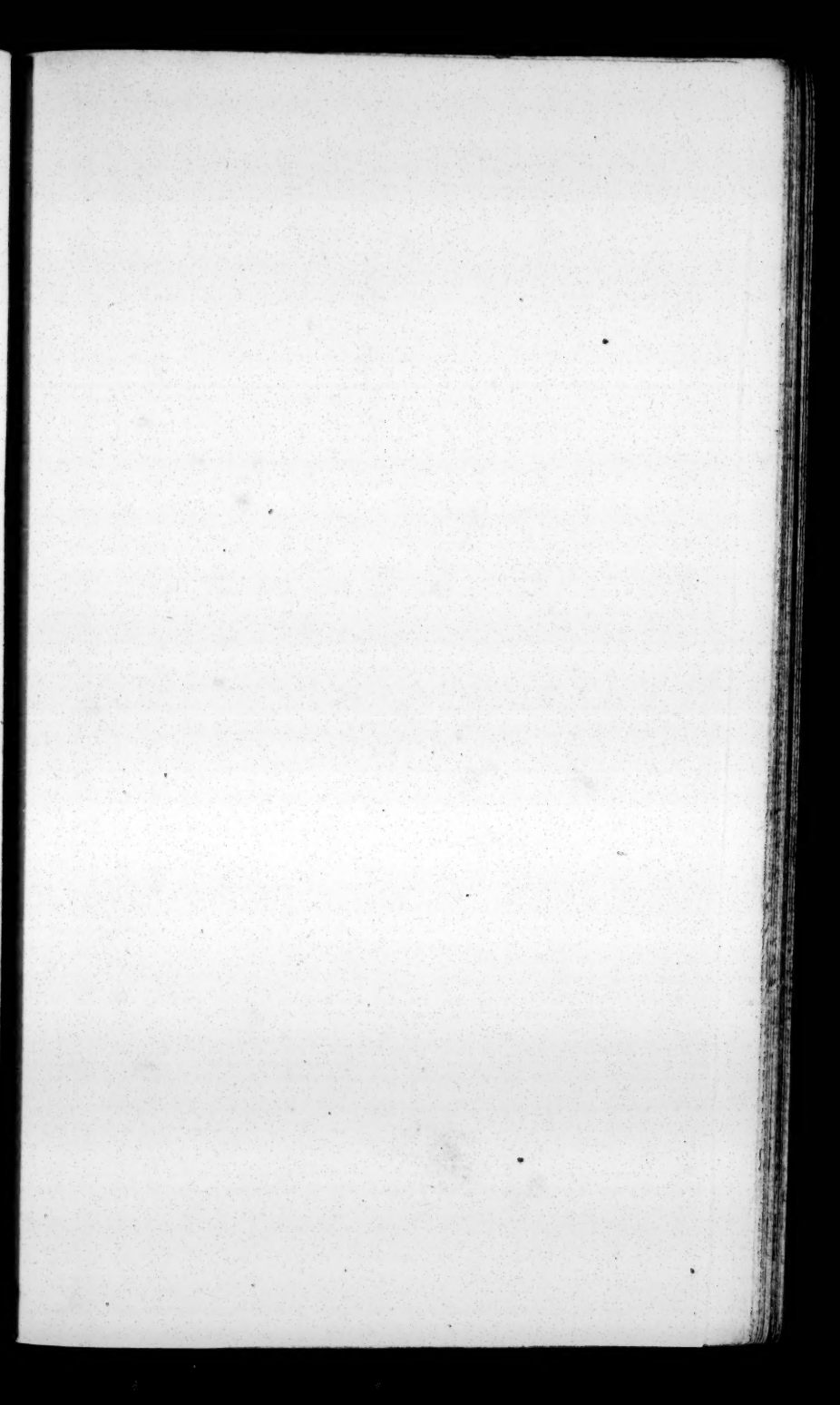
The delicate hunter. gilt coach, vis-a-vis;  
 Each grace, and each charm, every party displays,  
 And fashion peeps forth in a thousand sweet ways;  
 While alike fitly bred for the ball-room or course,  
 The phaeton to drive, or to curb the fleet horse;  
 By this time fair Virtue's an obsolete word,  
 And the elegant fair one is kept by a lord.

Grown stale, somewhat aged, unfit for my lord,  
 Devoid of all passion, her appetite's cloy'd;  
 While beaux and box-swellers her pedigree trace,  
 Tell whose she has been, from the groom to his  
 grace ;

And what style she has liv'd in with pleasure count  
 As they loiter their time at some bagnio doer.

While with poverty sunk, and diseases weigh'd down,  
 The elegant fair one's a girl of the town.

At



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~~Suppose we say 'tis drinking, suppose it means a~~

~~Suppose we say 'tis drinking, suppose it means a~~

~~To finish my suppers, suppose I make a sault,~~

~~I've hit it off, tis a thank ye, and to good~~

## THE JEW BOY.

*(Tune - I'm a good hearty fellow.)*

**I**VAS a young shew-poy, and came from Tuke's  
Place,

And vas stand near Shaint Paul's, vid a ferry  
good grace;

A merchant I am in the most short of ware;

And vill, ven I can't sheat, deal honest, I sh swear.

Py a roll of pomatum, de besht to be shold,

None petter in London yoush ever behold;

Den here's a rollers all cheap for to curl up de hair,

And ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, I sh swear.

I've shealing vax too, vish I vow and protest

Is of right Holland make, and dat sure is de pest;

Burns vell, and hounds vast, you vill find I declare,

And if I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, I sh swear.

I have shoice of fine spectacles, likewise you'll  
find,

Such glasses will make a man she dat is blind;

Yet tho' I'm a Shew-boy, I vow and declare,

'That ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, I sh swear.

Bad shillings you vill likewise be found dat I sh buy,

And in many more tings, few is equal to I;

Ive glas to try money if good I declare,

And ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, I sh swear.

H h

De



De pencil I've got made of ferry pest lead,  
You may try if you plect, I have both black and  
red;

Dend deal vid de Shew-poy, I'll vow and declare,  
Dat ven I can't sheat, I'll deal honest, 1sh shwear,

# AN ENGLISHMAN MAY TURN, MAY VEER.

*By Mr. DIBDIN.*

**A**N Englishman may turn, may veer,  
Nor from each drift of passion,  
Whim, or caprice, more safely steer,  
Than any other nation.

## CHORUS.

But in his heart a compass fair,  
The vessel of the owner  
Guides safely, for the needle there  
Points to the magnet Honour.

An Englishman he has no pow'r  
To feign or put disguise on;  
May gloomy look, dull, grave, and low'r,  
Just like his own horizon.

But in his heart a compass fair, &c.

## TIMOTHY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

*Sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the Virgin Unmask'd.*

**A**S I was a walking one morning in May,  
I heard a young damsel to sigh and to say,  
"My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday  
He took his leave of me, and so went away.

The

The very next time that I did him see,  
 He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me ;  
 I asked his name, he made this reply,  
 " 'Tis T, I, M, O, T, H, Y."

" My father's possess'd of five hundred a year,  
 And I am his daughter and only heir,  
 Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me, I fear,  
 If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear."  
 Says he, " If you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind,  
 A husband I'll make you both tender and kind ;  
 And now to the church, my dear, let's repair,  
 Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R."

They went to the church, and were married, they  
 say,

And went to the father the very same day ;  
 Saying, " Honour'd father, we tell unto thee  
 That we are M, A, R, R, I, E, D."  
 With that the old codger began for to stare ;  
 " You've married my daughter and only heir ;  
 But since it is so, to it I comply  
 With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y."

## A NEW MEDLEY.

By R. P.

**D**EAR Sir, this brown jug,  
 That now foams with mild ale,  
 Out of which you now drink  
 To sweet Kate of the vale,  
 Was once——

An old woman cloathed in grey,  
 Whose daughter was charming and young ;  
 She us'd for to moisten her clay,

And as she sat drinking she sung :——

Lud, what care I for mam or dad ?

Let them scold or bellow :

For while I live, I'll love my lad, he is such——

A monster in England's a very fine show,  
 Only stick up a bill, and away we all go ;  
 A pig or a dog is sure of applause,  
 But now we delight you with——

The lass of Patie's Mill, so bonny, blithe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill, has stole my ——

Pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings,  
 I have at my fingers end ;

And how to sell, and how to buy,  
 To borrow or to——

Go vind the vicar of Taunton Dean,  
 And he'll tell, the bands were ask'd ;  
 A good fat capon he had for his pains,  
 And I sent it home——

About twenty years ago,

Ally Croaker made a great noise ;

It was sung about the streets

By the little dirty boys.

Tho' her face was more fair than any yellow oker  
 I'll sing a better song, I think, about——

Young Lubin was a shepherd's boy,

Fair Rosale a rustic maid ;

They look'd, they lov'd, each other's joy,

Together they——

Went

Went up Holborn hill in a cart ;  
 They went up Holborn-hill,  
 At St. Giles's drank their fill,  
 And at Tyburn made their will in——

A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head,  
 Had I known but on which side to butter my bread,  
 Heigh-ho, sure I for hunger must die ;  
 I've sail'd like a booby, come here in a squall,  
 Where, alas ! ——

There's no doubt, but you've heard of the famous  
     Lord Croaker,  
 A very great man, and a very great joker ;  
 In the course of my ditty, you'll find it is true,  
 As the story was told ——

By moon-light, on the green,  
     Where lads and lasses stray ;  
 How sweet the blossom bean,  
     How sweet the new made hay.

But not to me so sweet  
     The blossoms on the thorn,  
 As when my lad I meet,  
     More fresh than——

The British Lion is my sign,  
     A roaring trade I drive on ;  
 Right English usage—and French wine,  
     A landlady may thrive on.

At table d'hôte, to eat and drink,  
     Let French and English mingle ;  
 For while to me they bring the chink,  
     Faith, let the glasses gingle.  
     Your rino rattle, &c. &c.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON, at Vauxhall.*

**I**N storms when clouds obscure the sky,  
And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,  
In midst of all these dire alarms,  
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.

The troubled main,  
The wind and rain,  
My ardent passion prove,  
Lash'd to the helm,  
Should seas o'erwhelm,  
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side  
And art is vain the ship to guide,  
In varied shapes when Death appears,  
The thought of thee my bosom cheers.  
The troubled main, &c. &c.

But should the gracious Pow'rs be kind,  
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,  
And waft me to thy arms once more,  
Safe to my long lost native shore ;

No more the main  
I'd tempt again,  
But tender joys improve ;  
I then with thee  
Should happy be,  
And think on nought but love.

PARODY

## P A R O D Y

ON POOR JACK.

*By Mr. BARTON.*

**D**EAR Polly, no longer in absence complain,  
 While far o'er the ocean I sail ;  
 I never yet dreaded the storms on the main,  
 But whistl'd or sung to the gale :  
 I have sail'd to the East, I have sail'd to the West,  
 To the North, and the South, I have been ;  
 No danger alarm'd me, no fear fill'd my breast,  
 And safe I returned again :  
 My love fill'd my mind still wherever I went,  
 And my courage was never a-back ;  
 For I thought the good Cupid would make her  
 content,  
 And preserve my dear Poll for POOR JACK.

So now 'tis my lot for to quit you once more,  
 To fight with the insolent foe ;  
 Yet make yourself happy, dear Poll, on the shore,  
 For fate will protect me I know :  
 Death shoots his sharp arrow o'er sea and o'er land,  
 And it signifies not where we die ;  
 'Tis in vain to repine, when he gives his command,  
 It will all be as one by and by :  
 Perhaps you may die, while I sail far away,  
 If you should, may I never come back !  
 For I never, I'm sure, should survive that sad day,  
 Which takes away Poll from POOR JACK.

But



But away with such thoughts, they are foes to the  
brave,

I'll think not of what is to come ;  
For glory, and honour, each son of the wave,  
Will fight or will round the world roam :  
The winds may pipe loud, and the billows may  
roar,

The rocks and the sands may appear ;  
Yet love will protect me, I'm certain and sure,  
Once more to return to my dear :  
Then mark what I say, and believe it is true,  
With grief ne'er be taken a-back ;  
As Cupid will surely protect me for you,  
And Poll for her honest Poor JACK.

Then once more farewell, as the wind it fits fair,  
And the vessel she casts for the sea ;  
Then cheer up your courage, and never despair,  
And whimper no longer for me :  
My heart shall be constant wherever I go,  
Each doubt and suspicion is vain ;  
I fear not the ocean, I fear not the foe,  
Hope says, I shall come safe again :  
And Cupid, who takes all true lovers in tow,  
From danger will keep me a-back ;  
For he will protect me for Poll, I well know,  
And Poll for her honest Poor JACK.

### INCONSTANCY.

(To the Tune of—*Rag-Fair*.)

**P**SHAW ! tell me not the girl is frail,  
I like her, faith ! the better ;  
And if inconstancy's her tale,  
She'll find me not her debtor.

I never

I never yet beheld the lass  
     Who wanted pow'r to charm me ;  
 If young, she all *her sex surpass*,  
     If old, she'll never *harm me*.  
 For ev'ry woman I behold  
     A simile I pilfer ;  
 If *red* her hair, I vow 'tis gold,  
     If *white*, I swear 'tis *silver* ;  
 If *lean*, she's slender as the *doe*,  
     If *fat*, she's plump as *marrow* ;  
 If *crooked*, she's like *Cupid's bow*,  
     If *straight*, she's like his *arrow*.  
 If *tall*, she's like the *queen of love*,  
     If *low*, she's *very pretty* ;  
 If *kind*, she's like the *turtle dove*,  
     If *cross*, she's *very witty* ;  
 In short, my heart's so prone to range,  
     So well I love to ramble ;  
 That—" Since 'tis Nature's law to change,"  
     I'll follow her example.

## S O N G,

Introduced by Mrs. JORDAN, in the part of Polly  
 Honeycombe.

I.

**W**HEN late the wretched youth  
     Breath'd vows of endless truth,  
     All on the bare boards kneeling—  
 Protesting—sobbing—sighing,  
 Midst flames and torments dying,  
     Sure it was wond'rous feeling !  
     Ah ! pity the wretched youth.

Oh !

## II.

Oh ! had you heard him swear,  
 And call me " Cruel fair,"  
     So adverse to his loving ;  
 His hair all frantic tearing,  
 His eyes with madness glaring,  
     You'd say it was wond'rous moving,  
     And pity the wretched youth.

## III.

But when a knife he drew,  
 To pierce his heart so true,  
     In wild disorder raving ;  
 His face with tears all flowing,  
 His nose all red with blowing,  
     Could I refrain from saving,  
     In pity, the charming youth.

## P O O R T O M :

O R,

## THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

*By Mr. DIBDIN.*

**H**ERE, a sheer hulk, lies Poor Tom Bow-  
 ling,  
     The darling of our crew,  
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,  
     For Death has broach'd him too.  
 His form was of the manliest beauty,  
     His heart was kind and soft,  
 Faithful below he did his duty,  
     And now he's gone aloft.

Tom

Tom never from his word departed,  
 His virtues were so rare ;  
 His friends were many and true hearted,  
 His Poll was kind and fair.  
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly—  
 Ah ! many's the time, and oft ;  
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,  
 For Tom is gone aloft.  
 Yet shall Poor Tom find pleasant weather,  
 When He, who all commands,  
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,  
 The word to pipe all hands.  
 Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,  
 Tom's life has vainly doff'd ;  
 For though his body's under hatches,  
 His soul is gone aloft.

M E W, M E W, M E W.

A New Ballad : By T. GOODWIN.

(Tune,—*Bow, wow, wow.*)

**T**O sing about dogs, Sir, has long been the  
 fashion,  
 Though for cats there's no songster has yet own'd  
 a passion ;  
 While some may entertain with the old strain of  
 bow, wow,  
 I will endeavour to amuse you all with mew, mew.  
 Mew, mew, mew, fal lal de iddy oddy,  
 mew, mew, mew.

There's

There's Dicky Dimple, Billy Gimp, and Sammy  
Smirk, are poor cats,  
They pur and mew, and many think they've but  
the name of boar cats ;  
To attack a rat they never dare, the task's too  
rough and hardy,  
And e'en in facing harmless mice, you often find  
them tardy.

Mew, mew, mew.

There's old aunt Tabby who by age is growing  
very grey, Sir,  
In anger chides Miss Kitty now, 'cause she begins  
to play, Sir ;  
But old cats, or young cats, their principle such is,  
To snap up any mouse that may come within their  
clutches.

Mew, mew, mew.

Grimalkin, the lawyer, by purring and mewing,  
Decoys his poor clients like mice unto their ruin ;  
For coming within each of his desperate claws, Sir,  
They're mumbl'd and they're maul'd ere they  
'scape from his paws, Sir.

Mew, mew, mew.

Next there's Jack Tar the blue cat, and, not to  
quit my strain, Sir,  
As good a cat as Whittington's, and better in the  
main, Sir ;  
For should Old England's foe advance, though  
Turk, or Jew, or Pagan,  
He's sure not to escape, but get " worried, crush'd  
and shaken."

Mew, mew, mew.  
Then

Then there's the cat in parliament, haranguing  
 loud and bawling,  
 Like those upon the tiles which o'er their heads are  
 catterwauling ;  
 The self-same motive operates below as doth  
 above, Sir,  
 And all their squalling, spitting, clawing, are but  
 signs of love, Sir.

Mew, mew, mew.

The cats of state are numerous, and numerous their  
 wishes,  
 But, like other cats, they all incline to seize the  
 loaves and fishes ;  
 And when they get in place they become of high  
 condition,  
 The terror and destruction to rats in opposition.

Mew, mew, mew.

Old Time is a cat that by winking and blinking,  
 Catlike, is always dozing, to some people's thinking,  
 And seeing us poor mice with no one by to watch  
 us,

He's sure to let out that grim cat old Death to  
 catch us.

Mew, mew, mew.

## THE SCOTCH SHEPHERD.

By ROBERT BURNS.

(Tune,—*My Nannie O.*)

**B**EHIND yon hill where Stinchar flows,  
 Many moors and masses many O,  
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
 And I'll awa to Nannie O.



The whistling wind blows loud and shrift,  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy O ;  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hill to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,  
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye O ;  
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
 As spotless as she's bonnie O ;  
 The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
 Nae purer is than Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,  
 And few they be that ken me O ;  
 But what care I how few they be ?  
 I'm welcome to my Nannie O.

My riches a's my penny fee,  
 And I maun guide it cannie O ;  
 But worldly gear ne'er troubles me,  
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie O.

Our auld gude man delights to view  
 His sheep and kyne thrive bonnie O ;  
 But I'm as blythe that haulds his pleugh,  
 And ha' na care but Nannie O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
 I'll tak what heaven will send me O ;  
 Nae ither care in life have I,  
 But live and love my Nannie O.

## A SCOTCH SONG.

By ROBERT BURNS,

(Tune,—*Corn rigs are bonnie.*)

**I**T was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn rigs are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa to Annie ;  
 The time flew by with heedless head,  
 Till, 'tween the late and early,  
 Wi mie persuasion she agreed  
 To see me thro' the barley.  
 The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly,  
 I set her down wi' right gude will,  
 Among the rigs o' barley ;  
 I knew her heart was a mi ane,  
 I loo'd her most sincerely ;  
 I kifs'd her o'er and o'er again,  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 I lock'd her in my fond embrace,  
 Her heart was beating rarely ;  
 My blessing on that happy place,  
 Among the rigs o' barley ;  
 But by the moon and stars so bright,  
 That shone that hour so clearly,  
 She aw shall blefs that happy night,  
 Among the rigs o' barley.  
 I hae been blythe wi comrades dear,  
 I hae been merry drinking ;  
 I hae been joyful gath'ring gear,  
 I hae been happy thinking ;

But a' the pleasures I e'er saw,  
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,  
 That happy night was worth them a',  
 Among the rigs o' barley.

## C H O R U S.

Corn rigs and barley rigs,  
 And corn rigs are bonnie ;  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
 Among the rigs wi' Annie.

## THE ORIGIN OF GROG.

By Mr. S. R.

(Tune—*A plague of those musty old lubbers.*)

**C**OME listen awhile to my story,  
 There's something I wish to explain,  
 Which when I have laid it before ye,  
 Perhaps you may like it again ;  
 When sailors had rum, you may think it,  
 It always would set them agog,  
 'Till Vernon, 'tis said,  
 Who is long ago dead,  
 No longer would let them to drink it,  
 And made all their beverage Grog.  
 It happen'd at fam'd Porto Bello,  
 To humble the Dons of proud Spain,  
 This whimsical old-fashion'd fellow,  
 Who our glory would always maintain :  
 When sailors had rum, you may think it,  
 It always would set them agog,  
 'Till Vernon, 'tis said,  
 Who is long ago dead,  
 No longer would let them to drink it,  
 So mixt it with water—now Grog.

This mixture it made them to grumble,  
 They vow'd they'd not hand, reef, or steer,  
 But reason, it soon made them humble,  
 Tho' water at first it seem'd queer;  
 For when they had rum, you must think it,  
 Their spirits it would set agog,  
 'Till Vernon, 'tis said,  
 Who is long ago dead,  
 Insisted with water to drink it,  
 Which is to this hour called Grog.  
 He wore an old grogram cloak \*, Sir,  
 Which the sailors all knew very well,  
 And thus you may certainly note, Sir,  
 It is certainly true what I tell;  
 Contented at last for to drink it,  
 Their spirits again were agog,  
 Old Grog, it is said,  
 They called Vernon, who's dead,  
 From his grogram cloak, you may think it,  
 So the liquor is still call'd Grog.

# A F A V O U R I T E A I R,

*Sung by Mr. KELLY, in the Haunted Tower.*

**S**PIRIT of my fainted fire,  
 With success my soul inspire!  
 Deeds of glory done by thee,  
 In Mem'ry's mirror now I see.

I i 3

Let

\* Admiral Vernon usually wore a grogram cloak in bad weather, from which the sailors called him Old Grog; hence the name was transferred to the spirit and water, because he was the first officer who ordered it in this manner on board of his Majesty's ships.

Let the great example raise  
 Valour's purest, brightest blaze,  
 Till the prowess of my arm  
 The eye of fickle Conquest charm,  
 And fame shall, when the battle's won,  
 Declare that I am all thy son,  
 Spirit of my faintest fire,  
 With success my soul inspire !  
 The inspiration now I feel,  
 The ardent glow of patriot zeal,  
 Brighter prospects now arise,  
 The voice of Conquest rends the skies.

### THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A NEW SONG.— *By Mr. DIBDIN.*

'T WAS in the good ship Rover  
 I sail'd the world around ;  
 And for three years and over,  
 I ne'er touch'd British ground ;  
 At length in England landed,  
 I left the roaring main,  
 Found all relations stranded,  
 And went to sea again.  
 That time bound strait to Portugal,  
 Right fore and aft we bore,  
 And when we made Cape Ortugal,  
 A gale blew off the shore ;  
 She lay, so it did shock her,  
 A log upon the main,  
 Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,  
 We put to sea again.

Next

Next in a frigate sailing,  
 Upon a squally night,  
 Thunder and light'ning hailing  
 The horrors of the fight ;  
 My precious limb was lopp'd off,  
 I, when they'd eas'd my pain,  
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,  
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled  
 To bring up in life's rear,  
 Altho' I am quite disabled,  
 And lie in Greenwich tier ;  
 The King, God bless his royalty,  
 Who sav'd me from the main,  
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
 But ne'er to sea again.

A. B. C.

(Tune—*Date obolum Belisario.*)

**G**REAT A leads the van, while brave B fol-  
 lowed near, Sir,  
 C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, steps quickly in the rear,  
 Sir ;  
 L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, march'd boldly to head  
 quarters,  
 T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, scorn'd to prove deserters.

*A B and C shew,*  
*A B and C shew,*  
*A B and C shew,*  
*" Multum in parvo."*

This



This A B C, as little as they're thought about,  
Have, by their friendly powers, many mighty mat-  
ters brought about ;

The clue to science, arts, and arms, great Wis-  
dom's master-key, Sir,

For what does any mortal know, who knows not  
A B C, Sir ?

*A B and C shew, &c.*

When Adam was a little boy, he never went to  
school, Sir, [fool, Sir,

For want of knowing A B C, his wife made him a  
Had he learn'd to read and spell, he might have  
shun'd much strife, Sir,

And mov'd himself in wisdom, almost equal to his  
wife, Sir,

*A B and C shew, &c.*

Astronomers, by A B C, have found each planet's  
motion,

Fam'd navigators learn how t' explore the path-  
less ocean ;

Monfieur has learn'd to spell the sacred name of  
Liberty, Sir,

For which he is indebted to the aid of A B C, Sir.

*A B and C shew, &c.*

For places and for pensions too, the *Ins* are always  
striving,

And he who best knows A B C, will always best  
be thriving ;

While *Outs* are snarling at their lots, and long for  
loaves and fishes, [wishes.

By A B C find how to attain the summit of their

*A B and C shew, &c.*

When

When Miss is in her chamber lock'd, her lover might  
go whistle,

Had not she learn'd, by A B C, to pen a soft epistle;  
She from the window drops a line, t' appoint the  
am'rous spark, Sir,

Then throws herself into his arms, the moment it  
grows dark, Sir.

*A B and C shew, &c.*

The intention of my song was good, Sirs, to amuse  
ye, [me ;

And if in this I've fail'd, pray let candour excuse  
And critics on this point will surely agree, Sir,

That I, as a songster, am but in A B C, Sir.

*A B and C shew, &c.*

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

*Sung by Miss ROMANZINI, at the Theatre Royal  
Drury-Lane, in the Island of St. Marguerite.*

**T**HERE stood poor Jonas at the window,  
All in tears—crying—sighing—Oh,  
Says I, who's that below ?

What do you want, good fisherman ?  
Dear Mrs. Nannette, indeed it is no sin,  
Open the window, love, and let poor Jonas in.

No, master Jonas—no——

No, master Jonas—no——

No fisherman.

Well, quoth Jonas, then I vow,  
Marching off in a huff, with a pouting Oh,  
Then 'tis time to make my bow——

The sooner the better, good fisherman.

Yet,

Yet, Mrs. Nannette, one word ere you leave me ;  
Won't you stop ?—well, to-morrow, I hope, you'll  
receive me !

No, master Jonas—no——

No, master Jonas—no——

No fisherman.

## A FAVOURITE COMIC SONG

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, jun.*

*In the character of JONAS, in the Island of  
St. Marguerite.*

**O**H dear, oh dear, no hopes for Jonas !  
Alas ! thou sigh'st in vain, poor Jonas.  
Nannette's hard heart doth Jonas hate ;  
Ah, thank thyself for thy fate,  
Ah, curse on thy logger pate :  
Was ever such a wretched dangler ?  
Thou need'st the patience of an angler,  
With rod and line, to wait, and wait ;  
Ah, Nannette never will be thy mate,  
No, she's too cunning to bite at thy bait.  
I've learn'd to spear or tickle a trout,  
But, alas ! in love, I'm but a lout ;  
An oyster cross'd in love may be,  
Ah, 'tis all in vain I see,  
Ah, Nannette is not for me.  
Cou'd I but catch her in my net,  
I'd teach the haughty Miss Nannette,  
No more to call me, thou booby,  
Ah, Jonas, Jonas, she laughs at thee,  
'Cause Jonas can't say his A, B, C.

SONGS

SONGS, &c. in Mr. COBB's favourite OPERA  
of the HAUNTED TOWER.

A I R. *Signora* STORACE.

WHITHER, my love, ah ! whither art thou  
gone !

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.

Say — by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known ?

Ah ! no, no ; I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave with so much care,

Which treasur'd in my breast I wear,

Still for its master beats alone,

I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

A I R. Mr. KELLY.

FROM Hope's fond dream tho' Reason wake,

In vain she points with warning hand ;

I dread advice I cannot take,

Love's powerful spells my steps command.

The bird thus fascination binds,

When, darting from the serpent's eyes,

The fatal charm too late he finds,

He struggles, and admiring dies.

A I R. *By Miss* ROMANZINI.

NATURE, to women still so kind,

Among her best boons bestowing ;

What every female sure must find,

A wondrous desire to be knowing.

Man, the proud and envious elf,

So jealous of our discerning ;

Descries in us, what he prides in himself,

The wish, for whatever's worth learning.

HUNTING

HUNTING SONG.

*Sung by Mr. DIGNUM.*

**H**ARK ! the sweet horn proclaims afar,  
 Against the stag the mimic war ;  
 While future heroes' hearts rebound,  
 And pant to hear the trumpet found.  
 The warlike Genius of our isle,  
 Who on the hunter deigns to smile,  
 In echoes gives the chace applause,  
 Which strings the nerve for glory's cause :  
 Where'er the devious chace may bend,  
 Still freedom shall our steps attend ;  
 And bids us, as her pleasure rise,  
 Defend the blessings which we prize.

A I R. *Mr. SEDGWICK.*

**M**Y native land I bade adieu,  
 And calmly friendship's joys resign'd ;  
 But ah ! how keen my sorrows grew,  
 When my love I left behind !  
 Yet should her truth feel no decay,  
 Should absence prove my charmer kind ;  
 Then shall I not lament the day  
 When my love I left behind.

A I R. *Signora STORACE.*

**B**E mine, tender passion, soother of care,  
 Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair  
 Do not deceive me, ah ! never leave me,  
 Still may my bosom thy power declare !

In vain thy influence fools may revile,  
 Constancy ever gains thy smile.  
 And of their destiny can those complain,  
 Whose falsehood dares thy laws profane,  
 Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger?  
 Thy sweet rewards, O Love, to gain.  
 Then let me combat not in vain;  
 But in my triumph share  
 Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

A I R. *By Mr. SEDGWICK.*

**W**HERE'ER true Valour can its power display,  
 There meek-ey'd Pity, anxious still to bless,  
 With jealous Honour holds divided sway,  
 And from avenging Anger shields Distress.  
 Ne'er shall the sword of Honour dare invade  
 The spell-bound spot where Pity drops a tear;  
 For where Misfortune casts her sacred shade,  
 There deepest Injury must disappear.

A I R. *Mrs. CROUCH.*

**D**READ parent of despair,  
 Thou tyrant of my mind,  
 Who, ling'ring, seem'st to spare,  
 To point the worst behind,  
 At once complete my woe,  
 Display thy ills in store,  
 Ah! quickly strike the blow!  
 'Tis all that I implore.

K k

A I R.



A I R. *Signora* STORACE.

**L**OVE from the heart all its danger concealing,  
Reason, they say, the fond spell can remove ;  
But bliss kindly stealing,

Still the delusion so sweet may I prove.

For should you betray me, your falsehood per-  
ceiving,

Too well do I love you, the peril to shun :  
So if you must cheat me, still farther deceiving,  
Oh ! blinded by Hope, to the last lead me on.

A I R. *Miss* ROMANZINI.

**F**ROM high birth and all its fetters,  
My kind stars my lot remove ;

I shall envy not my betters,

Give me but the youth I love.

Love's the riches of the poor,

A prize that wealth can ne'er procure ;

My rich mistress fain would be

Just as poor as Cicely.      From high birth, &c.

## A N E W S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY, in Don Juan, at the  
Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden.*

*Written by T. GOODWIN.*

**W**HEN our pockets were light, and our hearts  
were grown heavy,

A chance that has happen'd to fail us before ;  
We left hills and valleys, and hedge-rows grown  
leafy,      [the shore.

Our wives, and our sweethearts, and stood from  
The

ne breezes of summer unfurl'd our gay pennant,  
 The billows were calm, and the sky was serene;  
 We were chac'd and brought to, tho' no foe our  
 assailant,

We were boarded, but 'twas by our King and  
 our Queen.

The Magnificent, still more magnificent growing,  
 Her colours were hoisted, her guns were all fir'd;  
 We gave them three cheers, while our bosoms were  
 glowing

For a King so belov'd, and a Queen so admir'd.  
 Their daughters (God bless 'em) sat under the  
 awning,

Where we tars gaz'd on charms we before had  
 ne'er seen;

Which diffus'd a bright lustre enticing the morning,  
 And we pray'd, and we drank, with our King  
 and our Queen.

Old Neptune peep'd up, and enquir'd of a triton,  
 Who thus dar'd to enwrinkle the face of the brine?  
 When the brave gallant Farmer reply'd, " He's a  
 Briton,

" And I was his subject before I was thine."

" If 'tis Charlotte and George (cry'd the god),  
 ne'er reprove 'em,

Nor here, in my realm, let dull cares intervene;  
 Their deserts none can doubt, while their subjects  
 all love 'em,

And their toast is, Long life to their King and  
 their Queen."

## A FAVOURITE SONG.

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, in the Battle of Hexham.*

**W**HEN we stout free-booters prowl,  
 Striking terror and dismay  
 In the poor benighted soul,  
 Wandering from his weary way;  
 'Tis when Night her mantle throws  
 O'er the forest dark and deep;  
 When the harass'd mind its woes  
 Lulls in soft and balmy sleep.  
 If our plunder prove but good,  
 To our cavern under-ground  
 We steal, in silence thro' the wood,  
 And in wine remorse is drown'd.  
 Thus we stout free-booters, &c.

## SANDY OF THE GREEN.

*Sung at Vauxhall by Miss LEARY, 1790.*

I.

**N**OW Spring her sweets discloses,  
 And flow'rets deck the grove,  
 I'll make wi' sweetest roses  
 A garland for my love;  
 The flow'rs that scent the air  
 Are not so blooming seen,  
 Are not so sweet or fair  
 As Sandy of the Green.  
 Na lad can blink so blythe and gay,  
 Na lad that e'er was seen  
 So sweetly on his pipe can play  
 As Sandy of the Green.

II. As

II.

As o'er the bourn a-maying,  
 I lately bent my way,  
 I met young Sandy straying  
 Wi' lads and lassies gay ;  
 I felt delight and pleasure  
 To view his shape and mien ;  
 Since then, my only treasure  
 Is Sandy of the Green.

Na lad, &c.

III.

Sandy vows he will be mine,  
 The Kirk shall make us one,  
 All other lassies he'll resign,  
 And live for me alone ;  
 Sa much joy in store for me,  
 I envy not a Queen,  
 While I am blest wi' love and thee,  
 Young Sandy of the Green.

Na lad, &c.

ANNA : OR, THE ADIEU.

*Sung at Vauxhall, by Mr. INCLEDON.*

*Composed by Mr. HOOK.*

*The Words by Mr. HARRISON.*

**W**HEN the sails catch the breeze, and the  
 anchor is weigh'd,  
 To bear me from ANNA, my beautiful maid,  
 The top-mast ascending I look for my dear,  
 And sigh that her features imperfect appear :

'Till aided by fancy her charms I still trace,  
And for me see the tears trickle down her pale  
face;

While her handkerchief waving solicits my view,  
And I hear her sweet lips sadly sigh out ADIEU!

The pleasing delusion not long can prevail,  
Higher rise the proud waves, and more brisk blows  
the gale;

The gale, that regards not the sighs that it  
bears,

The proud waves, still unmov'd, tho' augmented  
by tears.

Ah! will ye not one single moment delay,

Oh, think from what rapture you bear me away,

Then my eyes strain in vain my dear ANNA to  
view,

And a tear drops from each as I sigh out ADIEU.

Yet some comfort it gives to my agoniz'd mind,

That I still see the land where I left her behind;

The land that gave birth to my charmer and  
me,

Tho' less'ning, my eyes beam with pleasure to  
see!

'Tis the casket that holds all that's dear to my  
heart,

'Tis the haven where yet we shall meet ne'er to  
part;

If the Fates are propitious to lovers so true;

But if not, dearest Anna, a long, long ADIEU!

SWEET

## SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST..

A NEW SONG,

*Sung by Miss NEWMAN, at Vauxhall.**Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.**The Words by Mr. VINT.*

YOUNG Lubin was as blithe a lad  
 As ever trod the daisy'd plain,  
 Each blooming virgin's heart was glad,  
 Whene'er he tun'd his sylvan strain:  
 "Ah! when," cried he, "will Kate comply,  
 And make her lover truly blest?  
 You've promis'd long"—"O yes," said I,  
 "'Tis true, but—*second thoughts are best.*"

Now Lubin was a fightly swain,  
 Well form'd to win a maiden's mind,  
 And all the lasses of the plain  
 Did vie to make the shepherd kind:  
 But, vain of conquest, female pride  
 Looks lightly on the prize possess;  
 So when he woo'd, I still reply'd,  
 "No, Lubin!—*second thoughts are best.*"

I found my vain coquettish art  
 Eclips'd the hope of future joy;  
 For, O! it stung me to the heart,  
 To see him with my rivals toy:  
 I, therefore, blushing, smil'd consent,  
 And, yielding to his fond request,  
 Well pleas'd to church with Lubin went,  
 Convinc'd that—*second thoughts are best.*



# WHILE THE MORN IS INVITING TO LOVE.

A NEW SONG,

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.*

**T**HE Sun, when arising, bespangles the dew,  
And tints with his glory the skies;  
All Nature's in motion, how charming the view,  
When day is beginning to rise!  
The morning is lively, Maria awake,  
Let us haste to the myrtle alcove;  
Or stray by the side of the crystalline lake,  
While the morn is inviting to love!

Did thy mind turn on me in thy dreams in the  
night?

Did I e'er to thy fancy appear?  
Did no fond idea thy bosom delight?

Maria, unfold to my ear:  
Unseen and unheard, you may tell it me now,  
Not a witness is near but the dove,  
Which mourns for its mate on the olive tree bough,  
While the morn is inviting to love!

The winter, Maria, will come on apace,  
As summer begins to depart;  
Come, then, in my bosom a confidence place,  
And speak the fond wish of thy heart.

O let us, my fair, be united to-day,  
And haste to the church in the grove,  
Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,  
While the morn is inviting to love.

The

The INVITATION to the LADIES.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY, on Monday Evening July  
19, 1790, at Vauxhall, on account of the Rowing  
for the*

VAUXHALL WHERRY.

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

*Written by Mr. UPTON.*

**Y**E fair British Belles, one and all I invite you  
Each night to Vauxhall, where good-hu-  
mour's afloat ;

Where the Goddess of Pleasure presides to delight  
you,

And adjudge to the winner her favourite Boat.  
And if the young Watermen, charm'd with your  
beauty,

But know their endeavours are seen by your eyes,  
How the youths will each season be proud of the  
duty,

To row for your smiles, and our annual Prize !

The hero who rushes to war with Bellona,

Contends for the laurel that's given by you !

And but for that glory would spurn and disown her,

For Woman's the conquest mankind have in  
view !

And if the young watermen, &c.

The

The Monarch and Peasant in ev'ry dominion,  
 As conscious of Beauty's imperial sway,  
 Of Woman, dear Woman, are firm in opinion,  
 That she is the sunshine that lightens our way.  
 And if the young Watermen, &c.

Then Ladies be mindful each night I invite you,  
 To grace our Vauxhall, where good-humour's  
 afloat; [you,  
 Where the Goddess of Pleasure presides to delight  
 And adjudge to the winner her favourite Boat.  
 And if the young Watermen, &c.

### THE COQUETTE,

*Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.*

*Set to Music by Mr. Hook.—The Words by Mr. VINT.*

**W**HEN youth blossom'd on me, no maiden  
 was seen

So lively, so witty, so gay at fifteen;  
 'Twas then the fine sparks of the highest degree  
 Came fawning, and wooing, and begging to me;  
 I bless'd with a smile, with a frown I could kill,  
 My lovers all vied how to humour my will.

At fifteen I'd fifteen fond suitors or more,  
 At twenty, I dare say, not less than a score;  
 But, having entangled their hearts in my net,  
 Determin'd in future to play the coquette;  
 So when they entreated, my answer was still,  
 "Indeed, Sir, not now—when it suits me, I will."

My prudence, I thought, would reward well my  
 pains,

If increase of years brought an increase of swains;  
 But, alas! now I find all my lovers drop off,  
 My rivals all jeer, and exultingly scoff;  
 Then think, ye fair damsels, on this maxim still,  
 If you won't when you can, you cannot when you will.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON-GREEN.  
A FAVOURITE SONG,

*Sung at Vauxhall, by Mr. INCLEDON.*

*Set to Musick by Mr. HOOK.*

I.

WITH care I've search'd the village round,  
And many a hamlet tried ;  
At last a fair I hap'y found,  
Devoid of art and pride.

In neat-built cot,  
It is her lot,  
A rustic life to lead ;  
With tender care,  
Her lambkins near,  
And watch her ewes at feed.

Where Thames in silver current flows,  
To beautify the scene ;  
There blooms this fair a blushing rose,  
Sweet Nan of Hampton-green.

II.

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,  
Her manner form'd to please ;  
In mildness equal to the dove,  
With innocence and ease.

To paint her face,  
Her form and grace,  
All words are weak and vain :  
Enough to tell  
She does excell  
The Daughter of the Main.

Where Thames in silver, &c.

## III.

When first this charmer I survey'd,  
 With doubt my heart was fraught,  
 Fancy theauteous maid pourtray'd  
 A goddess to my thought.

In amorous bliss  
 I stole a kiss,  
 Which banish'd all alarms ;  
 Then joyful found  
 My wishes crown'd  
 A mortal in my arms.

Where Thames, &c.

## A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

*Sung by Miss NEWMAN, at Vauxhall.*

*Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.*

COME, lasses, and list to my song,  
 A good matrimonial receipt ;  
 In choosing you'll never be wrong,  
 I'll mark you the lover complete :—  
 For, 'spite of your blushes, I know  
 A lover is never amiss ;  
 The lass that's most apt to say—No,  
 Is sometimes inclin'd to say—Yes.  
 If fond of red coat and cockade,  
 I pray let this hint be enough,  
 A man that makes fighting his trade,  
 Thinks he ne'er can have fighting enough :  
 The Coxcomb's all tinsel and show ;  
 The Rake is a stranger to bliss ;  
 Be sure still to answer them—No,  
 However inclin'd to say—Yes.

K

Your

Your Wits are more noisy than great,  
 Avoid all those knowing ones, pray ;  
 Your Fools are too fond of their prate,  
 Tho' in fact they have nothing to say ;  
 But the lad who is honest and kind,  
 Who in constancy places his bliss,  
 When he asks, if to love you're inclin'd,  
 Be honest enough to say—Yes.

### A LAUGHING SONG.

*Sung with great Applause at Vauxhall Gardens, by*  
*Miss NEWMAN.*

*Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.*

*The Words by Mr. VINT.*

#### I.

**Y**OUNG Jockey, I vow, was the bonniest lad  
 That e'er tun'd a pipe on the Banks of the  
 Tay ;

Each grace that was pleasing from Nature he had,  
 Tho' frolicksome, modest—tho' diffident, gay :  
 But pride in my bosom usurp'd a controul,  
 Compelling soft Love for a time to withdraw ;  
 And when he assay'd to unbosom his Soul,  
 Coquettish, I flounc'd, with a ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

#### II.

In language persuasive, the Shepherd oft tried  
 In vain to convince me how ardent his flame ;—  
 For still his fond suit with disdain I deny'd,  
 But soon found a cause my demeanor to blame :—  
 One eve through the Grove as they wantonly  
 stray'd,

With Kate, in soft converse, my Shepherd I saw,  
 Then Jealousy stung me, which, pleas'd, he survey'd,  
 And careless jogg'd on, with a ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

III. A cloud



III.

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 And careless jogg'd on, with a ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

III. A cloud

## III.

A cloud of despair now envelop'd my mind,  
 Contrition did sorely my conduct upbraid ;  
 As droops the parch'd Rose, so my beauties declin'd,  
 Which Jockey perceiving, soon flew to my aid :  
 To Church then he led me, and made me his Bride,  
 I freely confess'd, that his will was my Law ;  
 By Hymen united, all folly aside,  
 We cheerfully join in a ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

## PATTY's THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

*Sung by Mr. DARLEY, at Vauxhall.*

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

**N**O wonder I'm now seen to grieve,  
 Who was wont to be lively and smart,  
 Nor can any my sorrows relieve,  
 But PATTY, the Girl of my Heart.

Her absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn,  
 Nor my pangs of distress to impart  
 To the world, till I gain the return  
 Of PATTY, sweet Girl of my Heart.

With an anxious impatience I burn,  
 And sooner with life would I part,  
 Than wait, in suspense, the return  
 Of PATTY, dear Girl of my Heart.

But she hastes and forbids me to mourn,  
 Nay, she tells me she'll ne'er again part ;  
 And I now bless the happy return  
 Of PATTY, the Girl of my Heart.

## THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

*Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall,**Composed by Mr. CARTER.*

## I.

**W**HEN Jack parted from me, to plough the  
 salt deep  
 (Alas ! I may'nt see him again),  
 In spite of all talking I could not but weep,  
 To help it I'm sure was in vain.  
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,  
 Saying " Poll, come, my soul, it won't do,  
 So, d'ye hear, avast whining and fobbing, my girl,  
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you."  
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,  
 From a something that whisper'd, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight  
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

## II.

Yet while he's at distance each thought is employ'd  
 And nought can delight me on shore,  
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,  
 And Jack I shall never see more.  
 But then it's but fancy !—that Angel above,  
 Who can do such a wonder of things !  
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,  
 And so to myself I thus sing :  
 " What matters repining ? my heart shall be light,  
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight  
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

## III. But

III.

But should that sweet Angel, wherever he be,  
 Forget to look out after Jack,  
 Why then he may never return unto me,  
 Ah, never, no never come back.  
 But, oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind  
 To make the salt water his grave;  
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,  
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave?  
 Besides, I will never kind Providence flight.  
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,  
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight  
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

THE MAID OF MARTINDALE.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

*Sung by Mr. PAGE, at Vauxhall Gardens.*

*The Words by Mr. HAWKINS.*

*Set to Music by Mr. Hook.*

I.

**I**N Martindale, a village gay,  
 A Damsel deigns to dwell,  
 Whose looks are like a summer's day,  
 Whose charms no tongue can tell.  
 Whene'er I meet her on my way,  
 I tell my am'rous tale;  
 Then heave a sigh, or softly say,  
 " Sweet Maid of Martindale."

II. This

## II.

This Nymph has numbers in her train,  
 From Hodge up to the 'Squire ;  
 A conquest makes of ev'ry swain,  
 All gaze, and all admire.  
 Then where's the hope, alas ! for me,  
 That I should e'er prevail ?  
 Yet, while I breathe, I'll think of thee,  
 Sweet Maid of Martindale.

## III.

Should, Fate, propitious be my lot,  
 To call this charmer mine,  
 I'd live content in lowly cot,  
 And pompous thoughts resign.  
 But if she scorns each heart-felt sigh,  
 And leaves me to bewail ;  
 For thee, my fair, for thee I'll die,  
 Sweet Maid of Martindale.

## THE BONNY SAILOR.

*A favourite Song sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall.*

*Set to Music by Mr. Hook.*

**B**LOW cheerly, ye winds, 'till my Henry re-  
 turn.

Waves, bear him once more to my arms ;  
 Hope's soft soothing promise forbids me to mourn,  
 Tho' his danger my bosom alarms.

O, my bonny bonny Sailor !

L 1

Gay



Gay soldiers, dull 'squires, and sportmen pursue,  
 But I scorn all their offers of love ;  
 My heart is at sea, my dear Henry, with you,  
 And our vows are recorded above.

O, my bonny bonny Sailor !

May the foes of Old England in haste be subdu'd,  
 Then my sailor no longer will roam ;  
 The laurel is gain'd that his valour pursu'd,  
 And Cupid shall pilot him home.

O, my bonny bonny Sailor !

## NO, INDEED, NOT I.

### A NEW SONG,

*Sung by Miss LEARY, at Vauxhall Gardens.*

*Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.*

*The Words by Mr. VINT.*

ONE summer's eve, when Luna's beam  
 Illumin'd hill and dale,  
 And gaily wanton'd on the stream,  
 With Zephyr's gentle gale ;  
 " What ! all alone, my pretty maid ?"  
 Cry'd Colin, passing by ;  
 " Take company"—I flouncing said,  
 " O no, indeed, not I !"  
 " O let me," said the smiling swain,  
 " Conduct thee thro' the grove !"  
 And then in soothing tender strain  
 Renew'd his tale of love :

He begg'd I'd name the happy day,  
 And hop'd the same was nigh;—  
 “Ha’ done (says I) ! I cannot stay”  
 “Indeed (says he), nor I !”

We parted—but the testy youth,  
 In female arts untaught,  
 Mistook my meaning, for, in truth,  
 I meant not as he thought :  
 So threw me oft in Colin’s way,  
 And smil’d when he came nigh ;  
 Again he woo’d—could I say, Nay ?  
 Why no, indeed, not I !

### CHARMING KITTY.

*Sung by Mr. INCLEDON at Vauxhall.*

*Composed by Mr. DAVY of Exeter.*

*And Written by Mr. UPTON (Author of the  
 “ Sweet Little Angel”).*

#### I.

**T**HO’ many a nymph may claim my song,  
 For shape and grace, and features handsome,  
 Yet, KATE, such charms to thee belong,  
 As well is worth a monarch’s ransom.  
 And had I India’s wealth in store,  
 I’d shun with joy the court or city ;  
 And live sequester’d evermore  
 With thee, sweet maid, my charming KITTY.

L 12

II. I many

## II.

I many an acre, KATE, can boast,  
 Large tracts of land, and golden treasure ;  
 Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,  
 I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure.  
 For thee I'll e'en the sex resign,  
 The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty ;  
 If thou'lt be mine, and only mine,  
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming KITTY.

## III.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny KATE,  
 Lay by thy crook, each care give over ;  
 And let me henceforth on thee wait—  
 A task, how pleasing to a lover !  
 My life I'll dedicate to thee,  
 And sing thee oft a tender ditty ;  
 If thou'lt consent to live with me,  
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming KITTY.

## A FAVOURITE SONG,

*Sung at Vauxhall, by Mrs. LEAVER.*

*Composed by Mr. Hook.*

**M**Y heart from my bosom would fly,  
 And wander, oh, wander afar,  
 Reflection bedews my sad eye,  
 For Henry is gone to the war.  
 Oh, ye winds ! to my Henry bear  
 One drop, let it fall on his breast,  
 The tear, as a pearl he will wear,  
 And I in remembrance be blest.

In

II.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,  
 In vain blooms the roseate flow'r,  
 The sunshine of April's not seen,  
 I have only to do with the show'r.  
 Oh, ye winds, &c.

III.

Ye winds that have borne him away,  
 Restore my dear youth to my arms;  
 Restore me to sunshine and day,—  
 'Tis night—till my Henry returns.  
 Oh, ye winds, &c.

T O A S T S  
A N D  
S E N T I M E N T S.

**M**AY friendship be enliven'd by good humour,  
but never wounded by wit.

Plenty to the heart expanded by generosity.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us  
to live without their assistance.

May our hearts never meditate that which our  
tongues should not utter.

Freedom to those who dare contend for it, with  
love to quicken, and health to enjoy the exalted  
blessing.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue  
of deceit.

Dignity without pride, and condescension without  
meannefs.

Politeness without affectation, and plain dealing  
without rudeness.

May we never insult those misfortunes we cannot  
redress.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the  
frowns of fortune.

Honour's best employment—the protection of In-  
nocence.

May the journey thro' life be as sweet as it's short.

May the road to preferment be found by none but  
those who deserve it.

May

May Mirth and Wisdom always go hand in hand.

May Avarice lose his purse, and Benevolence find it.

May life last as long as it's worth wearing.

May justice overtake oppression.

May the tree of liberty flourish all over the globe,  
and every human being partake of its fruits.

When anger clouds the brow, may forgiveness sit  
in the heart.

The four B's — a Big Bottle, and a Beautiful Bed-  
fellow.

While wine enlivens the heart, let friendship sur-  
round the bottle.

May vanity be punish'd with inattention, and me-  
rit be rewarded with respect.

May fortune resemble the bottle and bowl — and  
stand by the man who can't stand by himself.

Wine — to invigorate our passion, but not impair  
our understanding.

May generosity never be overtaken by poverty.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of  
others, never shed a tear for its own.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the  
rock of deceit.

May we never forget to return thanks for good  
fortune, and may good fortune never make us  
forget ourselves.

Liberality without extravagance.

May the rich man's treasure, and the poor man's  
estate, be our inheritance.

May the British Tar preserve its virtues in all  
climates.

The eight H's — Honour and honesty, home, health,  
and happiness here, and heaven hereafter.

May



May the grammar of life be construed without the accidents.

May the tide of Fortune float us into the harbour of Content.

May the shield of Friendship ward off the arrows of Affliction.

May the King always differ from a vicar's horse, not be guided by a minister.

The love of liberty, and the liberty of love.

May Virtue's vot'ries Vice elude,

And Friendship meet with Gratitude.

May he who has spirit to resent a wrong, have heart to forgive it.

May friendship, beauty, mirth, and wine,  
To fill the span of life still join.

May merit with regard be rais'd,

Rewarded, honour'd, and be prais'd.

May still good fellowship be found,

With mirth, and wine, and friendship crown'd.

The Englishman's triumvirate—love, wine, and liberty.

